WESTWARD HO!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

WESTWARD HO!

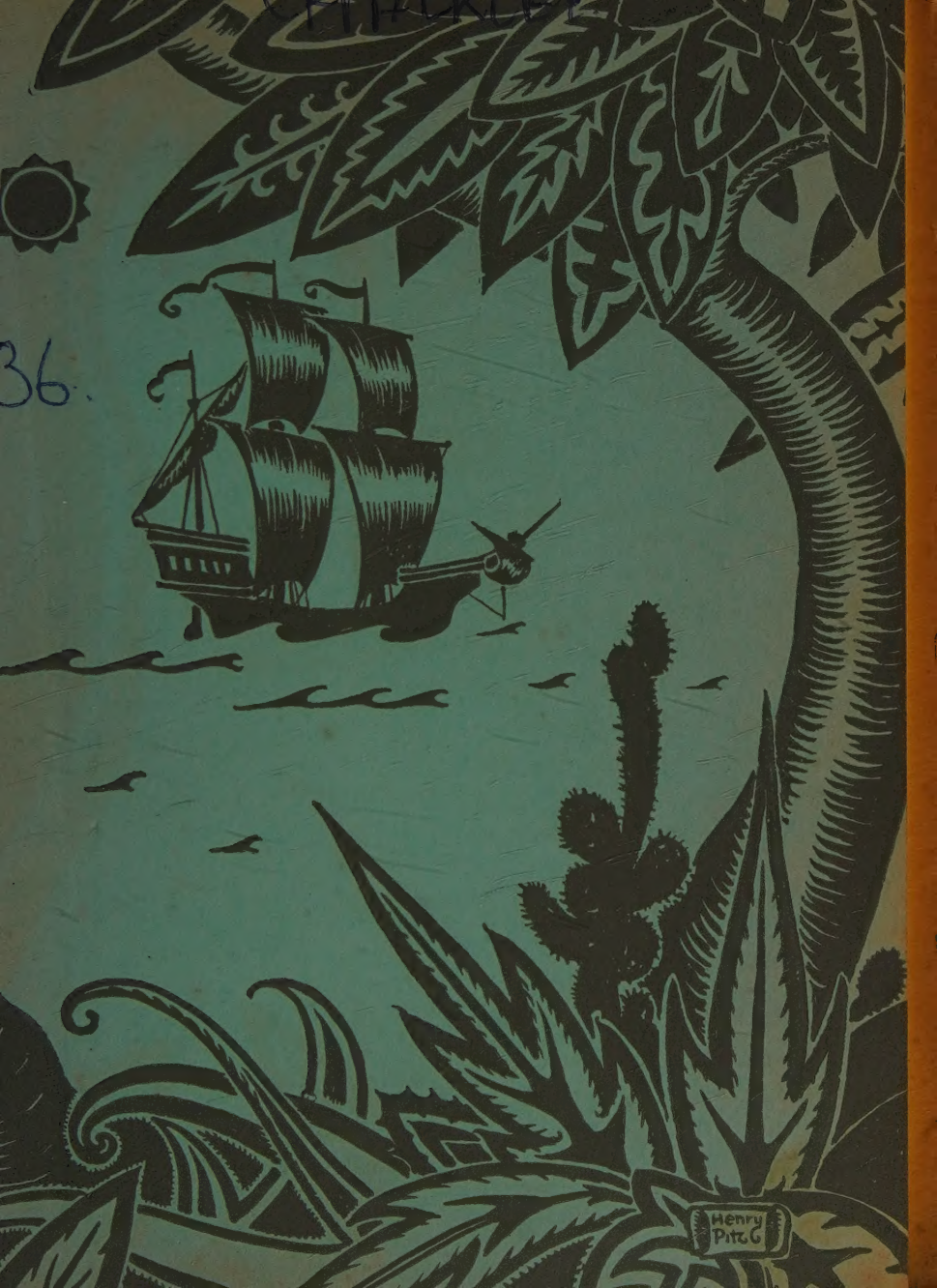
By Charles Kingsley

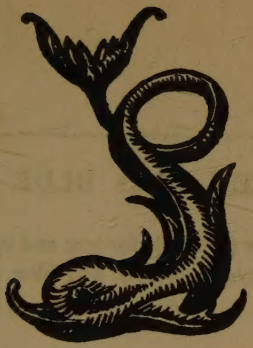
Pictures by Henry Pitz

This fine tale of seafaring adventure in the days of Drake and Raleigh has long been a favorite with boys and girls. Every one who has read of Sir Amyas Leigh loves this gallant Englishman and remembers him as a romantic, and at the end of his history, a touching figure. Few can forget the great sea fight and the storm which made Amyas blind. There is, however, a great deal of extra material, not necessary either to the plot or historical background. In this edition these places have been carefully cut so that the story is now of normal length but has lost none of its excitement and Elizabethan flavor.

Mr. Pitz has made striking illustrations for this tale of America and England. Here are beautiful pictures of tropical America, rural England, and storms at sea.

Price $1.75


36.
Henry
Pitc.G



WESTWARD HO!

Marilyn
Chalkley

THE GREEN AND BLUE LIBRARY

"I will make a palace fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea."
"Romance," Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE CROSSING (Book I)
By Winston Churchill. Illustrated by John Rea.

WESTWARD HO!
By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by Henry Pitz.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST
By Captain Marryat. Illustrated by Lynd Ward.

THE GOLD-BUG
Tales and Poems by Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Carlos M. Sanchez.

Henry Pitz

WESTWARD HO!

OR THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF
SIR AMYAS LEIGH, KNIGHT,
OF BURROUGH, IN THE COUNTY OF
DEVON, IN THE REIGN OF HER MOST
GLORIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY
CHARLES KINGSLEY

ABRIDGED BY
ELIZABETH C. MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY PITZ

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1930

COPYRIGHT, 1930,
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

All rights reserved — no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

Set up and electrotyped. Published August, 1930.

• PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA •

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHAPTER I

How Mr. Oxenham Set Sail 1

CHAPTER II

How Amyas Came Home the First Time 13

CHAPTER III

Of Two Gentlemen of Wales, and How They Hunted with the Hounds, and Yet Ran with the Deer . . . 25

CHAPTER IV

The Two Ways of Being Crossed in Love 37

CHAPTER V

Clovelly Court in the Olden Time 50

CHAPTER VI

The Coombes of the Far West of England 63

CHAPTER VII

The True and Tragical History of Mr. John Oxenham of Plymouth 73

CHAPTER VIII

How the Noble Brotherhood of the Rose Was Founded . 102

CHAPTER IX

How Amyas Kept His Christmas Day 113

CHAPTER X PAGE

How the Mayor of Bideford Baited His Hook . . . 135

CHAPTER XI

Of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and the Newfoundland Venture 142

CHAPTER XII

How Bideford Bridge Dined at Annery House . . . 149

CHAPTER XIII

How the Golden Hind Came Home Again 164

CHAPTER XIV

The Most Chivalrous Adventure of the Good Ship Rose 182

CHAPTER XV

How They Came to Barbados, and Took the Pearls at Margarita 194

CHAPTER XVI

What Befell at La Guayra 206

CHAPTER XVII

Spanish Bloodhounds and English Mastiffs . . . 226

CHAPTER XVIII

How They Took the Oath under the Tree at Higuerote 240

CHAPTER XIX

How, in the Banks of the Meta, They Saw the Maiden Ayacanora 252

CHAPTER XX

How They Took the Gold-Train 267

CHAPTER XXI

How They Took the Great Galleon 281

CHAPTER XXII

PAGE

How Salvation Yeo Found His Little Maid Again . . 295

CHAPTER XXIII

How Amyas Came Home the Third Time 304

CHAPTER XXIV

The Spanish Armada 317

CHAPTER XXV

How Amyas Threw His Sword into the Sea 328

ILLUSTRATIONS

Sir Amyas Leigh . . . . . *frontispiece*

PAGE

She started, and gave a pretty little shriek 39

So Amyas rode off, with Yeo at his stirrup 99

They ran the boat on shore through the surf 117

Once more they sailed off to the westward 197

By sunset they had gained a level spot 243

A figure rose from behind a neighboring rock . . . 257

Amyas and his companions in the forest 276

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword into the sea . . 333

CHAPTER I

HOW MR. OXENHAM SET SAIL

ALL who have traveled through the delicious scenery of North Devon must needs know the little white town of Bideford, which slopes upwards from its broad tide-river paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge where salmon wait for Autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls, and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt-marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins to her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic swell. Pleasantly the

old town stands there, beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, which forbids alike the keen winter frosts, and the fierce thunder heats of the midland.

But at the time whereof I write Bideford was not merely a pleasant country town, whose quay was haunted by a few coasting craft. It was one of the chief ports of England; it furnished seven ships to fight the Armada. And it is to the sea-life and labor of Bideford, and Dartmouth, and Topsham, and Plymouth that England owes the foundation of her naval and commercial glory. It was the men of Devon, the Drakes and Hawkinses, Gilberts and Raleighs, Grenviles and Oxenhams, and a host more of "forgotten worthies," to whom she owes her commerce, her colonies, her very existence. For they first crippled, by their West Indian raids, the ill-gotten resources of the Spaniard, and then crushed his last huge effort in Briton's Salamis, the glorious fight of 1588.

It is in memory of these men, their voyages and their battles, their faith and their valor, their heroic lives and no less heroic deaths, that I write this book.

One bright summer's afternoon, in the year of grace 1575, a tall and fair boy came lingering along Bideford quay, in his scholar's gown, with satchel and slate in hand, watching wistfully the shipping and the sailors, till, just after he had passed the bottom of the High Street, he came opposite to one of the many taverns which looked out upon the river. In the open bay window sat merchants and gentlemen, discoursing over their afternoon's draught of sack; and outside the door was gathered a group of sailors, listening earnestly to some one who stood in the midst. The boy, all alive for any sea-news, must needs go up to them, and take his place among the sailor-lads who were peeping and whispering under the elbows of the men;

and so came in for the following speech, delivered in a loud bold voice, with a strong Devonshire accent, and a fair sprinkling of oaths.

"If you don't believe me, go and see, or stay here and grow all over blue mold. I tell you, as I am a gentleman, I saw it with these eyes, and so did Salvation Yeo there, through a window in the lower room; and we measured the heap, as I am a christened man, seventy foot long, ten foot broad, and twelve foot high, of silver bars, and each bar between thirty and forty pound weight. And says Captain Drake: 'There, my lads of Devon, I've brought you to the mouth of the world's treasure-house, and it's your own fault now if you don't sweep it out as empty as a stock-fish.' "

"Why didn't you bring some of them home, then, Mr. Oxenham?"

"Why weren't you there to help to carry them? We would have brought 'em away, safe enough, and young Drake and I had broke the door abroad already, but Captain Drake goes off in a dead faint; and when we came to look, he had a wound in his leg you might have laid three fingers in, and his boots were full of blood, and had been for an hour or more; but the heart of him was that, that he never knew it till he dropped, and then his brother and I got him away to the boats, he kicking and struggling, and bidding us let him go on with the fight, though every step he took in the sand was in a pool of blood; and so we got off. And tell me, ye sons of shotten herrings, wasn't it worth more to save him than the dirty silver? For of such captains as Franky Drake, Heaven never makes but one at a time; and if we lose him, good-bye to England's luck, say I!"

He who delivered this harangue was a tall and sturdy personage, with a florid black-bearded face, and bold restless dark eyes, who leaned, with crossed legs and arms akimbo, against the

wall of the house, and seemed in the eyes of the school-boy a very magnifico, some prince or duke at least. He was dressed in a suit of crimson velvet, a little the worse, perhaps, for wear; by his side were a long Spanish rapier and a brace of daggers, gaudy enough about the hilts; his fingers sparkled with rings; he had two or three gold chains about his neck, and large earrings in his ears, behind one of which a red rose was stuck jauntily enough among the glossy black curls; on his head was a broad velvet Spanish hat, in which instead of a feather was fastened with a great gold clasp a whole Quezal bird, whose gorgeous plumage of fretted golden green shone like one entire precious stone. As he finished his speech, he took off the said hat, and looking at the bird in it—

"Look ye, my lads, did you ever see such a fowl as that before? That's the bird which the old Indian kings of Mexico let no one wear but their own selves; and therefore I wear it, —I, John Oxenham of South Tawton, for a sign to all brave lads of Devon, that as the Spaniards are the masters of the Indians, we're the masters of the Spaniards!"

A murmur of applause followed.

"You'm right, Captain," sang out a tall gaunt fellow who stood close to him; "one westcountryman can fight two easterlings, and an easterling can beat three Dons any day. Eh! my lads of Devon?

> "For O! it's the herrings and the good brown beef,
> And the cider and the cream so white;
> O! they are the making of the jolly Devon lads,
> For to play, and eke to fight."

"Come," said Oxenham, "come along! Who lists? who lists? who'll make his fortune? We've got forty men to Plymouth now, ready to sail the minute we get back, and we want a dozen

out of you Bideford men, and just a boy or two, and then we'm off and away, and make our fortunes, or go to heaven.

"Our bodies in the sea so deep,
Our souls in heaven to rest!
Where valiant seamen, one and all,
Hereafter shall be blest!

"Now," said Oxenham, "you won't let the Plymouth men say that the Bideford men daren't follow them? North Devon against South, it is. Who'll join? who'll join? Don't think you're buying a pig in a poke. I know the road, and Salvation Yeo, here, who was the gunner's mate, he knows the narrow seas as well as I do and better. You ask him to show you the chart of it, now."

On which the gaunt man pulled from under his arm a great white buffalo horn covered with rough etchings of land and sea, and held it up to the admiring ring.

"See here, boys all, and behold the pictur of the place, dra'ed out so natural as ever was life. I got mun from a Portingal, down to the Azores; and he'd pricked mun out, and pricked mun out, wheresoever he'd sailed, and whatsoever he'd seen. Take mun in your hands now, Simon Evans."

And the horn was passed from hand to hand; while Oxenham, who saw that his hearers were becoming moved, called through the open window for a great tankard of sack, and passed that from hand to hand, after the horn.

The school-boy, who had been devouring with eyes and ears all which passed, and had contrived by this time to edge himself into the inner ring, now stood face to face with the hero of the emerald crest, and got as many peeps as he could at the wonder. But when he saw the sailors, one after another, having turned it over a while, come forward and offer to join

Mr. Oxenham, his soul burned within him for a nearer view of that wondrous horn. Presently, as Oxenham was going into the tavern with his recruits, he asked boldly for a nearer sight of the marvel, which was granted at once.

And now to his astonished gaze displayed themselves cities and harbors, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate ships of Spain, islands with apes and palm-trees, each with its name over-written, and here and there, "Here is gold"; and again, "Much gold and silver"; inserted most probably, as the words were in English, by the hands of Mr. Oxenham himself. Lingeringly and longingly the boy turned it round and round. Oh, if he could but possess that horn, what needed he on earth beside to make him blest!

"I say, will you sell this?"

"Yea, marry, or my own soul, if I can get the worth of it."

"I want the horn,—I don't want your soul; it's somewhat of a stale sole, for aught I know; and there are plenty of fresh ones in the bay."

And therewith, after much fumbling, he pulled out a tester (the only one he had), and asked if that would buy it?

"That! no, nor twenty of them."

The boy thought over what a good knight-errant would do in such a case, and then answered, "Tell you what: I'll fight you for it."

"Thank'ee, sir!"

"Break the jackanapes's head for him, Yeo," said Oxenham.

"Call me jackanapes again and I break yours, sir." And the boy lifted his fist fiercely.

Oxenham looked at him a minute smilingly. "Tut! tut! my man, hit one of your own size, if you will, and spare little folk like me!"

"If I have a boy's age, sir, I have a man's fist. I shall be

fifteen years old this month, and know how to answer any one who insults me."

"Fifteen? you look like twenty," said Oxenham, with an admiring glance at the lad's broad limbs, keen blue eyes, curling golden locks, and round honest face. "Fifteen? If I had half-a-dozen such lads as you, I would make knights of them before I died. Eh, Yeo?"

"He'll do," said Yeo; "he will make a brave gamecock in a year or two, if he dares ruffle up so early at a tough old hen-master like the Captain."

At which there was a general laugh, in which Oxenham joined as loudly as any, and then bade the lad tell him why he was so keen after the horn.

"Because," said he, looking up boldly, "I want to go to sea. I want to see the Indies. I want to fight the Spaniards. Though I am a gentleman's son, I'd a deal liever be a cabin-boy on board your ship."

"And you shall," cried Oxenham, with a great oath; "and take a galleon, and dine off carbonadoed Dons. Whose son are you, my gallant fellow?"

"Mr. Leigh's, of Burrough Court."

"Bless his soul! I know him as well as I do the Eddystone, and his kitchen too. Who sups with him to-night?"

"Sir Richard Grenvile."

"Dick Grenvile? I did not know he was in town. Go home and tell your father John Oxenham will come and keep him company. There, off with you! I'll make all straight with the good gentleman, and you shall have your venture with me; and as for the horn, let him have the horn, Yeo, and I'll give you a noble for it."

"Not a penny, noble Captain. If young master will take a poor mariner's gift, there it is, for the sake of his love to the

calling, and Heaven send him luck therein." And the good fellow, with the impulsive generosity of a true sailor, thrust the horn into the boy's hands, and walked away to escape thanks.

The boy took his way homewards, nursing his precious horn, trembling between hope and fear, and a half-sense of wrong-doing at having revealed suddenly to a stranger the darling wish which he had hidden from his father and mother ever since he was ten years old.

Now this young gentleman, Amyas Leigh, though come of as good blood as any in Devon, and being (on account of the valor, courtesy, and truly noble qualities which he showed forth in his most eventful life) chosen by me as the hero and center of this story, was not, saving for his good looks, by any means what would be called now-a-days an "interesting" youth, still less a "highly-educated" one; for, with the exception of a little Latin, which had been driven into him by repeated blows, as if it had been a nail, he knew no books whatsoever, save his Bible, his Prayer-book, the old "Mort d'Arthur" of Caxton's edition, which lay in the great bay window in the hall, and the translation of "Las Casas' History of the West Indies," which lay beside it, lately done into English under the title of "The Cruelties of the Spaniards." He devoutly believed in fairies, whom he called pixies; and held that they changed babies, and made the mushroom rings on the downs to dance in. When he had warts or burns, he went to the white witch at Northam to charm them away; he thought that the sun moved round the earth, and that the moon had some kindred with a Cheshire cheese. He talked, like Raleigh, Grenvile, and other low persons, with a broad Devonshire accent, and was in many other respects a very ignorant youth.

Nevertheless, this ignorant young savage had learnt certain things which he would hardly have been taught just now in

any school in England; for his training had been that of the old Persians, " to speak the truth and to draw the bow," both of which savage virtues he had acquired to perfection, as well as the equally savage ones of enduring pain cheerfully, and of believing it to be the finest thing in the world to be a gentleman; by which word he had been taught to understand the careful habit of causing needless pain to no human being, poor or rich, and of taking pride in giving up his own pleasure for the sake of those who were weaker than himself. He knew the names and ways of every bird, and fish, and fly, and could read, as cunningly as the oldest sailor, the meaning of every drift of cloud which crossed the heavens. Lastly, he had been for some time past, on account of his extraordinary size and strength, undisputed cock of the school, and the most terrible fighter among all Bideford boys; in which brutal habit he took much delight, and contrived, strange as it may seem, to extract from it good, not only for himself but for the others, doing justice among his school-fellows with a heavy hand, and succoring the oppressed and afflicted; so that he was the terror of all the sailor-lads, and the pride and stay of all the town's boys and girls, and hardly considered that he had done his duty in his calling if he went home without beating a big lad for bullying a little one. He said his Creed and Lord's Prayer night and morning, and read the day's Psalms with his mother every evening, and had learnt from her and from his father (as he proved well in after life) that it was infinitely noble to do right and infinitely base to do wrong. It is a question on the whole whether, though grossly ignorant (according to our modern notions), he was altogether untrained in manhood, virtue, and godliness.

So he goes up between the rich lane-banks, heavy with drooping ferns and honeysuckle; out upon the windy down

toward the old Court, nestled amid its ring of wind-clipt oaks; through the gray gateway into the homeclose; and then he pauses a moment to look around; first at the wide bay to the westward, with its southern wall of purple cliffs; then at the dim Isle of Lundy far away at sea. Beneath him, on his right, the Torridge, like a landlocked lake, sleeps broad and bright. There seven hundred years ago the Norse rovers landed to lay siege to Kenwith Castle, a mile away on his left hand. And past him, far below, upon the soft south-eastern breeze, the stately ships go sliding out to sea. When shall he sail in them, and see the wonders of the deep? Patience, young Amyas! Thou too shalt forth, and westward ho! beyond thy wildest dreams; and see brave sights, and do brave deeds, which no man has since the foundation of the world.

"Come now, Dick Grenvile," said Mr. Oxenham after supper that night, "do thou talk the good man round, and I'll warrant myself to talk round the good wife."

Among all the heroic faces which the painters of that age have preserved, none, perhaps, hardly excepting Shakespeare's or Spenser's, Alva's or Parma's, is more heroic than that of Richard Grenvile. He sat in the low mullioned window with his cup of malmsey before him, while the red western sun streamed in upon his high, bland forehead, and soft curling locks; ever the same steadfast, God-fearing, chivalrous man, conscious (as far as a soul so healthy could be conscious) of the pride of beauty, and strength, and valor, and wisdom, and a race and name which claimed direct descent from the grandfather of the Conqueror, and was tracked down the centuries by valiant deeds and noble benefits to his native shire, himself the noblest of his race. Men said that he was subject, at moments, to fearful fits of rage, but that was only when his indignation had been

aroused by some tale of cruelty or oppression, and, above all, by those West Indian devilries of the Spaniards, whom he regarded (and in those days rightly enough) as the enemies of God and man. Of this last fact Oxenham was well aware, and therefore felt somewhat puzzled and nettled, when, after having asked Mr. Leigh's leave to take young Amyas with him, and set forth in glowing colors the purpose of his voyage, he found Sir Richard utterly unwilling to help him with his suit.

"Heyday, Sir Richard! You are not surely gone over to the side of those canting fellows who pretended to turn up their noses at Franky Drake as a pirate, and be hanged to them?"

"My friend Oxenham," answered he, in the sententious and measured style of the day, "I have always held, as you should know by this, that Mr. Drake's booty, as well as my good friend Captain Hawkins's, is lawful prize, as being taken from the Spaniard, who is not only 'hostis humani generis,' but has no right to the same, having robbed it violently, by torture and extreme iniquity, from the poor Indian, whom God avenge, as He surely will. For the rightful owners of the said goods being either miserably dead, or incapable by reason of their servitude of ever recovering any share thereof, the treasure, falsely called Spanish, cannot be better bestowed than in building up the state of England against them, our natural enemies; which, if it be not the cause of God, I, for one, know not what God's cause is!" And, as he warmed in his speech, his eyes flashed very fire.

"Hark now!" said Oxenham, "who can speak more boldly than he? and yet he will not help this lad to so noble an adventure."

"You have asked his father and mother; what is their answer?"

"Mine is this," said Mr. Leigh; "if it be God's will that my boy should become, hereafter, such a mariner as Sir Richard Grenvile, let him go, and God be with him; but let him first bide here at home and be trained, if God give me grace, to become such a gentleman as Sir Richard Grenvile."

Sir Richard bowed low, and Mrs. Leigh catching up the last word—

"There, Mr. Oxenham, you cannot gainsay that, unless you will be discourteous to his worship. And for me—though it be a weak woman's reason, yet it is a mother's: he is my only child. His elder brother is far away. God only knows whether I shall see him again."

Then Sir Richard turned to Amyas. "Now come hither to me, my adventurous godson, and don't look in such doleful dumps. I hear you have broken all the sailor-boys' heads already."

"Nearly all," said young Amyas, with due modesty. "But am I not to go to sea?"

"All things in their time, my boy, and God forbid that either I or your worthy parents should keep you from that noble calling which is the safeguard of this England and her queen. But you do not wish to live and die the master of a trawler? Come, now, I will make you a promise. If you will bide quietly at home, and learn from your father and mother all which befits a gentleman and a Christian, as well as a seaman, the day shall come when you shall sail with Richard Grenvile himself, or with better men than he, on a nobler errand than gold-hunting on the Spanish Main. And now, my sweet hosts, I must call for serving-boy and lantern, and home to my bed in Bideford."

And so Amyas Leigh went back to school, and Mr. Oxenham went his way to Plymouth again, and sailed for the Spanish Main.

CHAPTER II

HOW AMYAS CAME HOME THE FIRST TIME

FIVE years are past and gone. It is nine of the clock on a still, bright November morning; but the bells of Bideford church are still ringing for the daily service two hours after the usual time. Bideford streets are a very flower-garden of all the colors, swarming with seamen and burghers, and burghers' wives and daughters, all in their holiday attire. Garlands are hung across the streets, and tapestries from every window. The ships in the pool are dressed in all their flags, and give tumultuous vent to their feelings by peals of ordnance of every size.

Into the little church streams all the gentle blood of North Devon. And at last there is a silence, and a looking toward the door, and then distant music, flutes and hautboys, drums and trumpets, which came braying, and screaming, and thundering merrily up to the very church doors, and then cease; there is a general whisper and rustle, not without glad tears and blessings from many a woman, and from some men also, as the wonder of the day enters, and the rector begins, not the morning service, but the good old thanksgiving after a victory at sea.

And what is it which has thus set old Bideford wild with "goodly joy and pious mirth"? Why are all eyes fixed, with greedy admiration, on those four weather-beaten mariners, decked out with knots and ribbons by loving hands; and yet more on that gigantic figure who walks before them, a beard-

less boy, towering, like Saul of old, a head and shoulders above all the congregation, with his golden locks flowing down over his shoulders? Because there was fellow-feeling of old in merry England, in country and in town; and these are Devon men, and men of Bideford, whose names are Amyas Leigh of Burrough, John Staveley, Michael Heard, and Jonas Marshall of Bideford, and Thomas Braund of Clovelly: and they, the first of all English mariners, have sailed round the world with Francis Drake, and are come hither to give God thanks.

For somewhat more than a twelvemonth after Mr. Oxenham's departure, young Amyas had gone on quietly enough, according to promise. His scholarship, indeed, progressed no better than before; but his home education went on healthily enough; and he was fast becoming, young as he was, a right good archer, and rider, and swordsman. But of a sudden his father sickened with a fever, and within a week was dead.

And now Mrs. Leigh was left to God and her own soul, with this young lion-cub in leash, to tame and train. The young Amyas, when the first burst of grief was over and he knew again where he stood, felt that a new life had begun for him; that his mother was no more to think and act for him only, but that he must think and act for his mother. And so it was, that on the very day after his father's funeral, when school-hours were over, instead of coming straight home, he walked boldly into Sir Richard Grenvile's house, and asked to see his godfather.

"You must be my father now, sir," said he firmly.

And Sir Richard looked at the boy's broad strong face, and swore a great and holy oath that he would be a father to him and a brother to his mother, for Christ's sake. After that all things went on at Burrough as before; and Amyas rode, and shot, and boxed, and wandered on the quay at Sir Richard's side;

for Mrs. Leigh was too wise a woman to alter one tittle of the training which her husband had thought best for his younger boy. It was enough that her elder son had of his own accord taken to that form of life in which she in her secret heart would fain have moulded both her children.

For Frank had won himself honor at home and abroad; first at Exeter College, where he had become a friend of Sir Philip Sidney and many another young man of rank and promise; and next, in the summer of 1572 he had gone to the University of Heidelberg and to Padua for nearly two years; till, fearing some mishap, he hurried back to England, to find his mother a widow, and his brother Amyas gone to the South Seas with Captain Drake of Plymouth. And yet, even then, after years of absence, he was not allowed to remain at home. For Sir Richard would have him up and doing again before six months were over, and sent him off to Court. There he had found entrance into some office in the Queen's household; and he was now basking in the full sunshine of Court favor, and fair ladies' eyes, and all the chivalries and euphuisms of Gloriana's fairy-land, and the fast friendship of that bright meteor Sidney.

But why did Amyas go to the South Seas? Amyas went to the South Seas for two causes: an old schoolmaster and a young beauty. I will explain.

Vindex Brimblecombe was master of the Bideford grammar school; at root a kind-hearted pedant enough. But like most schoolmasters in the old days he had his heart pretty well hardened by long license to inflict pain at will on those weaker than himself. He had heart enough to feel that it was now his duty to take special care of the fatherless Amyas; but the only evidence of this was a rapid increase in the number of floggings, which rose from about two a week to one a day.

All this while, Amyas had never for a moment lost sight of

his darling desire for a sea-life; and when he could not wander on the quay and stare at the shipping, or go down to the pebble ridge at Northam, and there sit, devouring, with hungry eyes, the great expanse of ocean, which seemed to woo him outward into boundless space, he used to console himself, in school-hours, by drawing ships and imaginary charts upon his slate, instead of minding his studies.

Now it befell, one afternoon, that he was very busy at a birds-eye view of an island, whereon was a great castle, and at the gate thereof a dragon, terrible to see; while in the foreground came that which was meant for a gallant ship, with a great flag aloft, but which, by reason of the forest of lances with which it was crowded, looked much more like a porcupine carrying a sign-post; and, at the roots of those lances, many little round o's, whereby were signified the heads of Amyas and his school-fellows, who were about to slay that dragon, and rescue the beautiful princess who dwelt in that enchanted tower. To behold which marvel of art, all the other boys must needs club their heads together, and with the more security because Sir Vindex had gone to sleep.

But when Amyas proceeded further to introduce, heedless of perspective, a rock, on which stood the lively portraiture of Sir Vindex—nose, spectacles, gown, and all; and in his hand a brandished rod, while out of his mouth a label shrieked after the runaways, "You come back!" while a similar label replied from the gallant bark, "Good-bye, master!" the shoving and tittering rose to such a pitch that Cerberus awoke, and demanded sternly what the noise was about. Receiving no answer, Vindex rose, darted across the school to Amyas's desk, and saw himself upon the fatal slate.

"What have we here, villain?" and clutching at his victim, he raised the cane. Whereupon, with a serene and cheerful coun-

tenance, up rose the mighty form of Amyas Leigh, a head and shoulders above his tormentor, and that slate descended on the bald coxcomb of Sir Vindex Brimblecombe. After which Amyas walked out of the school, and so quietly home to his mother, and said, "Please, mother, I've broken schoolmaster's head."

"Broken his head, thou wicked boy!" shrieked the poor widow; "what didst do that for?"

"I can't tell," said Amyas penitently; "I couldn't help it. It looked so smooth, and bald, and round, and—you know?"

His mother could hardly help laughing at Amyas's perfect coolness (which was not in the least meant for insolence), and being at her wits' end, sent him as usual to his godfather. Sir Richard was greatly incensed when he had heard the lad's tale. "Amyas, sirrah! those who cannot obey will never be fit to rule. If thou canst not keep discipline now, thou wilt never make a company or a crew keep it when thou art grown. Dost mind that, sirrah?"

"Yes," said Amyas.

"Then go back to school this moment, sir, and be flogged."

"Very well," said Amyas, considering that he had got off very cheaply; while Sir Richard, as soon as he was out of the room, lay back in his chair, and laughed till he cried again.

So Amyas went back, and said that he was come to be flogged; whereon the old schoolmaster, whose pate had been plastered meanwhile, wept tears of joy over the returning prodigal, and then gave him such a switching as he did not forget for eight-and-forty hours.

But that evening Sir Richard sent for old Vindex and said,—

"Well, Mr. Schoolmaster! My godson has been somewhat too much for you to-day. There are a couple of nobles to pay the doctor."

"O Sir Richard, I thank you! but the boy hits shrewdly hard. Indeed, last Tuesday week he fell upon a young man of Barnstaple, sir, a man full grown, and smote him clean over the quay into the mud, because he said that there was a prettier maid in Barnstaple than ever Bideford could show; and then offered to do the same to any man who dared say that Mistress Rose Salterne, his Worship the Mayor's daughter, was not the fairest lass in all Devon."

"Eh? Whence dost thou get that pretty story?" quoth Sir Richard, who had thus arrived, as we have seen, at the second count of the indictment.

"My son Jack, Sir Richard, my son Jack."

"Then the sooner 'my son Jack' is gone to Oxford, the quicker the end of his tale-bearing. Go and tell him so, from me!"

And therewith Vindex vanished, and Sir Richard enjoyed a second mighty laugh, which brought in Lady Grenvile, who possibly had overheard the whole, for the first words she said were—

"I think, my sweet life, we had better go up to Burrough."

So to Burrough they went; and after much talk, and many tears, matters were so concluded that Amyas Leigh found himself riding joyfully towards Plymouth, by the side of Sir Richard, and, being handed over to Captain Drake, vanished for three years from the good town of Bideford.

And now, the prayers being ended, the Rector ascends the pulpit, and begins his sermon on the text:—

"The heaven and the heaven of heavens are the Lord's; the whole earth hath he given to the children of men"; deducing therefrom craftily, to the exceeding pleasure of his hearers, the iniquity of the Spaniards in dispossessing the Indians, and in arrogating to themselves the sovereignty of the tropic seas; and

the justice, valor, and glory of Mr. Drake and his expedition, as testified by God's miraculous protection of him and his, both in the Straits of Magellan and in his battle with the Galleon and last, but not least, upon the rock by Celebes, when the Pelican lay for hours firmly fixed, and was floated off unhurt, as it were by miracle, by a sudden shift of wind.

And when the sermon had ended, and the Communion Service had been celebrated, all rose to join in the Te Deum. And no sooner had the clerk given out the first verse of that great hymn than it was taken up by five hundred voices in the church, and as many more outside, the chant ringing over roof and river. And as it died away, the shipping in the river made answer with their thunder, and the crowd streamed out again toward the Bridge Head, whither Sir Richard Grenvile and Mr. Salterne, the Mayor, led Amyas Leigh and the other four heroes of the day to await the pageant which had been prepared in honor of them. And as they went by, there were few in the crowd who did not press forward to shake them by the hand, and not only them, but their parents and kinsfolk who walked behind, till Mrs. Leigh, her stately joy quite broken down at last, could only answer between her sobs, "Go along, good people —God a mercy, go along—and God send you all such sons!"

"God give me back mine!" cried an old red-cloaked dame in the crowd; and then, struck by some hidden impulse, she sprang forward, and catching hold of young Amyas's sleeve—

"Kind sir! dear sir! For Christ his sake answer a poor old widow woman!"

"What is it, dame?" quoth Amyas, gently enough.

"Did you see my son to the Indies?—my son Salvation?"

"Salvation?" replied he puzzled.

"Yes, sure, Salvation Yeo, of Clovelly. A tall man and black, and sweareth awfully in his talk, the Lord forgive him!"

Amyas recollected now. It was the name of the sailor who had given him the wondrous horn five years ago.

"My good dame," said he, "the Indies are a very large place, and your son may be safe and sound enough there, without my having seen him. I knew one Salvation Yeo. But he must have come with——. By the bye, godfather, has Mr. Oxenham come home?"

There was a dead silence for a moment among the gentlemen round; and then Sir Richard said solemnly: "Mr. Oxenham has not come home; and from the day he sailed, no word has been heard of him and all his crew."

"O! young gentleman! young gentleman!" cried the old woman; "make me a promise; if you want God's blessing on you this day, bring me back my boy, if you find him sailing on the seas! Bring him back, and an old widow's blessing be on you!"

Amyas promised—what else could he do?—and the group hurried on; but the lad's heart was heavy in the midst of joy, with the thought of John Oxenham. However, he was bound in all courtesy to turn his attention now to the show which had been prepared in his honor; and which was really well enough worth seeing and hearing. The English were, in those days, an altogether dramatic people, and the mighty shout of joy which greeted Elizabeth's entry into London was the key-note of fifty glorious years.

So first preceded by the waits came along the bridge toward the town-hall a great banner on which was depicted Queen Elizabeth herself, who, in ample ruff and farthingale, a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other, stood triumphant upon the necks of two sufficiently abject personages, whose triple tiara and imperial crown proclaimed them the Pope and the King of Spain; while a label, issuing from her royal mouth, informed the world that—

"By land and sea a virgin queen I reign,
And spurn to dust both Antichrist and Spain."

And next, amid much cheering, two great tinsel fish, a salmon and a trout, symbolical of the wealth of Torridge, waddled along, by means of two human legs and a staff apiece, which protruded from the fishes' stomachs. They drew a car wherein sat four pretty girls in robes of gray-blue, spangled with gold, and with wreaths on their heads. They stopped opposite Amyas; and she of the myrtle wreath, rising and bowing to him and the company, began with a pretty blush to say her say:—

"Hither from my moorland home,
Nymph of Torridge, proud I come;
Leaving fen and furzy brake,
Haunt of eft and spotted snake;
Heroes train'd on Northern wave,
To Drake's Argo new I gave;
Great Eliza's virgin hand
Welcomes you to Fairy-land,
While your native Naiads bring
Native wreaths as offering.
Simple though their show may be,
Britain's worship in them see.
'Tis not price, nor outward fairness
Gives the victor's palm its rareness;
Moorland myrtle still shall be
Badge of Devon's Chivalry!"

And so ending, she took the wreath of fragrant gale from her own head, and stooping from the car, placed it on the head of Amyas Leigh, who made answer—

"There is no place like home, my fair mistress; and no scent to my taste like this old home-scent in all the spice-islands that I ever sailed by!"

One of the onlookers standing near Amyas was a tall and slim young man, some five-and-twenty years old, of a rare and delicate beauty. Master Frank Leigh, for he it was, was dressed in the very extravagance of the fashion, in a close-fitting and perfectly plain suit of dove-color, which set off cunningly the delicate proportions of his figure, and the delicate hue of his complexion, which was shaded from the sun by a broad dove-colored Spanish hat, with feather to match, looped up over the right ear with a pearl brooch, and therein a crowned E, supposed by the damsels of Bideford to stand for Elizabeth, which was whispered to be the gift of some most illustrious hand. Behind the ear was stuck a fresh rose, and the golden hair was all drawn smoothly back and round to the left temple, whence, tied with a pink ribbon in a great true lover's knot, a mighty love-lock rolled down low upon his bosom.

Soon Frank's voice was heard calling out—

"Room there, good people, for the gallant 'prentice lads!"

And on they came, headed by a giant of buckram and pasteboard armor, forth of whose stomach looked, like a clock-face in a steeple, a human visage. This giant recited, in his turn, a long rhymed greeting to the mariners; and after him, up came a fresh member of the procession, no less a person than Vindex Brimblecombe, with five-and-forty boys at his heels, who halting, pulled out his spectacles, and thus signified his forgiveness of his whilom broken head:—

> "Famed Argo ship, that noble chip, by doughty Jason's steering,
> Brought back to Greece the golden fleece, from Colchis home careering;
> But now her fame is put to shame, while new Devonian Argo,
> Round earth doth run in wake of sun, and brings a wealthier cargo."

"Hillo ho! schoolmaster!" shouted a voice from behind; "move on, and make way for Father Neptune!"

But proudly he shook his bald head and returned to the charge.

"Great Alexander, famed commander, wept and made a pother,
At conquering only half the world, but Drake hath conquer'd t'other;

"Oh!——"

And clapping both hands to the back of his neck, the schoolmaster began dancing frantically about, while his boys broke out tittering, "O! the ochidore! look to the blue ochidore! Who've put ochidore to maister's poll!"

It was too true: neatly inserted, as he stooped forward, between his neck and his collar was a large live shore-crab, holding on tight with both claws.

"Gentles! good Christians! save me!" And diving through the crowd, the pedagogue vanished howling, while Father Neptune, crowned with sea-weeds, a trident in his hand, swaggered up the street surrounded by a tall bodyguard of mariners, and followed by a great banner, on which was depicted a globe.

"Now, lads!" cried Neptune; "here goeth!

"I am King Neptune bold,
The ruler of the seas;
I don't understand much singing upon land,
But I hope what I say will please.

"For the sea my realm it is,
As good Queen Bess's is the land;
So freely come again, all merry Devon men,
And there's old Neptune's hand.

"Holla, boys! holla! Blow up, Triton, and bring forward the freedom of the seas."

Triton, roaring through a conch, brought forward a cockle-

shell full of salt-water, and delivered it solemnly to Amyas, who of course, put a noble into it, and returned it after Grenvile had done the same. Then on rolled the monarch of the seas; and so the pageant ended.

The moment Amyas had an opportunity, he asked his brother Frank where Rose Salterne was.

"What! the mayor's daughter? With her uncle by Kilkhampton, I believe."

Now Master Frank omitted to tell his brother that he, two days before, had entreated Rose Salterne herself to appear as the nymph of Torridge; to which honor she would have assented willingly, but that her father stopped the pretty project by a peremptory counter-move, and packed her off, in spite of her tears, to the said uncle on the Atlantic cliffs. For during the three years of Amyas's absence, Rose Salterne had grown into so beautiful a girl of eighteen that half North Devon was mad about the "Rose of Torridge," as she was called; and there was not a young gallant for ten miles around who would not have gone to Jerusalem to win her. And not a week passed but, by mysterious hands, some nosegay, or languishing sonnet, was conveyed into The Rose's chamber, all which she stowed away, with the simplicity of a country girl, finding it mighty pleasant, and took all compliments quietly enough, probably because, on the authority of her mirror, she considered them no more than her due.

And now, to add to the general confusion, home was come young Amyas Leigh, more desperately in love with her than ever. For, as is the way with sailors, his lonely ship-watches had been spent in imprinting on his imagination, month after month, year after year, every feature and gesture and tone of the fair lass whom he had left behind him.

CHAPTER III

OF TWO GENTLEMEN OF WALES, AND HOW THEY HUNTED WITH THE HOUNDS, AND YET RAN WITH THE DEER

Amyas slept that night a tired and yet a troubled sleep; and his mother and Frank, as they bent over his pillow, could see that his brain was busy with many dreams. And no wonder; for over and above all the excitement of the day, the recollection of John Oxenham had taken strange possession of his mind. After a night of tossing, he rose and dressed, and started for a bathe on his beloved old pebble ridge.

He walked down to the pebble ridge, where the surges of the bay had defeated their own fury by rolling up in the course of ages a rampart of gray boulder-stones, some two miles long, as cunningly curved, and smoothed, and fitted, as if the work had been done by human hands, which protects from the high tides of spring and autumn a fertile sheet of smooth, alluvial turf. Sniffing the keen salt air like a young sea-dog, he stripped and plunged into the breakers, and dived, and rolled, and tossed about the foam with stalwart arms, till he heard himself hailed from off the shore, and looking up, saw standing on the top of the rampart the tall figure of his cousin Eustace.

Amyas was half-disappointed at his coming; for, love-lorn rascal, he had been dreaming all the way thither of Rose Salterne, and had no wish for a companion who would prevent his dreaming of her all the way back. Nevertheless, not having seen Eustace for three years, it was but civil to scramble out and

dress, while his cousin walked up and down upon the turf inside.

Eustace Leigh was the son of a younger brother of Leigh of Burrough, who had more or less cut himself off from his family, and indeed from his countrymen, by remaining a Papist. True, though born a Papist, he had not always been one; for, like many of the gentry, he had become a Protestant under Edward the Sixth, and then a Papist again under Mary. But, to his honor be it said, at that point he had stopped, having too much honesty to turn Protestant a second time, as hundreds did, at Elizabeth's accession. So a Papist he remained, living out of the way of the world in a great, rambling, dark house, still called "Chapel," on the Atlantic cliffs, not far from Sir Richard Grenvile's house of Stow. Spaniards and priests came in and out all the year round, and it was largely owing to the influence of these that Mr. Leigh's sons had all been sent off to Douay, or Rheims, or Rome, and trained as seminarians. One of these was Eustace, who was but recently returned to England.

Eustace was now a tall, handsome, light-complexioned man, with a huge upright forehead, a very small mouth, and a dry and set expression of face, which was always trying to indulge in smiles; for one ought to have Christian love, and if one had love one ought to be cheerful, and when people were cheerful they smiled; and therefore he would smile, and tried to do so; but his charity prepense looked no more alluring than malice prepense would have done. He had returned to England a month before.

So he sat down beside Amyas on the pebbles, and looked at him all over out of the corners of his eyes very gently, as if he did not wish to hurt him, or even the flies on his back; and Amyas faced right round, and looked him full in the face, with the heartiest of smiles, and held out a lion's paw, which Eustace took rapturously, and a great shaking of hands ensued.

"Hold hard, old lad," said Amyas, "before you break my elbow. And where do you come from?"

"From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it," said he, with a little smile and nod of mysterious self-importance.

"Like the devil, eh? Well, every man has his pattern. How is my uncle?"

Now, if there was one man on earth above another of whom Eustace Leigh stood in dread, it was his cousin Amyas. In the first place, he knew Amyas to be infinitely stronger than he. And next, he could not help feeling that Amyas despised him. They had not met for three years; but before Amyas went, Eustace never could argue with him, simply because Amyas treated him as beneath argument. No doubt he was often rude and unfair enough; but the whole mass of questions concerning the unseen world, which the priests had stimulated in his cousin's mind into an unhealthy fungus crop, were to Amyas simply, as he expressed it, "wind and moonshine"; and he treated his cousin as a sort of harmless lunatic, and, as they say in Devon, "half-baked." And Eustace knew it; and knew, too, that his cousin did him an injustice.

"Ah, my dearest cousin!" said Eustace, "I hastened to your home as soon as I could, and learning from your mother that I should find you here, hurried down to bid you welcome again to Devon."

"Well, old lad, it does look very natural to see you. I often used to think of you, walking the deck o' nights. Uncle and the girls are all right, then? But is the old pony dead yet? And how's Dick the smith, and Nancy? Grown a fine maid by now, I warrant. 'Slid, it seems half a life that I've been away."

"And you really thought of your poor cousin? Be sure that he, too, thought of you, and offered up nightly his weak

prayers for your safety to those saints, to whom would that you——"

"Halt there, coz. If they are half as good fellows as you and I take them for, they'll help me without asking."

"They have helped you, Amyas."

"Maybe; I'd have done as much, I'm sure, for them, if I'd been in their place."

As he spoke, up came Frank, and after due greetings, sat down beside them on the ridge.

"I say, brother, here's Eustace trying already to convert me; and telling me that I owe all my luck to the Blessed Virgin's prayers for me."

"It may be so," said Frank; "at least you owe it to the prayers of that most pure and peerless virgin, by whose commands you sailed; the sweet incense of whose orisons has gone up for you daily, and for whose sake you were preserved from flood and foe, that you might spread the fame and advance the power of the spotless championess of truth, and right, and freedom,—Elizabeth, your queen."

Amyas answered this rhapsody by a loyal chuckle. As he lay on his back on the pebbles, he said quietly to the gulls over his head,

"I wonder what the Frenchman, whose head I cut off at the Azores, thinks by now about all that."

"Cut off a Frenchman's head?" said Frank.

"Yes, faith; and so fleshed my maiden sword. I'll tell you. It was in some tavern; I and George Drake had gone in, and there sat this Frenchman, and with his sword on the table, ready for a quarrel (I found afterwards he was a noted bully), and begins with us loudly enough about this and that; but, after awhile, by the instigation of the devil, what does he vent but a dozen slanders against her majesty's honor, one atop of the

other. I was ashamed to hear them, and I should be more ashamed to repeat them."

"I have heard enough of such," said Frank.

"But I didn't let the cur bark; for I took him by the ears, to show him out into the street. Whereon he got to his sword, and I to mine; and a very near chance I had of never bathing on the pebble ridge more; for the fellow did not fight with edge and buckler, like a Christian, but had some newfangled French devil's device of scryming and foining with his point, ha'ing and stamping, and tracing at me, that I expected to be full of eyelet holes ere I could close with him."

"Thank God that you are safe, then!" said Frank. "I know that play well enough, and dangerous enough it is."

"Of course you know it; but I didn't, more's the pity."

"Well, I'll teach it thee, lad. But how did you escape his pinking iron?"

"How? Had it through my left arm before I could look round; and at that I got mad, and leapt upon him, and caught him by the wrist, and then had a fair side-blow; and, as fortune would have it, off tumbled his head on to the table, and there was an end of his slanders."

"So perish all her enemies!" said Frank; and Eustace, who had been trying not to listen, rose and said,

"I trust that you do not number me among them?"

"Come," said Frank, "we will say no more. Walk round with us by Appledore, and then home to breakfast."

But Eustace declined, having immediate business, he said, in Northam town, and then in Bideford; and so left them to lounge for another half-hour on the beach, and then walk across the smooth sheet of turf to the little white fishing village, which stands some two miles above the bar.

Now Eustace Leigh, as we have seen, told his cousins that he

was going to Northam: but he did not tell them that his point was really the same as their own, namely, Appledore; and, therefore, after having satisfied his conscience by going as far as the very nearest house in Northam village, he struck away sharp to the left across the fields, whereby he went several miles out of his road; and also, as is the wont of crooked spirits, only outwitted himself. For his cousins going merrily, like honest men, along the straight road across the turf, arrived in Appledore, opposite the little "Mariner's Rest" Inn, just in time to see what Eustace had taken so much trouble to hide from them, namely, four of Mr. Thomas Leigh's horses standing at the door, held by his groom, saddles and mail-bags on back, and mounting three of them, Eustace Leigh and two strange gentlemen.

"There's one lie already this morning," growled Amyas; "he told us he was going to Northam."

The two retreated within a shop door the better to observe the group.

"What strange cattle has he been importing now? Look at that three-legged fellow, trying to get aloft on the wrong side."

The three-legged man was a tall, meek-looking person in gorgeous garments, with a sword so long and broad that it differed little in size from the very thin and stiff shanks between which it wandered uncomfortably. After being kicked out three or four times from its uncomfortable post between his legs, it had returned unconquered; and the hilt getting a little too far back by reason of the too great length of the belt, the weapon took up its post triumphantly behind, standing out point in air, a tail confest, amid the tittering of the ostlers and the cheers of the sailors.

At last the poor man, by dint of a chair, was mounted safely, while his fellow-stranger, a burly, coarse-looking man, made so fierce a rush at his saddle that he would have fallen, had he not

been brought up short by the shoulders of the ostler at his off-stirrup. In which shock off came hat and feather.

"Pardie, the bulldog-faced one is a fighting man. Dost see, Frank? he has had his head broken."

"That is not a scar, my son, but a priest's tonsure."

"Hang the dog! O, that the sailors may but see it, and put him over the quay head. I've a half mind to go and do it myself."

"My dear Amyas," said Frank, laying two fingers on his arm, "these men, whosoever they are, are the guests of our uncle, and therefore the guests of our family."

"Well, we will go home to breakfast. Those rogues are out of sight by now."

Nevertheless, Amyas was not proof against the temptation of going over to the inn-door, and asking who were the gentlemen who went with Mr. Leigh.

"Gentlemen of Wales," said the ostler, "who came last night in a pinnace from Milford-haven, and their names, Mr. Morgan Evans, and Mr. Evan Morgans."

"Mr. Judas Iscariot and Mr. Iscariot Judas," said Amyas between his teeth.

In the meanwhile Messrs. Evans and Morgans were riding away, as fast as the rough by-lanes would let them, along the fresh coast of the bay, steering carefully clear of Northam town. And it was well for them that neither Amyas Leigh, nor indeed any other loyal Englishman, was by when they entered, as they shortly did, the lonely woods which stretch along the southern wall of the bay. For there Eustace Leigh pulled up short; and both he and his groom, leaping from their horses, knelt down humbly in the wet grass and implored the blessing of the two valiant gentlemen of Wales, who, having graciously bestowed it with three fingers apiece, became thenceforth no longer Morgan

Evans and Evan Morgans, Welshmen and gentlemen; but Father Parsons and Father Campian, Jesuits.

After a few minutes, the party were again in motion, ambling steadily and cautiously along the high table-land, towards Moorwinstow in the west. But they were not destined to reach their point as peaceably as they could have wished. For just as they got opposite Clovelly Dike, the huge old Roman encampment which stands about mid-way in their journey, they heard a halloo from the valley below, answered by a fainter one far ahead. At which, Father Campian and Father Parsons looked at each other, and then both stared round at the wild, desolate, open pasture (for the country was then all unenclosed), and the great dark furze-grown banks above their heads; and Campian remarked gently to Parsons that this was a very dreary spot, and likely enough for robbers.

As he spoke, up from the ditch close beside him, as if rising out of the earth, burst through the furze-bushes an armed cavalier.

"Pardon, gentlemen!" shouted he, as the Jesuit and his horse recoiled against the groom. The horseman dashed across the nose of Eustace Leigh's horse, with a "Hillo, old lad! where ridest so early?" and peering down for a moment into the ruts of the narrow track-way, struck spurs into his horse, shouting, "A fresh slot! right away for Hartland! Forward, gentlemen all! follow, follow, follow!"

"Who is this roysterer?" asked Parsons, loftily.

"Will Cary, of Clovelly; an awful heretic: and here come more behind."

And as he spoke four or five more gallants plunged in and out of the great dikes and thundered on behind Eustace's party; whose horses, quite understanding what game was up, burst into full gallop, neighing and squealing; and in another minute

the hapless Jesuits were hurling along over moor and moss after a "hart of grease."

Parsons, who, though a vulgar bully, was no coward, supported the character of Mr. Evan Morgans well enough; and he would have really enjoyed himself, had he not been in agonies of fear lest those precious saddle-bags in front of him should break from their lashings, and rolling to the earth, expose to the hoofs of heretic horses, perhaps to the gaze of heretic eyes, such a cargo of bulls, dispensations, secret correspondences, seditious tracts, and so forth, that, at the very thought of their being seen, his head felt loose upon his shoulders. But the future martyr behind him, Mr. Morgan Evans, gave himself up at once to abject despair, and as he bumped and rolled along, sought vainly for comfort in professional ejaculations in the Latin tongue.

"*Mater intemerata! Eripe me-e*—Ugh! I am down! No! I am not! Oh whither, barbarous islanders!"

Now riding near them through the soft heather like a sportsman, was Sir Richard Grenvile, who had made Mr. Cary and the rest his guests the night before, and then ridden out with them at five o'clock that morning, after the wholesome early ways of the time, to rouse a well-known stag in the glens at Buckish. Who being as good a Latiner as Campian's self, and overhearing both the scraps of psalm and the "barbarous islanders," pushed his horse alongside of Mr. Eustace Leigh, and said, with two low bows towards the two strangers—

"I hope Mr. Leigh will do me the honor of introducing me to his guests. I should be sorry, and Mr. Cary also, that any gentle strangers should become neighbors of ours, even for a day, without our knowing who they are, and showing them ourselves all due requital for the compliment of their presence."

After which, the only thing which poor Eustace could do

(especially as it was spoken loud enough for all bystanders), was to introduce in due form Mr. Evan Morgans and Mr. Morgan Evans, who, hearing the name, and what was worse, seeing the terrible face with its quiet searching eye, felt like a brace of partridge-poults cowering in the stubble, with a hawk hanging ten feet over their heads.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Richard blandly, cap in hand; "I fear that your mails must have been somewhat in your way in this unexpected gallop. If you will permit my groom, who is behind, to disencumber you of them and carry them to Chapel, you will both confer an honor on me, and be enabled yourselves to see the mort more pleasantly."

A twinkle of fun, in spite of all his efforts, played about good Sir Richard's eye as he gave this searching hint. The two Welsh gentlemen stammered out clumsy thanks; and pleading great haste and fatigue from a long journey, contrived to fall to the rear and vanish with their guides.

"Will!" said Sir Richard, pushing alongside of young Cary.

"Your worship?"

"Jesuits, Will!"

"May the father of lies fly away with them!"

"He will not do that while this Irish trouble is about. But give the devil rope, and he will hang himself. Keep thy tongue at home, and thine eyes too, Will."

"How then?"

"Let Clovelly beach be watched night and day like any mousehole. No one can land round Harty Point with these south-westers. Stop every fellow who has the ghost of an Irish brogue, come he in or go he out, and send him over to me."

"Some one should guard Bude-haven, sir."

"Leave that to me. Now then, forward, gentlemen all, or the stag will take the sea at the Abbey."

And on they crashed down the Hartland glens, through the oak-scrub and the great crown-ferns; and the baying of the slow-hound and the tantaras of the horn died away farther and fainter toward the blue Atlantic, while the conspirators, with lightened hearts, pricked fast across Bursdon upon their evil errand.

For the two Jesuits were busy in private in plotting. Ever since April last they had been playing at hide-and-seek through the length and breadth of England, and now they were only lying quiet till expected news from Ireland should give them their cue, and a great "rising of the West" should sweep from her throne that stiff-necked, persecuting, excommunicate, reprobate, and profligate usurper, who falsely called herself the Queen of England. For they had stoutly persuaded themselves in those days that the heart of England was really with them, and that the British nation was on the point of giving up Elizabeth.

"There is a thing to be done now, but it may be at the risk of life," said Father Campian to Eustace the day after their arrival.

"Prove me!" cried Eustace.

"Here is a letter which was brought me last night; no matter from whence; you can understand it better than I."

So Campian translated to him the cypher of the letter:

"This to Evan Morgans, gentleman, at Mr. Leigh's house in Moorwinstow, Devonshire. News may be had by one who will go to the shore of Clovelly, any evening after the 25th of November, at dead low tide, and there watch for a boat, rowed by one with a red beard, and a Portugal by his speech. If he be asked, 'How many?' he will answer, 'Eight hundred and one.' Take his letters and read them. If the shore be watched, let him who comes show a light three times in a safe place under the cliff above the town. Farewell, and expect great things!"

"I will go," said Eustace; "to-day is the 25th, and I know a sure and easy place. Your friend seems to know these shores well."

"Ah! what is it we do not know?" said Campian, with a mysterious smile.

CHAPTER IV

THE TWO WAYS OF BEING CROSSED IN LOVE

But Eustace Leigh had other thoughts and other cares than the safety of his father's two mysterious guests, important as that was in his eyes; for he was one of the many who had drunk in sweet poison from the magic glances of the Rose of Torridge. He had seen her in the town, and for the first time in his life fallen utterly in love; and now that she had come down close to his father's house, he looked on her as a lamb fallen unawares into the jaws of the greedy wolf, which he felt himself to be. For Eustace's love had little or nothing of chivalry, self-sacrifice, or purity in it. He longed to marry Rose Salterne, with a wild selfish fury. But as yet his suit was in very embryo. He could not even tell whether Rose knew of his love; and he wasted miserable hours in maddening thoughts, and tost all night upon his sleepless bed, and rose next morning fierce and pale, to invent fresh excuses for going over to her uncle's house.

She was sitting in the little farm-house beside the mill, buried in the green depths of the Valley of Combe, half-way between Stow and Chapel, sulking as much as her sweet nature would let her at being thus shut out from all the grand doings at Bideford. So lonely was she, in fact, that though she regarded Eustace Leigh with somewhat of aversion, she could not find it in her heart to avoid a chat with him whenever he came down to the farm and to its mill, which he contrived to do almost every day. Her uncle and aunt at first looked stiff enough at these

visits; but still Mr. Leigh was a gentleman's son, and it would not do to be rude to a neighboring squire and a good customer. Eustace, in the meanwhile, who knew well that the difference in creed between him and Rose was likely to be the very hardest obstacle in the way of his love, took care to keep his private opinions well in the background; and instead of trying to convert the folk at the mill, daily bought milk or flour from them, and gave it away to the old women in Moorwinstow, not knowing in his cunning foolishness that each good wife in the parish was saying to the other, "The devil turned monk! He's only after Mistress Salterne, the young hypocrite."

Eustace set out, and had just got to the top of the hill between Chapel and Stow mill, when up the lane came none other than Mistress Rose Salterne, in all the glories of a new scarlet hood, from under which her large, dark, languid eyes gleamed soft lightnings through poor Eustace's heart and marrow. Up she tripped, tall, lithe, and graceful, a true West-country lass. Eustace darted towards her. She started, and gave a pretty little shriek.

"Mr. Leigh!"

"I came to speak to you, Rose—Mistress Salterne, I mean."

"To me?"

"To you I must speak, tell you all, or die!" And he pressed up close to her. She shrank back somewhat frightened.

"Do not stir; do not go, I implore you! Rose, only hear me!" And fiercely and passionately seizing her by the hand, he poured out the whole story of his love, heaping her with every fantastic epithet of admiration which he could devise.

There was little, perhaps, of all his words which Rose had not heard many a time before; but there was a quiver in his voice, and a fire in his eye, from which she shrank by instinct.

"Let me go!" she said; "you are too rough, sir!"

She started, and gave a pretty little shriek.

"Ay!" he said, seizing now both her hands, "rougher, perhaps, than the gay gallants of Bideford, who serenade you, and write sonnets to you, and send you posies. Rougher, but more loving, Rose! Do not turn away! I shall die if you take your eyes off me! Tell me,—tell me, now, here—this moment—before we part—if I may love you!"

"Go away!" she answered struggling, and bursting into tears. "This is too rude. If I am but a merchant's daughter, I am God's child. Remember that I am alone. Leave me; go! or I will call for help!"

Eustace had heard or read somewhere that such expressions in a woman's mouth were on the whole signs that she had no objection to be alone, and did not intend to call for help; and he only grasped her hands the more fiercely, and looked into her face with keen and hungry eyes; but she broke from him, and passed him, and fled down the lane.

"Mark it!" cried he, after her. "You shall rue the day when you despised Eustace Leigh! Mark it, proud beauty!"

And so Eustace Leigh played his move, and lost it.

Poor little Rose, having run nearly to Chapel, stopped for very shame, and walked quietly toward Moorwinstow, and so, turning into a by-path, struck away toward the cliffs, to cool her blushes in the sea-breeze. And there, finding a quiet grassy nook beneath the crests of the rocks, she sat down on the turf, and fell into a great meditation.

Rose Salterne had fed her fancy upon the legends and ballads of her native land, till she believed—what did she not believe?—of mermaids and pixies, charms and witches, dreams and omens, and all that world of magic in which most of the country-people believed firmly. Besides these, there were boundless wonders open to her in old romances which were then to be found in every English house of the better class. The Legend

of King Arthur, Sir Guy of Warwick, Palamon and Arcite, and the Romaunt of the Rose, were with her text-books and canonical authorities. And with her head full of these, it was no wonder if she had likened herself of late more than once to some of those peerless princesses of old, for whose fair hand paladins thundered against each other in tilted field.

Not that she had any wish to break hearts: she did not break her heart for any of her admirers, and why should they break theirs for her? They were all very charming, each in his way.

Of course, Mr. Frank Leigh was the most charming; but then, as a courtier and squire of dames, he had never given her a sign of real love, nothing but sonnets and compliments, and there was no trusting such things from a gallant.

And very charming was Mr. William Cary, with his quips and his jests,—over and above his rich inheritance. And Mr. Hugh Fortescue, too—people said that he was certain to become a great soldier—and that would be pleasant enough, too, though he was but the younger son; but then, so was Amyas Leigh. Ah, poor Amyas! Her girl's fancy for him had vanished, or rather, perhaps, it was very much what it always had been, only that four or five more girl's fancies beside it had entered in, and kept it in due subjection. But still, she could not help thinking a good deal about him, and his voyage, and the reports of his great strength, and beauty, and valor.

But, moreover, another figure had been forward and troublesome enough in last night's sleep-world; and forward and troublesome enough, too, now in to-day's waking-world, namely, Eustace, the rejected. How strange that she should have dreamt of him the night before! And after all, though Mr. Eustace had been very rude and naughty, yet still it was not his own fault; he could not help being in love with her. And—and, in short, the poor little maid felt herself one of the most

important personages on earth, with all the cares (or hearts) of the country in her keeping.

Poor little Rose! Had she but had a mother! But she was to learn her lesson, such as it was, in another school. She was too shy (too proud perhaps) to tell her aunt her mighty troubles; but a counselor she must have; and after sitting with her head in her hands, for half-an-hour or more, she arose suddenly and started off along the cliffs towards Marsland. She would go and see Lucy Passmore, the white witch; Lucy knew everything! Lucy would tell her what to do—perhaps even whom to marry.

Lucy was a fat, jolly woman of fifty, with little pig-eyes, which twinkled like sparks of fire, and eyebrows which sloped upwards and outwards, like those of a satyr. Her qualifications as white witch were boundless cunning, equally boundless good nature, considerable knowledge of human weaknesses, some skill in "yarbs," a firm faith in the virtue of her own incantations, and the faculty of holding her tongue. By dint of these she contrived to gain a fair share of money, and also (which she liked even better) of power, among the simple folk for many miles round. For she was kind enough,—to every one but her husband, a tall simple-hearted, rabbit-faced man, a good deal older than herself.

The Prophetess, when Rose approached her oracular cave, was seated on a tripod in front of the fire, distilling strong waters out of pennyroyal. But no sooner did her distinguished visitor appear at the hatch than the still was left to take care of itself, and a clean apron and mutch having been slipped on, Lucy welcomed Rose with endless courtesies, and—"Bless my dear soul alive, who ever would have thought to see the Rose of Torridge to my poor little place! And what is it I can do for ye? For I guess you want a bit of old Lucy's help, eh?

Though I'm most mazed to see you here, surely. I should have supposed that pretty face could manage they sort of matters for itself. Eh?"

Rose, thus bluntly charged, confessed at once, and with many blushes and hesitations, made her soon understand that what she wanted was "to have her fortune told."

"Eh? Oh! I see. The pretty face has managed it a bit too well already, eh? Tu many o' mun, pure fellows? So you hain't made up your mind, then?"

Rose shook her head.

"Ah—well," she went on, in a half-bantering tone. "Not so asy, is it, then? One's gude for one thing, and one for another, eh? One has the blood, and another the money."

Then the "cunning woman" began muttering over to herself the names of likely suitors, while Rose gave no sign at any of them, but merely sat and stirred the peat ashes with her foot. At last Lucy had a way to suggest by which Rose might see the "sperrit" of her true lover: she was to go, the following midnight, down to the shore at low tide, and try a certain charm. The woman promised to be within call, and warned her to say nothing to anybody. So the girl passed over the expected payment and went away home.

But in the meanwhile, at the very hour that Eustace had been prosecuting his suit in the lane at Moorwinstow, a very different scene was being enacted at Mrs. Leigh's room at Burrough.

For the night before, Amyas, as he was going to bed, heard his brother Frank in the next room tune his lute, and then begin to sing. And both their windows being open, and only a thin partition between the chambers, Amyas's admiring ears came in for every word of a canzonet, sung in that delicate and mellow tenor voice for which Frank was famed among all fair ladies.

At which the simple sailor sighed, and longed that he could write neat verses, and sing them so sweetly. He shouted through the wall, "Good night, old song-thrush; I suppose I need not pay the musicians."

"What, awake?" answered Frank. "Come in here, and lull me to sleep with a sea song."

So Amyas went in, and found Frank laid on the outside of his bed and not yet undressed.

"I am a bad sleeper," said he; "I spend more time, I fear, in burning the midnight oil than prudent men should. Come and be my jongleur, my minne-singer, and tell me about Andes and cannibals, and the ice regions, and the fire regions, and the paradises of the West."

So Amyas sat down, and told; but somehow, every story which he tried to tell came round by crooked paths, yet sure, to none other point than Rose Salterne, and how he thought of her here and thought of her there, and how he wondered what she would say if she had seen him in this adventure, and how he longed to have had her with him to show her that glorious sight, till Frank let him have his own way, and then out came the whole story of the simple fellow's daily and hourly devotion to her, through those three long years of world-wide wanderings.

"And oh, Frank, I could hardly think of anything but her in the church the other day. God forgive me! and it did seem so hard for her to be the only face which I did not see—and have not seen her yet, either. And is she as pretty as ever?"

"Ten times as pretty, dear lad, as half the young fellows round have discovered. If you mean to win her and wear her (and God grant you may fare no worse!) you will have rivals enough to get rid of."

"Humph!" said Amyas, "I hope I shall not have to make short work with some of them."

"I hope not," said Frank, laughing. "Now go to bed, and to-morrow morning give your sword to mother to keep, lest you should be tempted to draw it on one of her Majesty's lieges."

And the giant swung himself laughing out of the room, and slept all night like a seal, not without dreams, of course, of Rose Salterne.

The next morning, according to his wont, he went into his mother's room, whom he was sure to find up and at her prayers. But coming gently to the door, for fear of disturbing her, and entering unperceived, he beheld a sight which stopped him short.

Mrs. Leigh was sitting in her chair, with her face bowed fondly down upon the head of his brother Frank, who knelt before her, his face buried in her lap. Amyas could see that his whole form was quivering with stifled emotion. Their mother was just finishing the last words of a well-known text—"for my sake, and the Gospel's, shall receive a hundredfold in this present life, fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters."

"But not a wife!" interrupted Frank, with a voice stifled with sobs; "that was too precious a gift for even Him to promise to those who gave up a first love for His sake! But, oh, mother! I am your son, and God's; and you shall know it, even though Amyas never does!" And he looked up with his clear blue eyes, and his face was as the face of an angel.

Both of them saw that Amyas was present, and started and blushed. His mother motioned him away with her eyes, and he went quietly out, as one stunned. This was the meaning of last night's canzonet! This was why its words had seemed to fit his own heart so well! His brother was his rival. And he had been telling him all his love last night. What a stupid brute he was! How it must have made poor Frank wince!

And then Frank had listened so kindly—even bid him God speed in his suit. What a gentleman old Frank was, to be sure! Amyas paced the garden; and clutching desperately hold of his locks with both hands, as if to hold his poor confused head on his shoulders, he strode and tramped up and down the shell-paved garden walks for a full half hour, till Frank's voice (as cheerful as ever, though he more than suspected all) called him.

"Come in to breakfast, lad; and stop grinding and creaking upon those miserable limpets, before thou hast set every tooth in my head on edge!"

Amyas had got his thoughts straight enough by this time; and in he came, and fell to upon the broiled fish and strong ale, with a sort of fury, as determined to do his duty to the utmost in all matters that day.

His mother and Frank, bent on ignoring the earlier scene, teased him merrily in the matter of his appetite. But Amyas's preoccupation at last forced him to burst forth—"See here, I have got in my head a sort of miracle play for us two to act, such as they have at Easter to the town hall. Hearken, madam!"

Mrs. Leigh looked up, trembling; and Frank, he scarce knew why, rose.

"No; you are King David, and sit still upon your throne. David was a great singer, you know, and a player on the viols; and ruddy, too, and of a fair countenance; so that will fit. Now, then, mother, don't look so frightened. I am not going to play Goliath, for all my cubits; I am to present Nathan the prophet. Now David, hearken, for I have a message unto thee, O King!

"There were two men in one city, one rich, and the other poor: and the rich man had many flocks and herds, and all the fine ladies in Whitehall to court if he liked; and the poor man had nothing but——"

And in spite of his broad honest smile, Amyas's deep voice began to tremble and choke.

Frank sprang up, and burst into tears:—"Oh! Amyas, my brother, my brother! stop! I cannot endure this. Oh, God! was it not enough to have entangled myself in this fatal fancy, but over and above, I must meet the shame of my brother's discovering it?"

"What shame, then, I'd like to know?" said Amyas, recovering himself. "Look here, brother Frank! I've thought it all over in the garden; and I was an ass and a braggart for talking to you as I did last night. Of course you love her! Everybody must; and I was a fool for not recollecting that; and if you love her, your taste and mine agree, and what can be better? I think you are a sensible fellow for loving her, and you think me one. I'm good enough for her, I hope; but you are better. If one of us is to marry her, you may just as well do it as I. I'll go and join the army in Ireland and get it out of my head, for cannon balls fright away love; and that's all I've got to say." And he sat down and turned again to his breakfast. His mother was weeping tears of joy.

"My children, my children, which of you shall I love best? Which of you is the more noble? I thanked God this morning for having given me one such son; but to have found that I possess two!" And Mrs. Leigh laid her head on the table, and buried her face in her hands, while the generous battle went on.

"But, dearest Amyas!——"

Then suddenly jumping up, Amyas leaped upon Frank, and throwing his arms around his neck, sobbed out, "There, there, now! For God's sake, let us forget all, and think about our mother, and the old house, and how we may win her honor before we die! and that will be enough to keep our hands full, without fretting about this woman and that."

"My dearest Amyas! I must ask you, too, to make no more such speeches to me. All those thoughts I have forsworn."

"Only this morning; so there is time to catch them again before they are gone too far."

And so the battle ended; and Frank went to his books, while Amyas, who must needs be doing, if he was not to dream, started off to Sir Richard's. And so he had played his move for Rose, even as Eustace had, and lost her: but not as Eustace had.

CHAPTER V

CLOVELLY COURT IN THE OLDEN TIME

WHEN Frank found that Amyas had ridden off to Sir Richard Grenvile at Stow, his mother at once divined the truth, that he was gone to try for a post in the Irish army, and sent off Frank after him to bring him home again and make him at least reconsider himself.

So Frank took horse and rode thereon ten miles or more: and then, as there were no inns on the road in those days, and he had some ten miles more of hilly road before him, he turned down the hill towards Clovelly Court, to obtain, after the hospitable humane fashion of those days, good entertainment for man and horse from Mr. Cary the squire.

And when he walked into the long dark wainscoted hall of the Court, the first object he beheld was the mighty form of Amyas, who, seated at the long table, was alternately burying his face in a pasty, and the pasty in his face, his sorrows having,

as it seemed, only sharpened his appetite, while young Will Cary, kneeling on the opposite bench, with his elbows on the table, was in that graceful attitude laying down the law fiercely to him in a low voice.

"Hillo! lad," cried Amyas; "come hither and deliver me out of the hands of this fire-eater, who I verily believe will kill me, if I don't let him kill some one else."

"Ah! Mr. Frank," said Will Cary, who, like all other young gentlemen of these parts, held Frank in high honor, and considered him a very oracle and cynosure of fashion and chivalry, "welcome here: I was just longing for you, too; I wanted your advice on half-a-dozen matters. Sit down, and eat."

"We are in the judgment seat," said Frank, settling to the pasty. "Proceed, appellant."

"Well, I was telling Amyas—that Tom Coffin, of Portledge—I will stand him no longer."

"Let him be, then," said Amyas; "he could stand very well by himself, when I saw him last."

"Plague on you, hold your tongue. Has he any right to look at me as he does, whenever I pass him? And the other day, when I spoke of Rose Salterne—" the other two groaned and laughed—"he burst out with a guffaw right in my face! Is not that a fair quarrel? And what is more, I know that he wrote her a sonnet, and sent it to her at Stow by a market woman. What right has he to write sonnets when I can't? It's not fair play, Mr. Frank; it's not!" And Will smote the table till the plates danced.

"My dear knight of the burning pestle, I have a plan, a device, a disentanglement, according to most approved rules of chivalry. Let us fix a day, and summon by tuck of drum all young gentlemen under the age of thirty, dwelling within fifteen miles of the habitation of that peerless Oriana."

"And all 'prentice boys, too," cried Amyas out of the pasty.

"And all 'prentice boys. The old lads shall fight first, with good quarterstaves, in Bideford Market, till all heads are broken; and the head which is not broken, let the back belonging to it pay the penalty of the noble member's cowardice. After which grand tournament, to which that of Tottenham shall be but a flea-bite, afterwards all the young gentlemen shall adjourn into a convenient field, sand, or bog—which last will be better, as no man will be able to run away, if he be up to his knees in soft peat: and there stripping to our shirts, with rapiers of equal length and keenest temper, each shall slay his man, catch who catch can, and the conquerors fight again, like a most valiant main of game cocks as we are, till all be dead, and out of their woes; after which the survivor, bewailing before heaven and earth the cruelty of our Fair Oriana, and the slaughter which her basiliscine eyes have caused, shall fall gracefully upon his sword, and so end the woes of this our lovelorn generation."

"Really," said Cary, "this is too bad."

"My dear Mr. Cary," went on Frank, suddenly changing his bantering tone to one of the most winning sweetness; "do not fancy that I cannot feel for you; or that I, as well as you, have not known the stings of love and the bitterer stings of jealousy. But oh, Mr. Cary, are there no Spaniards to conquer, no wild Irish to deliver from their oppressors, that two gentlemen of Devon can find no better place to flesh their blades than in each other's valiant and honorable hearts?"

"Well," said Will, penitently, "you are a great scholar, Mr. Frank, and you speak like one; but gentlemen must fight sometimes, or where would be their honor?"

"I speak," said Frank, a little proudly, "not merely as a scholar, but as a gentleman, and one who has fought ere now,

and to whom it has happened, Mr. Cary, to kill his man (on whose soul may God have mercy); but it is my pride to remember that I have never yet fought in my own quarrel."

"And I can tell you, Will," said Amyas, "I am not troubled with fear of ghosts; but when I cut off the Frenchman's head, I said to myself, 'If that braggart had been slandering me instead of her gracious Majesty, I should expect to see that head lying on my pillow every time I went to bed at night.' "

"God forbid!" said Will, with a shudder. "But what shall I do? for to the market to-morrow I will go, if it were chokefull of Coffins, and a ghost in each coffin of the lot."

"Leave the matter to me," said Amyas. "I have my device, as well as scholar Frank here; and if there be, as I suppose there must be, a quarrel in the market to-morrow, see if I do not——" He broke off short with a laugh, and rose. "And now to my business. I have to take this runaway youth here home to his mother; and if he will not go quietly, I have orders to carry him across my saddle."

"Stop," said Cary. "You must stay here to-night; first, for good fellowship's sake; and next, because I want advice." He drew his chair close to Frank's, and put into his hands a dirty letter.

"This letter was left for me by a country fellow this morning. Look at it and tell me what I am to do."

Whereon Frank opened, and read—

"Mister Cary, be you wary
By deer park end to-night.
Yf Irish ffoxe com out of rocks—
Grip and hold hym tight."

"I would have showed it my father," said Will, "but——"

"I verily believe it to be a blind," said Frank. "See now,

this is the handwriting of a man who has been trying to write vilely, and yet cannot. That B and that G never were begotten in a hedge-school. And what is more, this is no Devon man's handiwork. We say 'to' and not 'by' in the West country."

"Of course."

"And 'mun,' instead of 'him'? What do you think we should do?" he asked, turning to Amyas, whose hands were thrust into his curls.

"Will, my lad, have you been watching at the Deer Park end of late?"

"Never."

"Where, then?"

"At the town-beach."

"Where else?"

"Why, the fellow is turned lawyer! Above Freshwater."

"Where is Freshwater?"

"Why, where the water-fall comes over the cliff, half-a-mile from the town. There is a path there up into the forest."

"I know. I'll watch there to-night. Do you keep all your old haunts safe, of course, and send a couple of stout knaves to the mill, to watch the beach at the Deer Park End, on the chance: for your poet may be a true man, after all. But my heart's faith is that this comes just to draw you off from some old beat of yours, upon a wild goose chase."

"But why are you so ready to watch Freshwater to-night, Master Amyas?" inquired old Mr. Cary, who had joined them a few moments earlier.

"Because, sir, those who come, if they come, will never land at Mouthmill; but Freshwater is as lonely as the Bermudas; and they can beach a boat up under the cliff at all tides, and in all weathers except north and nor'-west. I have done it many a time, when I was a boy."

"And give us the fruit of your experience now in your old age, eh? Well, you have a gray head on green shoulders, my lad: and I verily believe you are right. Whom will you take with you to watch?"

"Sir," said Frank, "I will go with my brother, and that will be enough."

"Enough? He is big enough, and you are brave enough, for ten; but still, the more the merrier."

"But the fewer, the better fare. If I might ask a first and last favor, sir," said Frank very earnestly, "you would grant me two things: that you would let none go to Freshwater but me and my brother; and that whatever we shall bring back shall be kept as secret as the commonweal and your loyalty permit."

"My dear young gentleman, I am your father's friend, and yours. And God forbid that a Cary—for I guess your drift—should ever wish to make a head or a heart ache!"

" 'Though thou bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him,' " interposed Frank, sadly.

No more was said on the subject till the two brothers were started on their way.

"Amyas," said Frank, "that was a Devon man's handwork, as I said; it was Eustace's handwriting."

"Impossible!"

"No, lad. I have been secretary to a prince and learnt to interpret cipher, and to watch every pen-stroke. Come on, lad; and strike no man hastily, lest thou cut off thine own flesh."

So forth the two went, along the park to the eastward, and past the head of the little wood-embosomed fishing-town; and on some half-mile farther, along the steep hill-side, fenced with oak wood down to the water's edge, by a narrow forest path, to a point where two glens meet and pour their streamlets over a cascade some hundred feet in height into the sea below. By

the side of this waterfall a narrow path climbs upward from the beach; and here it was that the two brothers expected to meet the messenger.

Frank insisted on taking his station below Amyas. He said that he was certain that Eustace himself would make his appearance, and that he was more fit than Amyas to bring him to reason by parley; that if Amyas would keep watch some twenty yards above, the escape of the messenger would be impossible. Moreover, he was the elder brother and the post of honor was his right. So Amyas obeyed him, after making him promise that if more than one man came up the path, he would let them pass him before he challenged, so that both might bring them to bay at the same time.

So Amyas took his station under a high marl bank, and, bedded in luxuriant crown-ferns, sat a full half-hour, keeping his eyes on Frank. Outside, the south-west wind blew fresh and strong and the moonlight danced upon a thousand crests of foam; but within the black jagged point which sheltered the town, the sea did but heave, in long oily swells of rolling silver, onward in to the black shadow of the hills, within which the town and pier lay invisible, save where a twinkling light gave token of some lonely fisher's wife, watching the weary night through for the boat which would return with dawn.

At last he heard a rustle of the fallen leaves; he shrank closer into the darkness of the bank. Then swift light steps—not down the path, from above, but upward, from below; his heart beat quick and loud. And in another half-minute a man came in sight, within three yards of Frank's hiding-place.

Frank sprang out instantly. Amyas saw his bright blade glance in the clear October moonlight.

"Stand, in the queen's name!"

The man drew a pistol from under his cloak, and fired full in

his face. Had it happened in more modern times, Frank's chance had been small; but to get a ponderous wheel-lock under weigh was a longer business, and before the fizzing of the flint had ceased, Frank had struck up the pistol with his rapier, and it exploded harmlessly over his head. The man instantly dashed the weapon in his face and closed.

The blow, luckily, did not take effect on that delicate forehead, but struck him in the shoulder: nevertheless, Frank, who with all his grace and agility was fragile, staggered, and lost his guard, and before he could recover himself, Amyas saw a dagger gleam, and one, two, three blows fiercely repeated.

Mad with fury, he was with them in an instant. They were scuffling together so closely in the shade that he was afraid to use his swordpoint; but with the hilt he dealt a single blow full on the ruffian's cheek. It was enough; with a hideous shriek, the fellow rolled over at his feet, and Amyas set his foot on him, in act to run him through.

"Stop! stay!" almost screamed Frank; "it is Eustace! our cousin Eustace!" and he leant against a tree.

Amyas sprang towards him, but Frank waved him off.

"It is nothing—a scratch. He has papers; I am sure of it. Take them; and for God's sake let him go!"

"Villain! give me your papers!" cried Amyas, setting his foot once more on the writhing Eustace, whose jaw was broken across.

"You struck me foully from behind," moaned he.

"Hound, do you think that I dare not strike you in front? Give me your papers, letters, whatever devilry you carry; or as I live, I will cut off your head, and take them myself, even if it cost me the shame of stripping your corpse. Give them up!" And setting his foot on him afresh, he raised his sword.

Eustace was usually no craven; but he was cowed. He shud-

dered, pulled a packet from his bosom, and threw it from him, murmuring, "I have not given it."

"Swear to me that these are all the papers which you have in cipher or out of cipher. Swear on your soul, or you die!"

Eustace swore.

"Tell me, who are your accomplices?"

"Never!" said Eustace. "Cruel! have you not degraded me enough already?" and the wretched young man burst into tears, and hid his bleeding face in his hands.

One hint of honor made Amyas as gentle as a lamb. He lifted Eustace up, and bade him run for his life.

"I am to owe my life, then, to you?"

"Not in the least; only to your being a Leigh. Go, or it will be worse for you!" And Eustace went; while Amyas, catching up the precious packet, hurried to Frank. He had fainted already, and his brother had to carry him as far as the park before he could find any of the other watchers. The blind, as far as they were concerned, was complete. They had heard and seen nothing. Whosoever had brought the packet had landed they knew not where; and so all returned to the Court, carrying Frank, who recovered gradually, having rather bruises than wounds; for his foe had struck wildly, and with a trembling hand.

Half-an-hour after, Amyas, Mr. Cary and his son Will were in deep consultation over the following epistle, the only paper in the packet which was not in cipher:—

"Dear Brother N.

"This is to inform you and the friends of the cause that S. Josephus has landed in Smerwick, with eight hundred valiant Crusaders, burning with holy zeal to expiate their offenses (which I fear may have been many) by the propagation of our

most holy faith. I have purified the fort (which they are strenuously rebuilding) with prayer and holy water, from the stain of heretical footsteps, and consecrated it afresh to the service of Heaven, as the first-fruits of the isle of saints; and have displayed the consecrated banner to the adoration of the faithful. If you can do anything, do it quickly, for a great door and effectual is opened, and there are many adversaries. But be swift, for so do the poor lambs of the Church tremble at the fury of the heretics that a hundred will flee before one Englishman.

"If any devout lady shall so will, you may obtain from her liberality a shirt for this worthy tabernacle, and also a pair of hose; for I am unsavory to myself and to others, and of such luxuries none here has superfluity; for all live in holy poverty, except the fleas, who have that consolation in this world for which this unhappy nation, and those who labor among them, must wait till the world to come.

"Your loving brother,

"N. S."

"Sir Richard must know of this before daybreak," cried old Cary. "Eight hundred men landed! We must call out the Posse Comitatus, and sail with them bodily. I will go myself, old as I am. Spaniards in Ireland? not a dog of them must go home again."

"Not a dog of them," answered Will; "but where is Mr. Winter and his squadron?"

"Safe in Milford Haven; a messenger must be sent to him, too."

"I'll go," said Amyas: "but Mr. Cary is right. Sir Richard must know all first."

"And we must have those Jesuits."

"What? Mr. Evans and Mr. Morgans? God help us—they are at my uncle's! Consider the honor of our family!"

"Judge for yourself, my dear boy," said old Mr. Cary gently: "would it not be rank treason to let these foxes escape, while we have this damning proof against them?"

"I will go myself, then."

"Why not? You may keep all straight, and Will shall go with you. Call a groom, Will, and get your horse saddled, and my Yorkshire gray."

And the jolly old man bustled them out of the house and into their saddles, under the broad bright moon.

"You must make your pace, lads, or the moon will be down before you are over the moors."

Neither of them spoke for many a mile, Amyas, because his mind was fixed firmly on one object of saving the honor of his house, and Will because he was hesitating between Ireland and the wars, and Rose Salterne and love-making. At last he spoke suddenly.

"I'll go, Amyas."

"Whither?"

"To Ireland with you, old man. Off I go, westward ho! to get my throat cut in a bog-hole with Amyas Leigh."

"Earnest, Will?"

"As I am a sinful man. I hope, to-morrow evening."

And they rode on again in silence, Amyas being not a little content (in spite of his late self-renunciation) to find that one of his rivals at least was going to raise the siege of the Rose garden for a few months, and withdraw his forces to the coast of Kerry.

As they went over Bursdon, Amyas pulled up suddenly.

"Did you not hear a horse's step on our left?"

"On our left—coming up from Welsford moor? Impossible

at this time of night. It must have been a stag, or only an old cow."

"It was the ring of iron, friend. Let us stand and watch."

Bursdon and Welsford were then, as now, a rolling range of dreary moors. The two young men peered down over the expanse of bog and furze, which glittered for miles beneath the moor, one sheet of frosted silver, in the heavy autumn dew.

"If any of Eustace's party are trying to get home from Freshwater, they might save a couple of miles by coming across Welsford, instead of going by the main track, as we have done." So said Amyas, who was cunning as a fox in all matters of tactic and practice.

"If any of his party are mad, they'll try it, and be stogged till the day of judgment. There are bogs in the bottom twenty feet deep. Plague on the fellow, whoever he is; he has dodged us. Look there!"

It was too true. The unknown horseman had eivdently dismounted below, and led his horse up on the other side of a long furze-dike; till coming to the point where it turned away again from his intended course, he appeared against the sky, in the act of leading his nag over a gap.

"Ride like the wind!" and both youths galloped across furze and heather at him; but he was already too far away.

"He is going for Moorwinstow, then; but where is my cousin?"

"Behind us, I dare say. We shall nab him at least."

"Cary, promise me that if we do, you will keep out of sight and let me manage him."

"My boy, I only want Evan Morgans and Morgan Evans. He is but the cat's paw and we are after the cats themselves."

And so they went on another dreary six miles, till the land trended downwards, showing dark glens and woodland.

"Now, then, straight to Chapel, and stop the foxes' earth?

CHAPTER VI

THE COOMBES OF THE FAR WEST OF ENGLAND

1

As the two lads turned their horses into the zigzag road leading up the hill toward Sir Richard Grenvile's, both were wondering how they were to effect an entrance at three in the morning without being eaten by the dogs. However, they got safely in, after much knocking and calling.

Sir Richard, in his long gown, was soon downstairs in the hall; the letter read, and the story told; but ere it was half finished—

"Anthony, call up a groom, and let him bring me a horse round. Gentlemen, if you will excuse me five minutes, I shall be at your service."

In half an hour they were down and up across the valley again, under the few low ashes clipt flat by the sea-breeze which stood round the lonely gate of Chapel.

"Mr. Cary, there is a back path across the downs to Marsland; go and guard that." Cary rode off: and Sir Richard, as he knocked loudly at the gate—

"Mr. Leigh, you see that I have consulted your honor and that of your poor uncle, by adventuring thus alone. What will you have me do now, which may not be unfit for me and you?"

"Oh, sir!" said Amyas, with tears in his honest eyes, "you have shown yourself once more what you always have been—

my dear and beloved master on earth, not second even to my admiral, Sir Francis Drake."

"Or the queen, I hope," said Grenvile, smiling. "What will you do?"

"My wretched cousin, sir, may not have returned—and if I might watch for him on the main road—unless you want me with you."

"Richard Grenvile can walk alone, lad. But what will you do with your cousin?"

"Send him out of the country, never to return; or if he refuses, run him through on the spot."

"Go, lad." And as he spoke, a sleepy voice asked inside the gate, "Who is there?"

"Sir Richard Grenvile. Open, in the queen's name!"

"Be hanged to you! No honest folk come at this hour of night."

"Amyas!" shouted Sir Richard. Amyas rode back.

"Burst that gate for me, while I hold your horse."

Amyas leaped down, took up a rock from the roadside, and in an instant the gate was flat on the ground. Sir Richard strode straight to the front door. To his astonishment, his knock was answered by Mr. Leigh himself, fully dressed, and candle in hand.

"Sir Richard Grenvile! What, sir! is this neighborly, not to say gentle, to break into my house in the dead of night?"

"I broke your outer door, sir, because I was refused entrance when I asked in the queen's name. You have two Spaniards here, sir? and here is the queen's warrant for apprehending them. I have signed it with my own hand, and moreover, serve it now, with my own hand, in order to save you scandal—and it may be, worse."

"My dear Sir Richard!——"

"I must have them, or I must search the house. Must I, then, ask you to stand back from your own doorway, my dear sir?" said Grenvile. And then changing his voice to that fearful lion's roar for which he was famous, he thundered, "Knaves, behind there! Back!"—to half-a-dozen grooms and servingmen, who, well-armed, were clustered in the passage. They fell back at once—stout fellows enough, no doubt, in a fair fight; but they had no stomach to be hanged in a row at Launceston Castle.

"And now, my dear Mr. Leigh," said Sir Richard blandly, "where are my men?"

"The men, Sir Richard—the Jesuits—they are not here, indeed."

"Not here, sir?"

"On the word of a gentleman, they left my house an hour ago. Believe me, sir, they did. I will swear to you if you need."

"I believe Mr. Leigh of Chapel's word without oaths. Whither are they gone?"

"Nay, sir—how can I tell? They are fled, sir; escaped."

"With your connivance, or your son's. Whither?"

"As I live, I do not know!"

"Mr. Leigh, you see that I have consulted your honor and that treason from the punishment of which I am trying to shield you?"

Poor Mr. Leigh burst into tears.

"Oh! my God! my God! is it come to this? Over and above having the fear and anxiety of keeping these black rascals in my house, and having to stop their villainous mouths every minute, for fear they should hang me and themselves, I am to be called a traitor and a liar in my old age, and that, too, by Richard Grenvile! I swear before God the men are fled; and my poor boy Eustace is not home either, and the groom tells me that his

devil of a cousin has broken his jaw for him; and his mother is all but mad this hour past. Good lack! good lack!"

"He nearly murdered his angel of a cousin, sir!" said Sir Richard severely. "He had stabbed his cousin Frank three times, sir, before Amyas, who is as noble a lad as walks God's earth, struck him down. And in defense of what, forsooth, did he play the ruffian and the swashbuckler, but to bring home to your house this letter, sir, which you shall hear at your leisure, the moment I have dealt with the matter." Walking out of the house he went round and called to Cary.

"The birds are flown, Will," whispered he. "There is but one chance for us, and that is Marsland Mouth. If they are trying to take boat there, you may be yet in time. If they are gone inland, we can do nothing till we raise the hue and cry to-morrow."

And Will galloped off over the downs toward Marsland, while Sir Richard ceremoniously walked in again, and professed himself ready and happy to have the honor of an audience in Mr. Leigh's private chamber.

2

Many delightful glens cut the high table-land of the confines of Devon and Cornwall, each opening through its gorge of down and rock, towards the boundless Western Ocean. Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak-wood, nearer the sea of dark green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged iron-stone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow, its crystal trout stream winding across and

across from one hill-foot to the other. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.

In only one of these "Mouths" is a landing for boats, made possible by a long sea-wall of rock, which protects it from the rollers of the Atlantic; and that mouth is Marsland, the abode of the White Witch, Lucy Passmore; whither, as Sir Richard Grenvile rightly judged, the Jesuits were gone. But before the Jesuits came, two other persons were standing on that lonely beach, under the bright October moon, namely, Rose Salterne and the White Witch herself.

"You be safe enough here to-night, Miss. My old man is snoring sound abed, and ther's no other soul ever sets foot here o' nights. Goodness, where's our boat? It ought to be up here on the pebbles."

Rose pointed to a strip of sand and some forty yards nearer the sea, where the boat lay.

"Oh, the lazy old villain! he's been round the rocks after pollock this evening, and never taken the trouble to hale the boat up. O deary me!"

And the good wife bustled down toward the boat, with Rose behind her.

"Iss, 'tis fast, sure enough: and the oars aboard too! Well, I never! Oh, the lazy thief, to leave they here to be stole! I'll just sit in the boat, dear, and watch mun, while you go down to the sea; for you must be all alone to yourself you know, or you'll see nothing. There's the looking-glass; now go, and dip your head three times, and mind you don't look to land or sea

before you've said the words, and looked upon the glass. Now be quick, it's just upon midnight."

And she coiled herself up in the boat, while Rose went faltering down the strip of sand, some twenty yards farther, and there slipping off her clothes, stood shivering and trembling for a moment before she entered the sea. If she performed the rite duly, nothing would harm her: but she could hear the beating of her own heart, as she stepped, mirror in hand, into the cold water, waded hastily, as far as she dared, and then stopped aghast.

She could see every shell which crawled on the white sand at her feet, every rockfish which played in and out of the crannies, and stared at her with its broad bright eyes. She turned to flee: but she had gone too far now to retreat; hastily dipping her head three times, she hurried out to the sea-marge, and looking through her dripping locks at the magic mirror, pronounced the incantation—

"A maiden pure, here I stand,
Neither on sea, nor yet on land;
Angels watch me on either hand.
If you be landsman, come down the strand;
If you be sailor, come up the sand;
If you be angel, come from the sky,
Look in my glass, and pass me by;
Look in my glass, and go from the shore;
Leave me, but love me for evermore."

The incantation was hardly finished; her eyes were straining into the mirror, where, as may be supposed, nothing appeared but the sparkle of the drops from her own tresses, when she heard rattling down the pebbles the hasty feet of men and horses.

She darted into a cavern of the high rock, and hastily dressed herself. Peeping out, half-dead with terror, she saw there

four men, two of whom had just leaped from their horses, and turning them adrift, began to help the other two in running the boat down.

Whereon, out of the stern sheets, arose, like an angry ghost, the portly figure of Lucy Passmore, and shrieked in shrillest treble—

"Eh! ye villains, ye roogs, what do ye want staling poor folks' boats by night like this?"

The whole party recoiled in terror, and one turned to run up the beach, shouting at the top of his voice, "'Tis a marmaiden —a marmaiden asleep in Willy Passmore's boat!"

"I wish it were any sich good luck," she could hear Will say; "'tis my wife, oh dear!" and he cowered down, expecting the hearty cuff which he received duly, as the White Witch, leaping out of the boat, thundered to her husband to go home to bed.

The wily dame, as Rose well guessed, was keeping up this delay chiefly to gain time for her pupil: but she had also more solid reasons for making the fight as hard as possible; for she, as well as Rose, had already discerned in the ungainly figure of one of the party the same suspicious Welsh gentleman whose calling she had divined long ago.

"No," she cried, "as I am an honest woman and loyal! This is why you left the boat down to the shoore, you old traitor, you, is it? To help off sich noxious trade as this! Stand back, cowards!" And, getting out one of the oars she swung it round and round fiercely, and at last caught Father Parsons such a crack across the shins that he retreated with a howl.

"Lucy, Lucy!" shrieked her husband, in shrillest Devon falsetto, "be you mazed? Be you mazed, lass? They promised me two gold nobles before 'd lend them the boot!"

"Tu?" shrieked the matron, with a tone of ineffable scorn. "And do yu call yourself a man?"

"Ta nobles, ta nobles!" shrieked he again, hopping about at bar's length.

"Ta!" "And would you sell your soul under ten?"

"Oh, if that is it," cried poor Campion, "give her ten, give her ten, brother Pitts—Morgan, I mean, and take care of your shins."

"Ten nobles, or I'll kill ye here ill morning!" And the ten nobles were paid into her hand.

And now the boat, its dragon guardian being pacified, was rub down to the sea, and close past the rock where poor little Rose was squeezing herself into the farthest and darkest corner, holding her breath as they approached.

They passed her, and the boat's keel was already in the water. Lucy had followed them close, for reasons of her own, and surmising that the dark [illegible] Rose, [illegible] her ample person right across its mouth, while she grumbled at her husband and the strangers.

But the night's adventures were not ended yet. The last as the boat was launched, a [illegible] was heard upon the beach, and a minute after, a horseman plunged down the pebbles, and along the sand, and pulling his horse up in its haunches close to the terrified group, dropped, rather than leaped, from the saddle.

One of the men, Mr. Leigh's servant, though he dared not tackle a witch, knew well enough how to deal with a swordsman, and drawing sprang upon the newcomer, and then recoiled—

"God forgive me, it's Mr. Eustace! Oh, dear sir, I took you for one of Sir Richard's men! Oh, sir, you're hurt!"

"A scratch, a scratch!" almost moaned Eustace. "Help me into the boat, Jack. Gentlemen, I must with you. All's over here. Whither God and the cause lead"—and he staggered toward the boat.

"Who has wounded you?" asked Campian.

"My cousin—Amyas—and taken the letter!"

"The Devil take him, then!" cried Parsons, stamping up and down upon the sand in fury.

"Ay, curse him—you may! I dare not! He saved me—sent me here!"—and with a groan he made an effort to enter the boat. "On board, or we shall all be lost—William Cary is close behind me!"

And at that news the boat was thrust into the sea, faster than ever it went before, and only in time; for it was but just round the rocks, and out of sight, when the rattle of Cary's horsehoofs was heard above.

"That rascal groom of Mr. Leigh's will catch it now!" said Lucy Passmore aloud. "You lie still there, dear life, and settle your sperrits. I'll see what happens, if I die for it!" And so saying, she squeezed herself up through a cleft to a higher ledge, from whence she could see what passed in the valley.

"There mun is! in the meadow, trying to catch the horses! There comes Mr. Cary! Goodness, he's over the wall already! Ron, Jack! ron then! A'll get to the river! No, a waint! There's Mr. Cary cotched mun! A's down, a's down!"

"Is he dead?" asked Rose, shuddering.

"Iss, fegs, dead as nits! and Mr. Cary off his horse, standing overthwart mun! No, a baint! A's up now. Suppose he was hit wi' the flat! Whatever is Mr. Cary tu? Kecking mun, kecking mun, so hard as ever was futeball! Goodness, who did ever? If a haven't kecked mun right into river, and got on mun's horse and rod away!"

And so saying, down she came again.

"And now then, my dear life, us be better to goo hoom and get you sommat warm. I was cruel fear'd for ye: but I kept mun off clever, didn't I, now?"

"I wish—I wish I had not seen Mr. Leigh's face! I can't help thinking of it," said Rose.

"Goodness," cried the old dame, "and all this while us have forgot the very thing us come about. Who did you see?"

"Only that face!" said Rose, shudderingly.

"Be a brave maid, then. It's because there was none here worthy of ye, that ye seed none in the glass. Maybe he's to be a foreigner from over the seas, and that's why his sperrit was so long a coming. A duke or a prince he'll be, that carries off the Rose of Bideford."

But in spite of all the good dame's flattery, Rose could not wipe that fierce face away from her eyeballs. She reached home safely, and crept to bed undiscovered; and when the next morning, as was to be expected, found her laid up with something very like a fever, from excitement, terror and cold. After a fortnight she recovered, and went back to Bideford; but ere she arrived there Amyas was far across the seas on his way to Milford Haven.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRUE AND TRAGICAL HISTORY OF MR. JOHN OXENHAM OF PLYMOUTH

Old Stow House stands, or rather stood, some four miles beyond the Cornish border, on the northern slope of the largest and loveliest of those coombes of which I spoke in the last chapter. It had stood there, in part at least, from gray and mythic ages, when the first Sir Richard settled at Bideford. It was a huge rambling building, half castle, half dwelling-house. On three sides, to the north, west, and south, the lofty walls of the old ballium still stood with their machicolated turrets, loopholes, and dark downward crannies for dropping stones and fire on the besiegers, the relics of a more unsettled age: but the southern court of the ballium had become a flower-garden, with quaint terraces, statues, knots of flowers, clipped yews and hollies. And toward the east, where the vista of the valley opened, the old walls were gone, and the frowning Norman keep, ruined in the Wars of the Roses, had been replaced by the rich and stately architecture of the Tudors.

From the house on three sides, the hill sloped steeply down, and the garden where Sir Richard and Amyas were walking gave a truly English prospect. At one turn they could catch, over the western walls, a glimpse of the blue ocean flecked with passing sails; and at the next, spread far below them, range on range of fertile park, stately avenue, yellow autumn woodland, and purple heather moors, lapping over and over each other up the valley to the old British earthwork, which stood black and furze-grown on its conical peak; and standing out against the sky on the highest bank of hill which closed the valley to the east, the lofty tower of Kilkhampton church, rich with the monuments and offerings of five centuries of Grenviles. And close at home, upon the terrace before the house, amid romping spaniels, and golden-haired children, sat Lady Grenvile herself, the central jewel of all that glorious place, and looked down at her noble children, and then up at her more noble husband, and round at that broad paradise of the West, till life seemed too full of happiness, and heaven of light.

And all the while up and down paced Amyas and Sir Richard, talking long, earnestly, and slow; for they both knew that the turning point of the boy's life was come.

"Yes," said Sir Richard, after Amyas, in his blunt simple way, had told him the whole story about Rose Salterne and his brother, —"yes, sweet lad, thou hast chosen the better part, thou and thy brother also, and it shall not be taken from you. Only be strong, lad, and trust in God that He will make a man of you."

Amyas turned the conversation suddenly—

"And I may go to Ireland to-morrow?"

"You shall sail in the *Mary* for Milford Haven. When you come to the Marshal, or the Lord Deputy, give either of them this letter, and they will set you to work,—and hard work too, I warrant."

"I want nothing better."

"Right, lad; the best reward for having wrought well already is to have more to do; and he that has been faithful over a few things must find his account in being made ruler over many things. That is the true and heroical test. Your cousin has yet to learn what losing his life to save it means, Amyas. Bad men have taught him (and I fear these Anabaptists and Puritans at home teach little else), that it is the one great business of every one to save his own soul after he dies; every one for himself."

"I think men are inclined enough already to be selfish, without being taught that."

"Right, lad. For me, if I could hang up such a teacher on high as an enemy of mankind, and a corrupter of youth, I would do it gladly. Amyas, do thou do thy duty like a man, to thy country, thy queen, and thy God; and count thy life a worthless thing, as did the holy men of old. Do thy work, lad; and leave thy soul to the care of Him who is just and merciful in this, that He rewards every man according to his work."

And this was no mere preaching on Sir Richard's part. It was the faith by which he lived and died, as did many another noble gentleman in Elizabeth's day. When his time came to die, as you may read in the old tales, he went without a tremor or a whine; and these were his last words, fifteen years after our story, as he lay shot through and through, a captive among Spaniards:

"Here die I, Richard Grenvile, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honor: my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."

When Sir Richard and Amyas went down into the house, the

first person whom they met was the old steward, in search of his master.

"There is a manner of roog, Sir Richard, at the door; a very forward fellow, and he swear he will not leave till he has seen you."

"Seen me? Halidame! he shall see me, here and at Launceston too, if he likes. Bring him in."

"Fegs, Sir Richard, I be afeard of treason for your honor; for the fellow is pinked all over in heathen patterns, and as brown as a filbert; and a tall roog, a very strong roog, sir, and a foreigner too. I expect him to be a manner of wild Irish, sir."

"Pinked all over? He must be a sailor," said Amyas; "let me out and see the fellow, and if he needs putting forth——"

"Why, I dare say he is not so big but what he will go into thy pocket. So go, lad, while I finish my writing."

Amyas went out, and at the back door, leaning on his staff, stood a tall, raw-boned, ragged man, "pinked all over," as the steward had said.

"Hillo, lad!" quoth Amyas. "Before we come to talk, thou wilt please to lay down that cudgel of thine."

"I am a Christian, though I look like a heathen; and no rogue, though a masterless man, alas! But I want nothing, deserving nothing, and only ask to speak with Sir Richard."

There was something stately and yet humble about the man's tone and manner which attracted Amyas, and he asked more gently where he was going and whence he came.

"From Padstow Port, sir, to Clovelly town, to see my old mother, if indeed she be yet alive, which God knoweth."

"Clovelly man! why didn't thee say thee was Clovelly man?" asked all the grooms at once, to whom a West countryman was of course a brother.

"What's they mother's name, then?"

"Susan Yeo."

"What, that lived under the archway?" asked a groom.

"Lived?" said the man.

"Iss, sure; her died three days since, so we heard, poor soul."

The man stood quite silent for a minute or two; and then said quietly in Spanish, "That which is, is best."

"You speak Spanish?" asked Amyas, more and more interested.

"I had need to do so, young sir; I have been five years in the Spanish Main, and only set foot on shore two days ago; and if you will let me have speech of Sir Richard, I will tell him that at which both the ears of him that heareth it shall tingle; and if not, I can but go on to Mr. Cary of Clovelly, if he be yet alive, and there disburthen my soul; but I would sooner have spoken with one that is a mariner like to myself."

"And you shall," said Amyas. "Steward, we will have this man in; for all his rags, he is a man of wit." And he led him in.

"I only hope he ben't one of those Popish murderers," said the old steward, keeping at a safe distance from him as they entered the hall.

"Popish, old master? There's little fear of my being that. Look here!" And drawing back his rags, he showed a ghastly scar, which encircled his wrist and wound round and up his fore-arm.

"I got that on the rack," said he quietly, "in the Inquisition at Lima."

"By heaven, you are a brave fellow!" said Amyas. "Come along straight to Sir Richard's room."

So in they went, where Sir Richard sat in his library among books, dispatches, state papers and warrants, for already he was a busy man, concerned in many an important matter.

"Hillo, Amyas, have you bound the wild man already, and brought him in to swear allegiance?"

But before Amyas could answer, the man looked earnestly on him—"Amyas?" said he; "is that your name, sir?"

"Amyas Leigh is my name, at your service, good fellow."

"Of Burrough by Bideford?"

"Why then? What do you know of me?"

"Oh sir, sir! young brains and happy ones have short memories; but old and sad brains too, too long ones often! Do you mind one that was with Mr. Oxenham, sir?—that gave you a horn, a toy with a chart on it?"

"Soul alive!" cried Amyas, catching him by the hand; "and are you he? The horn? why, I have it still, and will keep it to my dying day, too. But where is Mr. Oxenham?"

"Yes, my good fellow, where is Mr. Oxenham?" asked Sir Richard, rising. "You are somewhat over-hasty in welcoming your old acquaintance, Amyas, before we have heard from him whether he can give an honest account of himself and of his captain."

"Sir Richard Grenvile, if I had been a guilty man to my noble captain, I had not come here this day to you, from whom villainy has never found favor."

"Thou art a well-spoken knave. We shall see."

"Well, sir," said the man, "my name is Salvation Yeo, born in Clovelly Street, in the year 1526, where my father exercised the mystery of a barber surgeon, and I myself learnt a touch of that trade, and thereby saved my life, as I will tell presently. I went, as Mr. Leigh knows, to Nombre de Dios, with Mr. Drake and Mr. Oxenham, in 1572, where what we saw and did, your worship, I suppose, knows as well as I; and there was, as you've heard, may be, a covenant between Mr. Oxenham and Mr. Drake to sail the South Seas together, which they made, your worship,

in my hearing, under the tree over Panama. For when Mr. Drake came down from the tree, after seeing the sea afar off, Mr. Oxenham and I went up and saw it too; and when we came down, Drake says, 'John, I have made a vow to God that I will sail that water, if I live and God gives me grace'; which he had done, sir, upon his bended knees. Well, sirs, that voyage, as you know, never came off, because Captain Drake was fighting in Ireland; so Mr. Oxenham, who must be up and doing, sailed for himself, and I who loved him, God knows, like a brother (saving the difference in our ranks), helped him to get the crew together, and went as his gunner. That was in 1575; as you know, he had a 140-ton ship, sir, and seventy men out of Plymouth and Fowey and Dartmouth, and many of them old hands of Drake's, besides a dozen or so from Bideford that I picked up when I saw young Master here."

"Thank God that you did not pick me up, too."

"Amen, amen!" said Yeo, clasping his hands on his breast. "Those seventy men, sir—seventy gallant men, sir, with every one of them an immortal soul within him,—where are they now? Gone, like the spray!" And he swept his hands abroad with a wild and solemn gesture. "And their blood is upon my head!"

Both Sir Richard and Amyas began to suspect that the man's brain was not altogether sound.

"God forbid, my man," said the knight kindly.

"Thirteen men I persuaded to join in Bideford town, besides William Penberthy of Marazion, my good comrade. And what if it be said to me at the day of judgment: Salvation Yeo, where are those fourteen whom thou didst tempt to their deaths by covetousness and lust of gold?

"Well, sirs, we came to the shore of New Spain, near to the old place—that's Nombre de Dios; and there Mr. Oxenham went ashore into the woods with a boat's crew, to find the ne-

groes who helped us three years before. Those are the Cimaroons, gentles, negro slaves who have fled from those devils incarnate, their Spanish masters, and live wild, like the beasts that perish; men of great stature, sirs, and fierce as wolves in the onslaught, but poor mazed fellows if they be but a bit dismayed.

"Well, sirs, after three days the Captain comes back, looking heavy enough, and says, 'We played our trick once too often, when we played it once. There is no chance of stopping another reco (that is, a mule-train, sirs) now. The Cimaroons say that since our last visit they never move without plenty of soldiers, two hundred shot at least. Therefore,' he said, 'my gallants, we must either return empty-handed from this, the very market and treasury of the whole Indies, or do such a deed as men never did before, which I shall like all the better for that very reason.' And we, asking his meaning, 'Why,' he said, 'if Drake will not sail the South Seas, we will. And I tell you now, what I forebore to tell you at first, that the South Seas have been my mark all along! such news have I herein of plate-ships, and gold-ships, and what not, which will come up from Quito and Lima this very month, all which, with the pearls of the Gulf of Panama, and other wealth unspeakable, will be ours, if we have but true English hearts within us.'

"At which, gentles, we were like madmen for lust of that gold, and cheerfully undertook a toil incredible; for first we run our ship aground in a great wood which grew in the very sea itself, and then took out her masts, and covered her in boughs, with her four cast pieces of great ordnance (of which more hereafter), and leaving no man in her, started for the South Seas across the neck of Panama, with two small pieces of ordnance and our culverins, and good store of victuals, and with us six of those negroes for a guide, and so twelve leagues to a river which runs into the South Sea.

"And there, having cut wood, we made a pinnace (and work enough we had at it) of five-and-forty foot in the keel; and in her down the stream, and to the Isle of Pearls in the Gulf of Panama."

"Into the South Sea? Impossible!" said Sir Richard. "Question him, Amyas, lest he turn out to have been beforehand with you."

The man looked inquiringly at Amyas, who said—

"Well, my man, of the Gulf of Panama I cannot ask you, for I never was inside it, but what other parts of the coast do you know?"

"Every inch, sir, from Cabo San Francisco to Lima; more is my sorrow, for I was a galley slave there for two years and more."

"You know Lima?"

"I was there three times, worshipful gentlemen, and the last was February come two years; and there I helped lade a great plate-ship, the *Cacafuogo,* they call her."

Amyas started, but it was Sir Richard who spoke.

"And what became of her, my lad?"

"God knows, who knows all, and the devil who freighted her. I broke prison six weeks afterwards, and never heard but that she got safe into Panama."

"You never heard, then, that she was taken."

"Taken, your worships? Who should take her?"

"Why should not a good English ship take her as well as another?" said Amyas.

"Lord love you, sir; yes, faith, if they had but been there. Many's the time that I thought to myself, as we went alongside, 'Oh, if Captain Drake was but here, well to windward, and our old crew of the *Dragon*'! Ask your pardon, gentles: but how is Captain Drake, if I may make so bold?"

Neither could hold out longer.

"Fellow, fellow!" cried Sir Richard, springing up, "either thou art the cunningest liar that ever earned a halter, or thou hast done a deed the like of which never man adventured. Dost thou not know that Captain Drake took that *Cacafuogo* and all her freight, in February come two years?"

"Captain Drake! God forgive me, sir; but—Captain Drake in the South Seas? He saw them, sir, from the treetop over Panama, when I was with him, and I too; but sailed them, sir?—sailed them?"

"Yes, and round the world too," said Amyas, "and I with him; and took that very *Cacafuogo* off Cape San Francisco, as he came up to Panama."

"Glory to God! Glory to God! O Lord, I thank thee! Captain Drake in the South Seas! The blood of thy innocents avenged, O Lord! Oh, tell me, sir, did she fight?"

"We gave her three pieces of ordnance only, and struck down her mizzen mast, and then boarded sword in hand, but never had need to strike a blow; and before we left her, one of her own boys had changed her name, and rechristened her the *Cacaplata.*"

"Glory, glory! Cowards they are, as I told them. I told them they never could stand the Devon mastiffs, and well they flogged me for saying it; but they could not stop my mouth. O sir, tell me, did you get the ship that came up after her? A long race-ship, from Guayaquil, with an old gentleman on board,—Don Francisco de Xararte was his name, and he had a gold falcon hanging to a chain round his neck, and a green stone in the breast of it. O tell me, sir, tell me for the love of God, did you take that ship?"

"We did take that ship, and the jewel too, and her Majesty has it at this very hour."

"Then tell me, sir," said he slowly, as if he dreaded an answer; "was there a little maid aboard with the old gentleman?"

"A little maid! Let me think. No; I saw none."

The man settled his features again sadly.

"I thought not. I never saw her come aboard. Still I hoped, like; I hoped. Alackaday!"

"What have you to do with this little maid, then, good fellow?" asked Grenvile.

"Ah, sir, before I tell you that, I must go back and finish the story of Mr. Oxenham, if you will believe me enough to hear it."

"I do believe thee, good fellow, and honor thee too."

"Well, sirs both—to the Island of Pearls we came, we and some of the negroes. We found many huts, and Indians fishing for pearls, and also a fair house, with porches; but no Spaniard therein, save one man; at which Mr. Oxenham was like a man transported, and fell on that Spaniard, crying, 'Perro, where is your mistress? Where is the bark from Lima?' To which he boldly enough, 'What was his mistress to the Englishman?' But Mr. O. threatened to twine a cord round his head till his eyes burst out; and the Spaniard, being terrified, said that the ship from Lima was expected in a fortnight's time. So for ten days we lay quiet, letting neither negroes nor Spaniards leave the island, and took good store of pearls, until the tenth day, when there came by a small bark; her we took, and found her from Quito, and on board 60,000 pezos of gold and other store. With which if we had been content, gentlemen, all had gone well. And some were willing to go back at once, having both treasure and pearls in plenty; but Mr. O., he waxed right mad, and swore to slay any one who made that motion again, assuring us that the Lima ship of which we had news was far greater and richer, and would make princes of us all; which

bark came in sight on the sixteenth day, and was taken without shot or slaughter. The taking of which bark, I verily believe, was the ruin of every mother's son of us; for on board was found no gold, but only 100,000 pezos of silver."

Cried Sir Richard Grenvile, "Thou greedy fellow; and was not that enough to stay your stomachs?"

Yeo answered that he would to God it had been; and that, moreover, the weight of that silver was afterward a hindrance to them, and a fresh cause of discontent. "So that it had been well for us, sirs, if we had left it behind. In which I do see the evident hand of God, and His just punishment for our greediness of gain; who caused Mr. Oxenham, by whom we had hoped to attain great wealth, to be a snare to us, and a cause of utter ruin."

"Do you think, then," said Sir Richard, "that Mr. Oxenham deceived you willfully?"

"I will never believe that, sir: Mr. Oxenham had his private reasons for waiting for that ship, for the sake of one on board, whose face would that he had never seen! Gentlemen, I have concealed this matter from all men both on my voyage home and since; and I hope you will be secret in the matter, for the honor of my noble Captain, and the comfort of his friends who are alive. For I think it shame to publish harm to a gallant gentleman, and of an ancient and worshipful family, and to me a true and kind Captain, when what is done cannot be undone."

"Thou has done wisely enough, then," said Sir Richard; "and look to it if I do not reward thee."

"In that bark of Lima Mr. Oxenham took a young lady, as fair as the sunshine, sir, and seemingly about two or three-and-twenty years of age, having with her a tall young lad of sixteen, and a little girl, a marvelously pretty child, of about six

or seven. And the lady herself was of an excellent beauty, so that all the crew could not be satisfied with looking upon her. And the lady seemed in no wise afraid or mournful, and bid her little girl fear nought, as did also Mr. Oxenham: but the lad kept a very sour countenance, and the more when he saw the lady and Mr. Oxenham speaking together.

"Well, sir, after this good luck we were minded to have gone straight back to the river whence we came, and so home to England with all speed. But Mr. Oxenham persuaded us to return to the island, and get a few more pearls. To which foolishness (which after caused the mishap) I verily believe he was moved by the instigation of the devil and of that lady. For as we were about to go ashore, I, going down into the cabin of the prize, saw Mr. Oxenham and that lady making great cheer of each other with, 'My life,' and 'My king,' and 'Light of my eyes,' and such toys; the two laughed together about the old ape of Panama (which ape, or devil rather, I saw afterwards to my cost), and she said that she had been dead for five years, and now that Mr. Oxenham was come she was alive again, and so forth.

"Mr. Oxenham bade me take the little maid ashore, kissing her, and saying to the lady, 'What is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours.' And so he went ashore with the lady to that house; but the men, finding but few pearls, and being wearied with watching so many Spaniards and negroes, came clamoring to him after three days and swore that they would return or leave him there with the lady. So all went on board the pinnace again, every one in ill humor with the Captain, and he with them.

"Well, sirs, we came back to the mouth of the river, and there began our troubles; for the negroes, as soon as we were on shore, called on Mr. Oxenham to fulfill the bargain he had made with

them. And now it came out that he had agreed with the Cimaroons that they should have all the prisoners which were taken, save the gold. And he, though loth, was about to give up the Spaniards to them, near forty in all, supposing that they intended to use them as slaves: but one of the Spaniards threw himself on his knees before Mr. Oxenham, and entreated not to be given up into the hands of 'those devils,' said he, 'who never take a Spanish prisoner but they roast him alive, and then eat his heart among them.' They replied boldly that it was true enough, and that revenge made the best sauce, and nothing was so sweet as Spanish blood. At this we were amazed for very horror; and Mr. Oxenham said, 'You incarnate fiends, if you had taken these fellows for slaves, it had been fair enough; for you were once slaves to them, and I doubt not cruelly used enough: but as for this abomination,' says he, 'God do so to me, and more also, if I let one of them come into your murderous hands.' So there was a great quarrel; but Mr. Oxenham stoutly bade put the prisoners on board the ships again, and so let the prizes go, taking with him only the treasure, and the lady and the little maid. And so the lad went on to Panama, God's wrath having gone out against us.

"Well, sirs, the Cimaroons after that went away swearing revenge, and we rowed up the river some four days' journey, till it grew all shoal and swift; and here we hauled the pinnace upon the sands, and Mr. Oxenham asked the men whether they were willing to carry the gold and silver over the mountains to the North Sea. Some of them at first were loth to do it, and I and others advised that we should leave the plate behind, and take the gold only, for it would have cost us three or four journeys at the least. But Mr. Oxenham promised every man 100 pezos of silver over and above his wages, which made them content enough, and we were all to start the morrow morning. But, sirs,

that night, as God had ordained, came a mishap by some rash speeches of Oxenham's; for when we had carried the treasure about half a league inland, and hidden it away in a house which we made of boughs, Mr. O. said to some of us that we had no need to return to England, seeing that we were already in the very garden of Eden, but could live without labor or toil; and that it was better, when we got over to the North Sea, to go and seek out some fair island, and there dwell in joy and pleasure till our lives' end. 'And we two,' he said, 'will be king and queen, and you, whom I can trust, my officers; and for servants we will have the Indians,' and much more of the like; which words I liked well,—my mind, alas! being given altogether to carnal pleasure and vanity,—as did William Penberthy of Marazion, my good comrade.

"But the rest began murmuring against the Captain, saying that poor honest mariners like them had always the labor and the pain; and that they would have at least one merry night before they were slain by the Cimaroons, or eaten by panthers; and so got out of the pinnace two great skins of Canary wine, which were taken in the Lima prize, and sat themselves down to drink. Moreover, there were in the pinnace a great sight of hens, which came from the same prize, by which Mr. O. set great store, keeping them for the lady and the little maid; and falling upon these, the men cooked and ate them, plucking them on board the pinnace, and letting the feathers fall into the stream. But when William Penberthy saw the feathers floating, he asked them if they were mad, to lay a trail by which the Spaniards would surely track them out. But they laughed him to scorn, and said that no Spanish cur dared follow on the heels of true English mastiffs as they were; and at last, being heated with wine, began afresh to murmur at the Captain. And one speaking of his counsel about the island, the rest took

it amiss, and some sprang up crying treason, and others that he meant to defraud them of the plate which he had promised, and others that he meant to desert them in a strange land, and so forth, till Mr. O., hearing the hubbub, came out to them from the house. They reviled him foully, swearing that he meant to cheat them; and one Edward Stiles, drawing his sword, ran upon the Captain: for which I was about to strike him through the body; but the Captain, not caring to waste steel on such a ribald, with his fist caught him such a buffet behind the ear that he fell down stark dead, and all the rest stood amazed. Then Mr. Oxenham called out, 'All honest men who know me, and can trust me, stand by your lawful Captain against these ruffians.'

"Whereon, sirs, I, and Penberthy my good comrade, and four Plymouth men who had sailed with Mr. O. in Mr. Drake's ship, swore before God to stand by him and the lady. Then said Mr. O. to the rest, 'Will you carry this treasure, knaves, or will you not?' And they refused, unless he would, before they started, give each man his share. So Mr. O. waxed very mad, and swore that he would never be served by men who did not trust him, and so went in again; and that night was spent in great disquiet, I and those five others keeping watch about the house of boughs. And next morning, when the wine was gone out of the other men, Mr. O. asked them whether they would go to the hills with him, and find those negroes, and persuade them after all to carry the treasure. To which they agreed after awhile, thinking that so they should save themselves labor; and went off with Mr. Oxenham, leaving us six who had stood by him to watch the lady and the treasure. So he parted with much weeping and wailing of the lady, and was gone seven days; and all that time we served that lady faithfully and honestly, both for her admirable beauty and

for her excellent conditions, for she was certainly of some noble kin, and courteous, and without fear. But she kept always within the house which the little maid (God bless her!) did not, but soon learned to play with us, and we with her, so that we made great cheer of her, gentlemen, sailor fashion. And she was wonderful sharp, sirs, and picked up her English from us fast," and the good fellow began wiping his eyes.

"Well, sir, on the seventh day we six were down by the pinnace clearing her out, and the little maid with us gathering flowers, and William Penberthy fishing on the bank about a hundred yards below, when on a sudden he leaps up and runs toward us, crying, 'Here come our hens' feathers back again with a vengeance!' and so bade catch up the little maid, and run for the house, for the Spaniards were upon us.

"Which was too true; for before we could win the house, there were fully eighty shots at our heels, one of them killing a Plymouth man. The rest of us escaped to the house, and, catching up the lady, fled forth, not knowing whither we went, while the Spaniards, finding the house and treasure, pursued us no farther.

"For all that day and the next we wandered in great misery, the lady weeping and calling for Mr. Oxenham most piteously, and the little maid likewise, till with much ado we found the track of our comrades, and went up that as best we might; but at nightfall, by good hap, we met the whole crew coming back, and with them 200 negroes or more, with bows and arrows. At which sight was great joy and embracing. The lady was now a very lioness, as soon as she had got her love again; and prayed him earnestly not to care for that gold, but to go forward to the North Sea, vowing to him that she cared not for poverty, and then pointed to the green forest, and said in Spanish—which I suppose they knew not that I understood,—'See, all round

us is Paradise. Were it not enough for you and me to stay here for ever and let them take the gold or leave it as they will?'

"But he—'No, no, my life. It stands upon my honor both to fulfill my bond with these men and to take home to England at least something of my prize as a proof of my own valor.'

"Then she smiling—'Am I not prize enough, and proof enough?' But he would not be so tempted, and turning to us offered us half of that treasure, if we would go back with him, and rescue it from the Spaniard. At which the lady wept again; but I took upon myself to comfort her, telling her that in England nothing was esteemed so foul as cowardice, or breaking troth betwixt man and man; and that better was it for him to die seven times by the Spaniards than to face at home the scorn of all who sailed the seas. So, after much ado, back they went again; I and Penberthy, and the three Plymouth men which escaped from the pinnace, keeping the lady as before.

"Well, sirs, we waited five days, having made houses of boughs as before, without hearing aught; and on the sixth we saw coming afar off Mr. Oxenham, but with him only fifteen or twenty men, and they very weary and wounded; at which our hearts sank within us.

"And Mr. O. cried out afar off, 'All is lost!' and so walked into the camp without a word, and sat himself down at the foot of a great tree with head between his hands, till the lady, kneeling before him and cursing herself for the cause of all his mischief, won him to look once upon her, after which all between them was as before.

"But the men were full of curses against the negroes, for their cowardice and treachery: for it seemed that Mr. O. and the men had forced the enemy, who were awaiting them in a copse well barricaded with boughs. He set one band of his men to attack in the front, and the other in the rear, and both set on the

Spaniards with great fury. But the negroes, on hearing the ordnance, turned and fled. Then, though Mr. O. fought like a very Guy of Warwick, his men were too few, and the Spaniards too well barricaded. Even when they had killed several of our men, and taken several more, and when some two dozen of the band had fled after the first party, he swore he would not stir a foot; till at last, the rest reminding him of his lady, he consented to come away. And so they drew off, and there was an end of the miserable matter.

"But the next day after they had come to us, in came some five-and-twenty more, being the wreck of the other party, and with them a few negroes; and these last proved themselves no honester men than they were brave, for there being great misery among us English, and every one of us straggling where he could to get food, every day one or more who went out never came back, and that caused a suspicion that the negroes had betrayed them to the Spaniards. So Mr. O. bade us cut down trees and make canoes, to go down to the sea; which we began to do with great labor and little profit. As we were a-burning out the first tree, and cutting down another, a great party of negroes came upon us, and with much friendly show bade us flee for our lives; for the Spaniards were upon us in great force. And so we were up and away again, hardly able to drag our legs after us for hunger and weariness, and the broiling heat. And some were taken (God help them!) and some fled with the negroes, of whom what became God alone knoweth; but eight or ten held on with the Captain, among whom was I, and fled downward toward the sea for one day; but afterwards finding, by the noise in the woods, that the Spaniards were on the track of us, we turned up again toward the inland, and coming to a cliff climbed up over it, drawing up the lady and the little maid with cords of liana (which hang from those trees as honeysuckle does here, but exceeding stout

and long); and so breaking the track, hoped to be out of the way of the enemy.

"By which, nevertheless, we only increased our misery. For two fell from that cliff, as men asleep for very weariness, and miserably broke their bones; and others, whether by the great toil, or sunstrokes, or eating of strange berries, fell sick of fluxes and fevers. There was no water, and we had not strength to lift the sick, but were forced to leave them there aloft, in the sunshine, crying aloud for a drop of water; for we must down again and into the woods, or be burned up alive upon these rocks.

"We wandered for many days, our shoes being gone, and our clothes all rent off us with brakes and briars. How the lady endured all was a marvel to see; for she went barefoot many days, and for clothes was fain to wrap herself in Mr. Oxenham's cloak; while the little maid went all but naked: but ever the lady looked on Mr. Oxenham, and seemed to take no care as long as he was by, comforting and cheering us all with pleasant words; she was a fair and a brave jewel.

"And so at last there were none left but Mr. Oxenham and the lady and the little maid, together with me and William Penberthy of Marazion, my good comrade. And Mr. Oxenham always led the lady, and Penberthy and I carried the little maid. And for food we had fruits, such as we could find, and water we got from the leaves of certain lilies. And so we wandered upward into very high mountains, always fearing lest the Spaniards should track us with dogs. And it befell upon a day that we came into a great wood of giant ferns, and there, gentlemen, we sat down on a bank of moss, like folk desperate and foredone.

"And Mr. Oxenham said, 'What hinders us from dying like men, every man falling on his own sword?' To which I answered that I did not think right to meddle with the Lord's purposes. And William Penberthy said that he would sell his life,

and that dear, but never give it away. But the lady said, 'Ah, how gladly would I die! but then la pouvre garse,' which is in French 'the poor maid,' meaning the little one. Then Mr. Oxenham fell into a very great weeping, a weakness I never saw him in before or since; and with many tears besought me never to desert that little maid, whatever might befall; which I promised. But on a sudden there was a great cry in the wood, and coming through the trees on all sides Spanish arquebusiers, a hundred strong at least, and negroes with them, who bade us stand or they would shoot. William Penberthy leapt up, crying, 'Treason!' and running upon the nearest negro ran him through, and then another, and then falling on the Spaniards fought manfully till he was borne down with pikes, and so died. We were all taken, and I and Mr. Oxenham bound with cords; but the soldiers made a litter for the lady and child, by commandment of Señor Diego de Trees, their commander, a very courteous gentleman.

"Well, sirs, we were brought down to the place where the house of boughs had been by the river-side; there we went over in boats, and found waiting for us certain Spanish gentlemen, and among others one old and ill-favored man, gray-bearded and bent, in a suit of black velvet, who seemed to be a great man among them. And if you will believe me, Mr. Leigh, that was none other than the old man with the gold falcon at his breast, Don Francisco Xararte by name, whom you found aboard of the Lima ship. And had you known as much of him as I do, or as Mr. Oxenham did either, you had cut him up for shark's bait, ere ever you let the cur ashore again.

"Well, sirs, as soon as the lady came to shore, that old man ran upon her, sword in hand, and would have slain her, but some there held him back. On which he reviled her with every foul and spiteful word which he could think of, so that some there

bade him be silent for shame; and to Mr. Oxenham he cried, 'English dog, would to Heaven I had never seen you!'

"And Mr. Oxenham, 'Spanish ape, would to Heaven that I had sent my dagger through your herring-ribs when you passed me behind St. Ildegonde's church, eight years last Easter-eve.' At which the old man turned pale, and then began again to upbraid the lady, vowing that he would have her burnt alive.

"To which she answered only 'Fool!' in a terrible voice.

" 'Fool!' she said again, after a while, 'I will waste no words upon you.—Farewell, my love, my life; and farewell, Señors! May you be more merciful to your daughters than my parents were to me!' And so, catching a dagger from the girdle of one of the soldiers, smote herself to the heart, and fell dead before them all.

"At which Mr. Oxenham smiled, and said, 'That was worthy of us both. If you will unbind my hands, Señors, I shall be most happy to copy so fair a schoolmistress.'

"But Don Diego shook his head, and said,

" 'It were well for you, valiant Señor, were I at liberty to do so; but on questioning those of your sailors whom I have already taken, I cannot hear that you have any letters of license, either from the Queen of England or any other potentate. I am compelled, therefore, to ask you whether this is so; for it is a matter of life and death.'

"To which Mr. Oxenham answered merrily that so it was, and added that if he was to be hanged, the only favor which he asked for was a long drop. And all the while, gentlemen, he still kept his eyes fixed on the lady's corpse, till he was led away with me, while all that stood by lamented openly the tragical end of those two lovers.

"And now, sirs, what befell me after that matters little; for I never saw Captain Oxenham again, nor ever shall in this life."

"He was hanged, then?"

"So I heard for certain the next year, and with him the gunner and sundry more: but some were given away for slaves to the Spaniards, and may be alive now, unless, like me, they have fallen into the cruel clutches of the Inquisition. For the Inquisition, gentlemen, claims the bodies and souls of all heretics all over the world, and none that it catches, whether peaceable merchants or shipwrecked mariners, but must turn or burn.

"So, to make short a sad story, to the Inquisition at Carthagena I went. Being twice racked, and having endured the water-torment as best I could, I was put to the scarpines, whereof I am, as you see, somewhat lame of one leg to this day. At which I could abide no more, and so, wretch that I am! denied my God, in hope to save my life; which indeed I did, but little it profited me; for though I had turned to their superstition, I must have two hundred stripes in the public place, and then go to the galleys for seven years. And there, gentlemen, ofttimes I thought that it had been better for me to have been burned at once and for all: but you know as well as I what a floating hell of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, stripes and toil, is every one of those accursed craft.

"All the way up to Panama (that was after we had laden the *Cacafuogo,* I cast in my mind how to escape, and found no way: but just as I was beginning to lose heart again, a door was opened by the Lord's own hand; for we were marched across from Panama to Nombre de Dios, and there put all together into a great barranco close by the quay-side, shackled to one long bar that ran the whole length of the house. And the very first night that we were there, I, looking out of the window, spied, lying close aboard of the quay, a good-sized caravel well armed and just loading for sea. And it came into my mind that if we were aboard of her, we should be at sea in five minutes;

and looking at the quay, I saw all the soldiers who had guarded us scattered about drinking and gambling; and half an hour after, in comes the jailer to take a last look at us for the night, and his keys at his girdle. Whereon, sirs, I rose against him as he passed me, chained though I was, caught him by the head, and threw him there and then against the wall, that he never spoke word after; and then with his keys freed myself and every soul in that room, and bid them follow me, vowing to kill any man who disobeyed my commands. They followed, as men astounded and leaping out of night into day, and death into life, and so aboard that caraval and out of the harbor (the Lord only knows how, who blinded the eyes of the idolators) with no more hurt than a few chance-shot from the soldiers on the quay. But my tale has been over-long already, gentlemen——"

"Go on till midnight, my good fellow, if you will."

"Well, sirs, they chose me for captain, and a certain Genoese for lieutenant, and away to go. Some wanted to turn pirates: but I, and the Genoese too, persuaded them to run for England and get employment in the Netherland wars, assuring them that there would be no safety in the Spanish Main, when once our escape got wind. And the more part being of one mind, for England we sailed, watering at the Barbadoes because it was desolate; and so eastward toward the Canaries. In which voyage what we endured by scurvy, hunger, and thirst, no tongue can tell. Many a time were we glad to lay out sheets at night to catch the dew, and suck them in the morning; till of a hundred and forty poor wretches a hundred and ten were dead, blaspheming God and man, and above all me and the Genoese, for taking the Europe voyage, as if I had not sins enough of my own already. And last of all, when we thought ourselves safe, we were wrecked by south-westers on the coast of Brittany, near to Cape Race, from which but nine souls of us came ashore with

their lives; and so to Brest, whence I was carried to Falmouth; and so ends my tale, in which I have said not one word more or less than the truth."

And his voice, as he finished, sank from very weariness of soul; while Sir Richard sat opposite him in silence, his elbows on the table, his cheeks on his doubled fists, looking him through and through with kindling eyes. No one spoke for several minutes; and then—

"Amyas, you have heard this story. You believe it?"

"Every word, sir, or I should not have the heart of a Christian man."

"So do I. Anthony!"

The butler entered.

"Take this man to the buttery; clothe him comfortably; and feed him with the best; and bid the knaves treat him as if he were their own father."

But Yeo lingered.

"If I might be so bold as to ask your worship a favor?——"

"Anything in reason, my brave fellow."

"If your worship could put me in the way of another adventure to the Indies?"

"Another! Hast not had enough of the Spaniards already?"

"Never enough, sir, while one of the idolatrous tyrants is left unhanged," said he, with a right bitter smile. "But it's not for that only, sir; but my little maid—Oh, sir! my little maid, that I swore to Mr. Oxenham to look to, and never saw her from that day to this! I must find her, sir, or I shall go mad, I believe. Not a night but she comes and calls to me in my dreams, the poor darling; and not a morning but when I wake there is my oath lying on my soul, like a great black cloud, and I no nearer the keeping of it."

"Have patience, man. God will take good care of thy little

maid. There are no adventures to the Indies forward now; but if you want to fight Spaniards, here is a gentleman will show you the way. Amyas, take him with you to Ireland. If he has learnt half the lessons God has set him to learn, he ought to stand you in good stead."

"Will you have me, sir? There's few matters I can't turn my hand to; and maybe you'll be going to the Indies again, some day, eh? and take me with you? I'd serve your turn well, though I say it, either for gunner or for pilot. I know every stone and tree from Nombre to Panama, and all the ports of both the seas. You'll never be content, I'll warrant, till you've had another turn along the gold coasts, will you now?"

Amyas laughed and nodded; and the bargain was concluded.

So out went Yeo to eat, and Amyas, having received his despatches, got ready for his journey home.

"Go the short way over the moors, lad. You must not lose an hour, but be ready to sail the moment the wind goes about."

So Amyas rode off down the park, with Yeo at his stirrup, delighting Amyas more and more by his shrewdness, high spirit, and rough eloquence.

They had gone ten miles or more; the day began to draw in, and the western wind to sweep more cold and cheerless every moment, when Amyas took a pull at a bottle in his holster, and then offered it to Yeo.

He declined; he had meat and drink too about him, Heaven be praised!

"Meat and drink? Fall to, then, man, and don't stand on manners."

Whereon Yeo, seeing an old decayed willow by a brook, went to it, and took therefrom some touchwood, to which he set a light with his knife and a stone, while Amyas watched, puzzled. Then Yeo, in his solemn methodical way, pulled out of his bosom

So Amyas rode off, with Yeo at his stirrup.

a brown leaf, and began rolling a piece of it up neatly to the size of his little finger; and putting the one end into his mouth and the other on the tinder, sucked at it till it was a-light; and drinking down the smoke, began puffing it out again at his nostrils with a grunt of deepest satisfaction, and resumed his dogtrot by Amyas's side, as if he had been a walking chimney.

On which Amyas burst into a loud laugh, and cried, "Well, is that the Indians' tobacco?"

"Yea, but did you never see it before?"

"Never, though we heard talk of it along the coast; but we took it for one more Spanish lie."

"Ah, sir, no lie, but a blessed truth, as I can tell, who have ere now gone in the strength of this weed three days and nights without eating; and therefore, sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war-parties: and no wonder; for when all things were made none was made better than this; to be a lone man's companion, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, and a chilly man's fire, sir; while for stanching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven."

CHAPTER VIII

HOW THE NOBLE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE WAS FOUNDED

It now falls to my lot to write of the foundation of that most chivalrous brotherhood of the Rose, which after a few years made itself not only famous in its native county of Devon, but formidable, as will be related hereafter, both in Ireland and in the Netherlands, in the Spanish Main and the heart of South America. And if this chapter shall seem to any Quixotic and fantastical, let them recollect that the generation who spoke and acted thus in matters of love and honor were, nevertheless, practiced and valiant soldiers, and prudent and crafty politicians.

Amyas could not sail the next day, or the day after; for the south-wester freshened, and blew three parts of a gale dead into the bay. So, having got the *Mary Grenvile* down the river into Appledore pool, ready to start with the first shift of wind, he went quietly home; and when his mother started for Clovelly, where Frank lay wounded, he went in with her as far as Bideford, and there met, coming down the High Street, a procession of horsemen headed by Will Cary, who, clad cap-à-pié in shining

armor, sword on thigh, and helmet at saddle-bow, looked as gallant a young gentleman as ever Bideford dames peeped at from door and window. Behind him, upon country ponies, came four or five stout serving-men, carrying his lances and baggage, and their own long-bows, swords, and bucklers; and behind all, in a horse-litter, to Mrs. Leigh's great joy, Master Frank himself. He deposed that his wounds were only flesh-wounds, the dagger having turned against his ribs; that he must see the last of his brother; and that with her good leave he would not come home to Burrough, but take up his abode with Cary in the Ship Tavern, close to the Bridgefoot. This he did forthwith, and settling himself on a couch, held his levee there in state, mobbed by all the gossips of the town.

But meanwhile he and Amyas concocted a scheme which was put into effect the next day; first by the innkeeper, who began under Amyas's orders a bustle of roasting, boiling, and frying; and next by Amyas himself, who, going out into the markets, invited a number of his old schoolfellows, one by one apart, to a merry supper. By which crafty scheme, in came each of Rose Salterne's gentle admirers, and found himself, to his considerable disgust, seated at the same table with six rivals, to none of whom had he spoken for the last six months.

Their two hosts, both much amused in secret, contrived, by filling all mouths with good things, to save them the pain of speaking to each other till the wine should have loosened their tongues and warmed their hearts. The two, ignoring the silence of their guests with the most provoking good-humor, chatted, and joked, and told stories, and made themselves such good company that Will Cary, who always found merriment infectious, melted into a jest, and then into another, and finding good-humor far more pleasant than bad, tried to make Mr. Coffin laugh, and only made him bow, and to make Mr. Fortescue

laugh, and only made him frown; and unabashed nevertheless, began playing his light artillery upon the waiters, till he drove them out of the room bursting with laughter.

So far so good. And when the cloth was drawn, and sack and sugar became the order of the day, and "Queen and Bible" had been duly drunk with all the honors, Frank proposed a series of further toasts—to "the gentlemen of the Irish wars"; to "Amyas Leigh and all bold mariners"; till the ice broke up altogether, and every man began talking like a rational Englishman to the man who sat next him.

"And now, gentlemen," said Frank, launching the grand surprise of the evening, "let me give you a health which none of you, I dare say, will refuse to drink with heart and soul as well as with lips;—the health of one whom beauty and virtue have so ennobled that in their light the shadow of lowly birth is unseen. Gentlemen, your hearts, I doubt not, have already bid you, as my unworthy lips do now, do drink 'The Rose of Torridge.' "

If the Rose of Torridge herself had walked into the room she could hardly have caused more blank astonishment than Frank's bold speech. "The health of the Rose of Torridge, and a double health to that worthy gentleman, whosoever he may be, whom she is fated to honor with her love!"

"Well done, cunning Frank Leigh!" cried blunt Will Cary; "none of us dare quarrel with you now, however much we may sulk at each other. For there's none of us, I'll warrant, but thinks that she likes him best of all; and so we are bound to believe that you have drunk our healths all round."

"And so I have: and what better thing can you do, gentlemen, than to drink each other's healths all round likewise: and to show yourselves true gentlemen, true Christians, ay, and true lovers? I speak not to reprehend you, gentlemen; but to point you, if you will but permit me, to that rock which I myself have,

I know not by what Divine good hap, attained; if, indeed, I have attained it, and am not about to be washed off again by the next tide."

Frank's rapid and fantastic oratory, utterly unexpected as it was, had as yet left their wits no time to set their tempers on fire; but when, weak from his wounds, he paused for breath, there was a haughty murmur from more than one young gentleman, who took his speech as an impertinent interference with each man's right to make a fool of himself; and Mr. Coffin, who had sat quietly bolt upright, and looking at the opposite wall, now rose as quietly, and was walking out of the room.

But Frank's heart and head never failed him.

"Mr. Coffin!" said he, in a tone which compelled that gentleman to turn round, and so brought him under the power of a face which none could have beheld for five minutes and borne malice, so imploring, tender, earnest was it. "My dear Mr. Coffin! If my earnestness has made me forget even for a moment the bounds of courtesy, let me entreat you to forgive me. Only hear me patiently to the end. Believe me, Mr. Coffin, and gentlemen all, I do not arrogate to myself a superiority over you; for I too, gentlemen, have loved, ay and do love, where you love also. I have learnt to love you for loving what I love, and to admire you for admiring that which I admire. What breeds more close communion between subjects than allegiance to the same queen? And shall not worship for the same beauty be likewise a bond of love between the worshipers? and each lover see in his rival not an enemy, but a fellow-sufferer? Let us be sure that our only chance of winning her is to will what she wills, honor whom she honors, love whom she loves. If there is to be rivalry among us, let it be a rivalry in nobleness, an emulation in virtue. Let each try to outstrip the other in loyalty to his queen, in valor against her foes, in deeps of courtesy and mercy to the

afflicted and oppressed. Why should we not make this common love to her, whom I am unworthy to name, the sacrament of a common love to each other?—as I do here promise to be a faithful friend, and, to my ability, the hearty servant, of him who shall be honored with the love of the Rose of Torridge."

He ceased, and there was a pause.

At last young Fortescue spoke.

"I may be paying you a left-handed compliment, sir: but it seems to me that you are so likely, in that case, to become your own faithful friend and hearty servant that the bargain is hardly fair."

"Set your mind at rest. I know no more of that lady's mind than you do: nor shall I know. For the sake of my own peace, I have made a vow neither to see her, nor to hear, if possible, tidings of her, till three full years are past."

Mr. Coffin rose.

"Gentlemen, I may submit to be outdone by Mr. Leigh in eloquence, but not in generosity; if he leaves these parts for three years, I do so also."

"And go in charity with all mankind," said Cary. "I am going, too, as Amyas here can tell, to Ireland away, to cool my hot liver in a bog. Come, let us part in peace. I was minded to have fought thee this day——"

"I should have been most happy, sir," said Coffin.

—"But now I am all love and charity to mankind. Can I have the pleasure of begging pardon of the world in general, and thee in particular? Does any one wish to pull my nose; make me lend him five pounds? Come along! Join hands all round, and swear eternal friendship, as brothers of the sacred order of the—of what? Frank Leigh? Open thy mouth, Daniel, and christen us!"

"The Rose!" said Frank quietly, seeing that his new love-

philter was working well, and determined to strike while the iron was hot.

"The Rose!" said Cary, catching hold of Coffin's hand with his right and Fortescue's with his left.

And somehow or other, whether it was Frank's chivalrous speech, or Cary's fun, or Amyas's good wine, or the nobleness which lies in every young lad's heart, the whole party came in to terms one by one, shook hands all round, and vowed on the hilt of Amyas's sword to make fools of themselves no more, but to stand by each other and by their lady-love, and neither grudge nor grumble, let her marry whom she would; and in order that the honor of their peerless dame, and the brotherhood which was named after her, might be spread through all lands, they would each go home and ask their father's leave (easy enough to obtain in those brave times) to go abroad wheresoever there were "good wars," to emulate there the courage and the courtesy of Bayard and Gaston de Foix. Why not? Sidney was the hero of Europe at five-and-twenty; and why not they?

And Frank watched and listened with his quiet smile, and only said: "Gentlemen, you will never repent this day."

"Repent?" said Cary. "I feel already as angelical as thou lookest, Saint Silvertongue.—But what was it that sneezed—the cat?"

"The lion, rather, by the roar of it," said Amyas, making a dash at the arras behind him. "Why, here is a doorway here! and——"

And rushing under the arras, through an open door behind, he returned, dragging out by the head Mr. John Brimblecombe.

And who was Mr. John Brimblecombe? Indeed, no other than the fat son of the schoolmaster Vindex, that same tale-bearer whose reports as to Amyas had been passed along to Sir Richard Grenvile, long years before, to the wrath of the latter.

He was now one-and-twenty, and home from Oxford where he was reading divinity. In person Jack was exceeding like a pig; the same sleek skin, the same toddling legs, the same cracked squeak and tiny eyes, the same eagerness for scraps of good things to eat.

But it was little he got to eat at Oxford, and so on this day, led by his nose, he had found his way to the Ship Tavern, where the innkeeper was a friend of his, and was hanging around outside the noisy banquet room, eying the succulent foods that went thither—the gamecocks and salmon, hams and lettuces and cakes; and meditated on the unequal distribution of human bliss. And as he lounged there, Amyas caught sight of him, and held out his hand and said—

"Hillo, Jack! how goes the world? How you've grown!" and passed on;—what had Jack Brimblecombe to do with Rose Salterne?

So Jack lingered on, hovering around the fragrant smell like a fly round a honey-pot, till he found himself attracted out of the passage into the adjoining room, and to that side of the room where there was a door; and once there he could not help hearing what passed inside, till Rose Salterne's name fell on his ear. So, it was ordained, he was taken in the fact. And now behold him brought in red-hand to judgment, not without a kick or two from the wrathful foot of Amyas Leigh. Whereat there fell on him a storm of abuse which, strange to say, seemed to have no effect on the impenitent and unabashed Jack.

"What business have I here? As much as any of you. If you had asked me in, I would have come: but as you didn't, I came without asking."

"You shameless rascal!" said Cary. "Come if you were asked, where there was good wine? I'll warrant you for that!"

But Jack went on desperately.

"I was in the next room, drinking of my beer. I couldn't help that, could I? And then I heard her name; and I couldn't help listening then. Flesh and blood couldn't."

"Nor fat either!"

"No, nor fat, Mr. Cary. Do you suppose fat men haven't souls to be saved as well as thin ones, and hearts to burst, too, as well as stomachs? I tell you, and I don't care who knows it. I've loved her these three years as well as e'er a one of you, I have. I've thought o' nothing else, prayed for nothing else, God forgive me! You?—you make a deal of giving her up to-day. Why, it's what I've done for three miserable years as ever poor sinner spent; ay, from the first day I said to myself, 'Jack, if you can't have that pearl, you'll have none, and that you can't have; so conquer or die.' And I couldn't conquer. I can't help loving her, worshiping her, no more than you; and I will die: but you needn't laugh meanwhile at me that have done as much as you, and will do again."

"It is the old tale," said Frank to himself; "whom will not love transform into a hero?"

And so it was. Jack's squeaking voice was firm and manly, his pig's eyes flashed very fire, his gestures were so free and earnest that the ungainliness of his figure was forgotten; and when he finished with a violent burst of tears, Frank, forgetting his wounds, sprang up and caught him by the hand.

"John Brimblecombe, forgive me! Gentlemen, if we are gentlemen, we ought to ask his pardon. Has he not shown already more chivalry, more self-denial, and therefore more true love, than any of us? My friends, let the fierceness of affection, which we have used as an excuse for many a sin of our own, excuse his listening to a conversation in which he well deserved to bear a part."

"Ah," said Jack, "you make me one of your brotherhood; and

see if I do not dare to suffer as much as any of you! You laugh? Do you fancy none can use a sword unless he has a baker's dozen of quarterings in his arms, or that Oxford scholars know only how to handle a pen?"

"You see, gentlemen," said Amyas, "we must admit him or die the death; come up, Jack, and take the oaths. You admit him, gentlemen?"

"Let me but be your chaplain," said Jack, "and pray for your luck when you're at the wars. If I do stay at home in a country curacy, 'tis not much that you need be jealous of me with her, I reckon," said Jack.

"But," said Cary, "if he be admitted, it must be done according to the solemn forms and ceremonies in such cases provided. Take him into the next room, Amyas, and prepare him for his initiation."

"What's that?" asked Amyas, puzzled by the word. But judging from the corner of Will's eye that initiation was Latin for a practical joke, he led forth his victim behind the arras again, and waited five minutes while the room was being darkened, till Frank's voice called to him to bring in the neophyte.

"John Brimblecombe," said Frank in a sepulchral tone, "you cannot be ignorant, as a scholar and bachelor of Oxford, of that dread Sacrament by which Catiline bound the soul of his fellow-conspirators, in order that both by the daring of the deed he might have proof of their sincerity, and by the horror thereof astringe their souls by adamantine fetters to that wherefrom hereafter the weakness of the flesh might shrink. Wherefore, O Jack! we too have determined, following that ancient and classical example, to fill, as he did, a bowl with the life-blood of our most heroic selves, and to pledge each other therein, with vows whereat the stars shall tremble in their spheres, and Luna, blushing, veil her silver cheeks. Your blood alone is wanted to

fill up the goblet. Sit down, John Brimblecombe, and bare your arm!"

"But, Mr. Frank!——" said Jack; who was as superstitious as any old wife, and, what with the darkness and the discourse, already in a cold perspiration.

"But me no buts! or depart as recreant, not by the door like a man, but up the chimney like a flittermouse."

"But, Mr. Frank!"

"Thy vital juice, or the chimney! Choose!" roared Cary in his ear.

"Well, if I must," said Jack; "but it's desperate hard that because you can't keep faith without these barbarous oaths, I must take them too, that have kept faith these three years without any."

At this pathetic appeal Frank nearly melted; but Amyas and Cary had thrust the victim into a chair and all was prepared for the sacrifice.

"Bind his eyes, according to the classic fashion," said Will.

"Oh no, dear Mr. Cary; I'll shut them tight enough, I warrant; but not with your dagger, dear Mr. William—sure, not with your dagger? I can't afford to lose blood though I do look lusty—I can't indeed. Sure, a pin would do. I've got one here, to my sleeve, somewhere—oh!"

"See the fount of generous juice! Flow on, fair stream. How he bleeds!—pints, quarts! Ah, this proves him to be in earnest!"

"A true lover's blood is always at his fingers' ends."

"He does not grudge it; of course not. Eh, Jack? What matters an odd gallon for her sake?"

"For her sake? Nothing, nothing! Take my life, if you will: but—oh, gentlemen, a surgeon, if you love me! I'm going off—I'm fainting!"

"Drink, then, quick; drink and swear! Pat his back, Cary. Courage, man! it will be over in a minute. Now, Frank!——"

And Frank spoke—

> "If plighted troth I fail, or secret speech reveal,
> May Cocytean ghosts around my pillow squeal;
> While Atè's brazen claws distringe my spleen in sunder,
> And drag me deep to Pluto's keep, 'mid brimstone, smoke,
> and thunder!"

"I swear!" squeaked Jack, who thought himself at the last gasp, and gulped down full three-quarters of the goblet which Cary held to his lips.

"Ugh—Ah—Puh! Mercy on us! It tastes mighty like wine!"

"A proof, my virtuous brother," said Frank, "first, of thy abstemiousness, which has thus forgotten what wine tastes like; and next, of thy pure and heroical affection.—Go in peace, thou hast conquered!"

And so Jack was sent home, with a pint of good red Alicant wine in him (more, poor fellow, than he had tasted at once in his life before); while the rest, in high glee with themselves and the rest of the world, relighted the candles, had a right merry evening, and parted like good friends and sensible gentlemen of Devon.

CHAPTER IX

HOW AMYAS KEPT HIS CHRISTMAS DAY

It was the blessed Christmas afternoon. The light was fading down; the even-song was done; and the good folks of Bideford were trooping home in merry groups, to cakes and ale, and flapdragons and mummer's plays, and all the happy sports of Christmas night. One lady only, wrapped close in her black muffler and followed by her maid, walked swiftly, yet sadly, toward the long causeway and bridge which led to Northam town. Sir Richard Grenvile and his wife caught her up and stopped her courteously.

"You will come home with us, Mrs. Leigh," said Lady Grenvile, "and spend a pleasant Christmas night?"

Mrs. Leigh smiled sweetly, and laying one hand on Lady Grenvile's arm, pointed with the other to the westward, and said—

"I cannot well spend a merry Christmas night while that sound is in my ears."

The whole party looked in the direction in which she pointed. Above their heads the soft blue sky was fading into gray, and here and there a misty star peered out. But the air was full of sound, a low deep roar which hovered over down and wood, salt-marsh and river, like the roll of a thousand wheels, the tramp of endless armies, or—what it was—the thunder of a mighty surge upon the boulders of the pebble ridge.

"There is wind now where my boy is, God help him!" said Mrs. Leigh: and all knew that she spoke truly. The spirit of the Atlantic storm had sent forward the token of his coming, in the smooth ground-swell which was heard inland, two miles away. To-morrow the pebbles, which were now rattling down with each retreating wave, might be leaping to the ridge top, and hurled like round-shot far ashore upon the marsh by the force of the advancing wave, fleeing before the wrath of the western hurricane.

"God is as near him by sea as by land," said good Sir Richard.

"True: but I am a lone mother; and one that has no heart just now but to go home and pray."

And so Mrs. Leigh went onward up the lane, and spent all that night in listening between her prayers to the thunder of the surge, till it was drowned, long ere the sun rose, in the thunder of the storm.

And where is Amyas on this same Christmas afternoon?

Amyas is sitting bareheaded in a boat's stern in Smerwick bay, with the spray whistling through his curls, as he shouts cheerfully—

"Pull, and with a will, my merry men all, and never mind shipping a sea. Cannon balls are a cargo that don't spoil by taking salt-water."

His mother's presage has been true enough. Christmas eve has been the last of the still, dark, steaming nights of the early winter; and the western gale has been roaring for the last twelve hours upon the Irish coast.

The short light of the winter day is fading fast. Behind him is a leaping line of billows lashed into mist by the tempest. Beside him green foam-fringed columns are rushing up the black rocks, and falling again in a thousand cataracts of snow. Before him is the deep and sheltered bay: but it is not far up the

bay that he and his can see; for some four miles out at sea begins a sloping roof of thick gray cloud, which stretches over their heads, and up and far away inland, cutting the cliffs off at mid-height, hiding all the Kerry mountains, and darkening the hollows of the distant firths into the blackness of night. And underneath that awful roof of whirling mist the storm is howling inland ever, sweeping before it the great foam-sponges, and the gray salt spray, till all the land is hazy, dim, and dun. Let it howl on! for there is more mist than ever salt spray made, flying before that gale; more thunder than ever sea-surge wakened echoing among the cliffs of Smerwick bay; along those sand-hills flash in the evening gloom red sparks which never came from heaven.

For here the Spanish are, come to Ireland to aid the foes of Protestant Elizabeth. These it is that Amyas and others of her loyal subjects have entered Ireland to fight. The fort not far off, now christened the Fort del Oro by the invaders, flaunts the hated golden flag of Spain and holds San Josepho and eight hundred of the foe; and but three nights ago, Amyas and Yeo and the rest of Winter's shrewdest hands slung four culverins out of the Admiral's main deck, and floated them ashore, and dragged them up to the battery among the sand-hills; and now it shall be seen whether Spanish and Italian condottieri can hold their own on British ground against the men of Devon.

Small blame to Amyas if he was thinking, not of his lonely mother at Burrough Court, but of those quick bright flashes on sand-hill and on fort, where Salvation Yeo was hurling the eighteen-pound shot with deadly aim, and watching with a cool and bitter smile of triumph the flying of the sand and the crashing of the gabions. Amyas and his party had been on board, at the risk of their lives, for a fresh supply of shot; for Winter's battery was out of ball, and had been firing stones for the last

four hours, in default of better missiles. They ran the boat on shore through the surf, where a cove in the shore made landing possible, and almost careless whether she stove or not, scrambled over the sand-hills with each man his brace of shot slung across his shoulder; and Amyas, leaping into the trenches, shouted cheerfully to Salvation Yeo—

"More food for the bull-dogs, Gunner, and plums for the Spaniards' Christmas pudding!"

"Don't speak to a man at his business, Master Amyas. Five mortal times have I missed; but I will have that accursed rag down, as I'm a sinner."

"Down with it, then; nobody wants you to shoot crooked. Take good iron to it, and not footy paving-stones."

"I believe, sir, that the foul fiend is there, a-turning of my shot aside, I do. I thought I saw him once: but, thank heaven, here's ball again. Ah, sir, if one could but cast a silver one! Now, stand by, men!"

And once again Yeo's eighteen-pounder roared, and away. And, oh glory! the great yellow flag of Spain, which streamed in the gale, lifted clean into the air, flagstaff and all, and then pitched wildly down head-foremost, far to leeward.

A hurrah from the sailors, answered by the soldiers of the opposite camp, shook the very cloud above them: but ere its echoes had died away, a tall officer leapt upon the parapet of the fort, with the fallen flag in his hand, and rearing it as well as he could upon his lance point, held it firmly against the gale, while the fallen flagstaff was raised again within.

In a moment a dozen long bows were bent at the daring foeman: but Amyas behind shouted—

"Shame, lads! Stop and let the gallant gentleman have due courtesy!"

So they stopped, while Amyas, springing on the rampart of

They ran the boat on shore through the surf.

the battery, took off his hat, and bowed to the flagholder, who, as soon as relieved of his charge, returned the bow courteously, and descended.

It was by this time all but dark, and the firing began to slacken on all sides; Salvation and his brother gunners, having covered up their slaughtering tackle with tarpaulins, retired for the night, leaving Amyas, who had volunteered to take the watch till midnight; and the rest of the force having got their scanty supper of biscuit (for provisions were running very short) lay down under arms among the sand-hills, and grumbled themselves to sleep.

He had paced up and down in the gusty darkness for some hour or more, exchanging a passing word now and then with the sentinel, when two men entered the battery, chatting busily together. One was in complete armor; the other wrapt in the plain short cloak of a man of pens and peace: but the talk of both was neither of sieges nor of sallies, catapult, bombard, nor culverin, but simply of English hexameters.

They were two of the Virgin Queen's noblest soldiers, and two of England's greatest writers—Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser; quarreling in friendly fashion over the relative virtues of the classic and the romantic poets. Suddenly one paused.

"Hark, now! There is our young giant comforting his soul with a song. You will hear rhyme and reason together here, now." For as he was speaking, Amyas had broken out singing a favorite Christmas carol: *As Joseph was a-walking.*

"There, Edmunde Classicaster," said Raleigh at its end, "does not that simple strain go near to the heart of you who wrote 'The Shepherd's Calendar'? Hallo! young chanticleer of Devon! Art not afraid of a chance shot, that thou crowest so lustily?"

"Cocks crow all night long at Christmas, Captain Raleigh,

and so do I," said Amyas's cheerful voice; "but if I could put down some of the things I saw in the Spice Islands——"

"Ah," said Raleigh, "he would beat you out of Parnassus, Mr. Secretary. Remember, you may write about Fairyland, but he has seen it. But come in, lad. We were sent from Lord Deputy to bid thee to supper. There is a dainty lump of dead horse waiting for thee."

"Send me some out, then," said matter-of-fact Amyas. "And tell his Lordship that, with his good leave, I don't stir from here till morning, if I can keep awake. There is a stir in the fort, and I expect them out on us."

"Tut, man! their hearts are broken. We know it by their deserters."

"Seeing's believing. I never trust runaway rogues. If they are false to their masters, they'll be false to us."

"Well, go thy ways, old honesty." And the two stumbled away into the darkness, leaving Amyas to stride up and down as before, thanking his stars that he was neither scholar, courtier, nor poet, said grace over his lump of horseflesh when it arrived, devoured it as if it had been venison, and then returned to his pacing up and down; but this time in silence, for the night was drawing on, and there was no need to tell the Spaniards that any one was awake and watching.

So he began to think about his mother, and how she might be spending her Christmas; and then about Frank; and then he said his prayers and his creed; and then he tried not to think of Rose Salterne, and of course thought about her all the more.

Suddenly he seemed to hear a rustle among the harsh sand-grass. True, the wind was whistling through it loudly enough: but that sound was not altogether like the wind. Then a soft sliding noise; something had slipped down a bank, and brought the sand down after it. Amyas stopped, crouched down beside

a gun, and laid his ear to the rampart, whereby he heard clearly, as he thought, the noise of approaching feet; whether rabbits or Christians, he knew not; but he shrewdly guessed the latter.

Now Amyas, thinking that if he made any noise, the enemy (whether four or two-legged) would retire, and all sport be lost, did not call to the two sentries, who were at the opposite ends of the battery; neither did he think it worth while to rouse the sleeping company, lest his ears should have deceived him, and the whole camp turn out to repulse the attack of a buck rabbit. So he crouched lower and lower beside the culverin, and was rewarded in a minute or two by hearing something gently deposited against the mouth of the embrasure, which, by the noise, should be a piece of timber.

"So far, so good," said he to himself; "when the scaling ladder is up, the soldier follows, I suppose. I can only humbly thank them for giving my embrasure the preference. There he comes! I hear his feet scuffling."

He could hear plainly enough some one working himself into the mouth of the embrasure: but the plague was that it was so dark that he could not see his hand between him and the sky, much less his foe at two yards off. However, he made a pretty fair guess as to the whereabouts, and, rising softly, discharged such a blow downwards as would have split a yule log. A volley of sparks flew up from the hapless Spaniard's armor, and a grunt issued from within it, which proved that, whether he was killed or not, the blow had not improved his respiration.

Amyas felt for his head, seized it, dragged him in over the gun, sprang into the embrasure on his knees, felt for the top of the ladder, found it, hove it clean off and out, with four or five men on it, and then of course tumbled after it ten feet into the sand, roaring like a town bull to her Majesty's liege subjects in general.

Sailor-fashion, he had no armor on but a light morion and a

cuirass, so he was not too much encumbered to prevent his springing to his legs instantly, and setting to work, cutting and foining right and left at every sound, for sight there was none.

Battles are usually fought not as they ought to be fought but as they can be fought; and so with this skirmish; Hercules of Pisa, the Italian strategist in the pay of the Spanish, had planned the sortie, arranged it all upon the best Italian precedents, and brought against this very hapless battery a column of a hundred to attack directly in front, a company of fifty to turn the right flank, and a company of fifty to turn the left flank, with regulations, orders, passwords, countersigns, and what not; so that if every man had had his rights (as seldom happens), Don Guzman Maria Magdalena de Soto, who commanded the sortie, ought to have taken the work out of hand, and annihilated all therein.

But alas! here stern fate interfered. They had chosen a dark night, as was politic; they had waited till the moon was up, lest it should be too dark, as was politic likewise: but, just as they had started, on came a heavy squall of rain, through which seven moons would have given no light, and which washed out the plans of Hercules of Pisa as if they had been written on a school-boy's slate. The company who were to turn the left flank walked manfully down into the sea, and never found out where they were going till they were knee-deep in water. The company who were to turn the right flank, bewildered by the utter darkness, turned their own flank so often that, tired of falling into rabbit-burrows and filling their mouths with sand, they halted and prayed to all the saints for a compass and lantern; while the center body, who held straight on by a trackway to within fifty yards of the battery, so miscalculated that short distance that while they thought the ditch two pikes' length off, they fell into it one over the other, and of six scaling ladders, the only one which could be found was the very one which Amyas

threw down again. After which the clouds broke, the wind shifted, and the moon shone out merrily. And so was the deep policy of Hercules of Pisa, on which hung the fate of Ireland, decided by a ten minutes' squall.

But where is Amyas?

In the ditch, aware that the enemy is tumbling into it, but unable to find them; while the company above, finding it much too dark to attempt a counter sortie, have opened a smart fire of musketry and arrows on things in general, whereat the Spaniards are swearing like Spaniards (I need say no more), and the Italians spitting like venomous cats; while Amyas, not wishing to be riddled by friendly balls, has got his back against the foot of the rampart, and waits on Providence.

Suddenly the moon clears; and with one more fierce volley, the English sailors, seeing the confusion, leap down from the embrasures, and to it pell-mell. Amyas is now in his element, and so are the brave fellows at his heels; and there are ten breathless, furious minutes among the sand-hills; and then the trumpets blow a recall, and the sailors drop back again by twos and threes, and are helped up into the embrasures over many a dead and dying foe; while the guns of Fort del Oro open on them, and blaze away for half-an-hour without reply; and then all is still once more. And in the meanwhile, the sortie against the Deputy's camp has fared no better, and the victory of the night remains with the English.

Twenty minutes after, Winter and the captains who were on shore were drying themselves round a peat-fire on the beach, and talking over the skirmishes, when Will Cary asked—

"Where is Leigh? who has seen him? I am sadly afraid he has gone too far, and been slain."

"Slain? Never less, gentlemen!" replied the voice of the very person in question, as he stalked out of the darkness into

the glare of the fire, and shot down from his shoulders into the midst of the ring, as he might a sack of corn, a huge dark body, which was gradually seen to be a man in rich armor; who being so shot down, lay quietly where he was dropped, with his feet (luckily for him mailed) in the fire.

"I say," quoth Amyas, "some of you had better take him up, if he is to be of any use. Unlace his helm, Will Cary."

The whole party turned their attention to the captive, who, thanks to Will Cary, was by this time sitting up, and looking about him, having been unhelmed, in a confused and doleful manner.

"Take the gentleman to my tent," said Winter, "and let the surgeon see him. Mr. Leigh, who is he?——"

"An enemy, but whether Spaniard or Italian I know not; but he seemed somebody among them, I thought the captain of a company. He and I cut at each other twice or thrice at first, and then lost each other; and after that I came on him among the sand-hills, trying to rally his men, and swearing like the mouth of the pit, whereby I guess him a Spaniard. But his men ran; so I brought him in."

"And how?" asked Raleigh. "Thou art giving us all the play but the murders and the marriages."

"Why, I bid him yield, and he would not. Then I bid him run, and he would not. And it was too pitch-dark for fighting; so I took him by the ears, and shook the wind out of him, and so brought him in."

"Shook the wind out of him?" cried Cary, amid the roar of laughter which followed. "Dost know thou hast nearly wrung his neck in two? His vizor was full of blood."

"He should have run or yielded, then," said Amyas; and getting up, slipped off to find some ale, and then to sleep comfortably in a dry burrow which he scratched out of a sandbank.

The next morning, as Amyas was discussing a scanty breakfast of biscuit (for provisions were running very short in camp) Raleigh came up to him.

"What, eating? That's more than I have done to-day."

"Sit down, and share, then."

"Nay, lad, I did not come a-begging. I have set some of my rogues to dig rabbits; but as I live, you may thank your stars that you are alive to-day to eat. Poor young Cheek got his quittance last night by a Spanish pike, rushing headlong on, just as you did. But have you seen your prisoner?"

"No; nor shall, while he is in Winter's tent."

"Why not, then? What quarrel have you against the Admiral, friend Bobadil? Can you not let Francis Drake fight his own battles, without thrusting your head in between them?"

"Well, that is good! As if the quarrel was not just as much mine, and every man's in the ship. Why, when he left Drake, he left us all, did he not? And it makes me mad to see this fellow, after deserting us there in unknown seas, win credit and rank at home here for being the first man who ever sailed back through the Straits. What had he to do with sailing back at all!"

"Amyas! Amyas! thou art a hard hitter, but a soft politician."

"I am no politician, Captain Raleigh, nor ever wish to be. An honest man's my friend, and a rogue's my foe; and I'll tell both as much, as long as I breathe."

But in half-an-hour came an invitation, extracted, of course, from the Admiral by Raleigh's silver tongue, which Amyas could not but obey.

"We all owe you thanks for last night's service, sir," said Winter. "Your prisoner is found to be a gentleman of birth and experience, and the leader of the assault last night. He has already told us more than we had hoped, for which also we are

beholden to you; and indeed my Lord Grey has been asking for you already."

"I have, young sir," said a quiet and lofty voice; and Amyas saw limping from the inner tent the proud and stately figure of the stern Deputy, Lord Grey of Wilton, a brave and wise man, but with a naturally harsh temper. "I have been asking for you, having heard from many both of your last night's prowess and of your conduct and courage, beyond the promise of your years, displayed in that ever-memorable voyage, which may well be ranked with the deeds of the ancient Argonauts."

Amyas bowed low; and the Lord Deputy went on, "You will needs wish to see your prisoner. You will find him such a one as you need not be ashamed to have taken, and as need not be ashamed to have been taken by you: but here he is, and will, I doubt not, answer as much for himself. Know each other better, gentlemen both: last night was an ill one for making acquaintances. Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto, know the hidalgo Amyas Leigh!"

As he spoke, the Spaniard came forward, still in his armor, all save his head, which was bound up in a handkerchief.

He was an exceedingly tall and graceful personage, golden-haired and fair-skinned, with hands as small and white as a woman's; his lips were delicate, but thin, and compressed closely at the corners of the mouth; and his pale blue eye had a glassy dullness. In spite of his beauty and his carriage, Amyas shrank from him instinctively; and yet could not help holding out his hand in return, as the Spaniard, holding out his, said languidly, in most sweet and sonorous Spanish—

"I kiss his hands and feet. The Señor speaks, I am told, my native tongue?"

"I have that honor."

"Then accept in it the expression of my pleasure at having

fallen into the hands of one so renowned in war and travel; and of one also," he added, glancing at Amyas's giant bulk, "the vastness of whose strength makes it no more shame for me to have been overpowered and carried away by him than if my captor had been a paladin of Charlemagne's."

Honest Amyas bowed and stammered, a little thrown off his balance by the unexpected assurance and cool flattery of his prisoner; but he said—

"If you are satisfied, illustrious Señor, I am bound to be so. I only trust that in my hurry and the darkness I have not hurt you unnecessarily."

The Don laughed a pretty little hollow laugh: "No, kind Señor, my head, I trust, will after a few days have become united to my shoulders; and, for the present, your company will make me forget any slight discomfort."

"If I am right, Señor, you are he who yesterday held up the standard after it was shot down."

"I do not deny that undeserved honor; and I have to thank the courtesy of you and your countrymen for having permitted me to do so with impunity."

"Ah, I heard of that brave feat," said the Lord Deputy. "You should consider yourself, Mr. Leigh, honored by being enabled to show courtesy to such a warrior."

How long this interchange of solemn compliments, of which Amyas was getting somewhat weary, would have gone on, I know not: but at that moment Raleigh entered hastily—

"My Lord, they have hung out a white flag, and are calling for a parley!"

The Spaniard turned pale, and felt for his sword, which was gone; and then, with a bitter laugh, murmured to himself—"As I expected."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Lord Grey; and then, "Go,

Captain Raleigh, and answer them that the laws of war forbid a parley with any who are leagued with rebels against their lawful sovereign."

"But what if they wish to treat for this gentleman's ransom?"

"For their own, more likely," said the Spaniard; "but tell them, on my part, Señor, that Don Guzman refuses to be ransomed, and will return to no camp where the commanding officer, unable to infect his captains with his own cowardice, dishonors them against their will."

"We shall have the honor of leaving you here, for the present, sir, as Admiral Winter's guest," said the Lord Deputy.

"But not my sword, it seems."

"Pardon me, Señor, but no one has deprived you of your sword," said Winter.

"I don't wish to pain you, sir," said Amyas, "but I fear that we were both careless enough to leave it behind last night."

A flash passed over the Spaniard's face, which disclosed terrible depths of fury and hatred beneath that quiet mask, as the summer lightning reveals the black thunderstorm; but it passed almost unseen; and blandly as ever, he answered—

"I can forgive you for such a neglect, most valiant sir, more easily than I can forgive myself. Farewell, sir! One who has lost his sword is no fit company for you." And as Amyas and the rest departed he plunged into the inner tent, stamping and writhing, gnawing his hands with rage and shame.

Amyas hurried forward to hear the news from Raleigh, who appeared in sight once more.

"They ask to depart with bag and baggage," said he, when he came up.

"God do so to me, and more also, if they carry away a straw!" said Lord Grey. "Make short work of it, sir!"

"I do not know how that will be, my Lord; as I came up a cap-

tain shouted to me off the walls that there were mutineers; and, denying that he surrendered, would have pulled down the flag of truce, but the soldiers beat him off."

"A house divided against itself will not stand long, gentlemen. Tell them that I give no conditions. Gunners, if you see the white flag go down, open your fire instantly. Captain Raleigh, we need your counsel here. Mr. Cary, will you be my herald this time?"

After Cary went, there ensued a stormy council of war as to what should be done with the prisoners in case of surrender. They already outnumbered the English; and some fifteen hundred of Desmond's wild Irish hovered in the forests round, ready to side with the winning party, or even to attack the English at the least sign of vacillation or fear. They could not carry the Spaniards away with them, for they had neither shipping nor food, nor even handcuffs enough for them; and as Mackworth told Winter when he proposed it, the only plan was for him to make San Josepho a present of his ships, and swim home himself as he could. To turn loose in Ireland, as Captain Zouch urged, on the other hand, seven hundred such monsters of lawlessness, cruelty, and lust as Spanish and Italian condottieri were in those days was as fatal to their own safety as cruel to the wretched Irish. All the captains, without exception, followed on the same side.

"What is to be done, then?" asked Lord Grey impatiently. "Would you have me murder them all in cold blood?"

And for a while every man, knowing that it must come to that, yet dared not to say it; till Sir Warham St. Leger, the Marshal of Munster, spoke out stoutly. Mercy and faith to every Irishman who would show mercy and faith, was his motto; but to invaders, no mercy. Ireland was England's vulnerable point; it might be some day her ruin; a terrible example must be made of

those who dare to touch the sore. Rather pardon the Spaniards for landing in the Thames than in Ireland!

Lord Grey became much excited, and turning as a last hope to Raleigh, asked his opinion: but Raleigh's silver tongue was that day not on the side of indulgence. He skillfully recapitulated the arguments of his fellow-captains, improving them as he went on, till each worthy soldier was surprised to find himself so much wiser a man than he had thought; and finished by one of his rapid and passionate perorations upon his favorite theme—the West Indian cruelties of the Spaniards.

At this juncture Cary returned.

"My Lord," said he, in some confusion, "I have proposed your terms; but the captains still entreat for some mitigation."

"None, sir, by heaven!" said Lord Grey, waxing wroth. "Do they come hither, pirates as they are, to dictate terms upon a foreign soil? And now, Captain Raleigh, as you have been so earnest in preaching this butchery, I have a right to ask none but you to practice it."

Raleigh bit his lip, and replied,

"I am at least a man, my Lord, who thinks it shame to allow others to do that which I dare not do myself."

Amyas followed Raleigh out. The latter was pale, but determined, and very wroth against the Deputy.

"Does the man take me for a hangman," said he, "that he speaks to me thus? But such is the way of the great. If you neglect your duty, they haul you over the coals; if you do it, you must do it on your own responsibility. Farewell, Amyas; you will not shrink from me as a butcher when I return?"

"God forbid! But how will you do it?"

"March one company in, and drive them forth, and let the other cut them down as they come out.—Pah!"

It was done. Right or wrong, it was done. The shrieks and curses had died away, and the Fort del Oro was a red shambles, which the soldiers were trying to cover from the sight of heaven and earth by dragging the bodies into the ditch and covering them with the ruins of the rampart; while the Irish, who had beheld from the woods that awful warning, fled trembling into the deepest recesses of the forest. It was done; and it never needed to be done again. Many years passed before a Spaniard set foot again in Ireland.

The Spanish and Italian officers were spared, and Amyas had Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto duly adjudged to him, as his prize by right of war. The next question was where to bestow Don Guzman till his ransom should arrive; and as Amyas could not well deliver the gallant Don into the safe custody of Mrs. Leigh at Burrough, and still less into that of Frank at Court, he was fain to write to Sir Richard Grenvile, and ask his advice, and in the meanwhile keep the Spaniard with him upon parole, which he frankly gave; and Amyas found him, as shall be hereafter told, pleasant company enough.

But one morning Raleigh entered,—"I have done you a good turn, Leigh, if you think it one. I have talked St. Leger into making you my lieutenant, and giving you the custody of a right pleasant hermitage—some castle or other in the midst of a big bog, where time will run swift and smooth with you, between hunting wild Irish, snaring snipes, and drinking yourself drunk with usquebaugh over a turf fire."

"I'll go," quoth Amyas; "anything for work." So with Salvation Yeo—who had attached himself as a sort of body-guard to Amyas—he went and took possession of his lieutenancy and his black robber tower, and there passed the rest of the winter, fighting or hunting all day, and chatting and reading all the evening with Señor Don Guzman, who, like a good soldier of fortune,

made himself thoroughly at home, and a general favorite with the soldiers.

At first, indeed, his Spanish pride and stateliness, and Amyas's English taciturnity, kept the two apart somewhat; but they soon began, if not to trust, at least to like each other; and Don Guzman told Amyas, bit by bit, who he was, of what an ancient house, and of what a poor one; and of the Caraccas, at which place Don Guzman had been born. This of course led to much talk about the West Indies, and the Don was as much interested to find that Amyas had been one of Drake's world-famous crew, as Amyas was to find that his captive was the grandson of none other than the most terrible of man-hunters, Don Ferdinando de Soto, the conqueror of Florida, of whom Amyas had read many a time in Las Casas. His captive-guest told many a good story of the Indies, and told it well; and over and above his stories, he had among his baggage two books,—the one Antonio Galvano's "Discoveries of the World," a mine of winter evening amusement to Amyas; and the other, a manuscript book, which, perhaps, it had been well for Amyas had he never seen. For it was none other than a sort of rough journal which Don Guzman had kept as a lad, when he went down from Peru to the River of Amazons, to look for the golden country of El Dorado, and the city of Manoa, which stands in the midst of the White Lake, and equals or surpasses in glory even the palace of the Inca Huaynacapac; "all the vessels of whose house and kitchen are of gold and silver, and in his wardrobe statues of gold which seemed giants, and figures in proportion and bigness of all the beasts, birds, trees, and herbs of the earth, and the fishes of the water; and ropes, budgets, chests, and troughs of gold: yea, and a garden of pleasure in an Island near Puna, where they went to recreate themselves when they would take the air of the sea, which had all kind of garden herbs, flowers,

and trees of gold and silver of an invention and magnificence till then never seen."

Now the greater part of this treasure (and be it remembered that these wonders were hardly exaggerated, and that there were many men alive then who had beheld them) was hidden by the Indians when Pizarro conquered Peru and slew Atahualpa, son of Huaynacapac. Little thought Amyas, as he devoured the pages of that manuscript, that he was laying a snare for the life of the man whom, next to Drake and Grenvile, he most admired on earth.

But Don Guzman, on the other hand, seemed to have an instinct that that book might be a fatal gift to his captor; for one day ere Amyas had looked into it, he began questioning the Don about El Dorado. Whereon Don Guzman replied with one of his sneering smiles—

"Ah! You have been eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, Señor? Well; if you have any ambition to follow many another brave captain to the pit, I know no shorter or easier path than is contained in that little book."

The Don often puzzled and scandalized him by his waywardness. Fits of deep melancholy alternated with bursts of Spanish boastfulness, utterly astonishing to the modest and sober-minded Englishman.

"Miserable?" said he, one night in one of these fits. "And have I not a right to be miserable?—Why should I not curse the Virgin and all the saints, and die? I have not a friend, not a ducat on earth; not even a sword—hell and the furies! It was my all; the only bequest I ever had from my father, and I lived by it and earned by it, and here I am! after twenty years of fighting, from the Levant to the Orellana—for I began ere I had a hair on my chin—and this is the end!—No, it is not! I'll have that El Dorado yet! Cortes and Pizarro? we'll see whether there

are not as good Castilians as they left still. I can do it, Señor. I know a track, a plan; over the Llanos is the road; and I'll be Emperor of Manoa yet—possess the jewels of all the Incas; and gold, gold! Pizarro was a beggar to what I will be!"

Amyas, as they chatted on, could not help asking him—"I wonder why you are so frank about your own intentions to an enemy like me, who will surely forestall you if he can."

"Sir, a Spaniard needs no concealment, and fears no rivalry. Not that you English are not very heroes; but you have not, sir, and you cannot have the same divine protection, the same celestial mission, which enables the Catholic cavalier single-handed to chase a thousand Paynims."

And Don Guzman crossed himself devoutly, while Amyas rode silently by his side, utterly puzzled at this strange compound of shrewdness with fanaticism, of perfect high-breeding with boastfulness.

At last came a letter from Sir Richard Grenvile, complimenting Amyas on his success and promotion, bearing a long and courtly message to Don Guzman (whom Grenvile had known when he was in the Mediterranean, at the battle of Lepanto), and offering to receive him as his own guest at Bideford, till his ransom should arrive; a proposition which the Spaniard could not but gladly accept; and one of Winter's ships, returning to England in the spring of 1581, delivered duly at the quay of Bideford the person of Don Guzman Maria Magdalena. Raleigh at last got his wish and departed for England and the Court; and Amyas was left alone with the snipes for two more weary years.

CHAPTER X

HOW THE MAYOR OF BIDEFORD BAITED HIS HOOK

DON GUZMAN settled down quietly enough at Bideford on his parole in better quarters than he had occupied for many a day, and took things as they came, like a true soldier of fortune; till, after he had been with Grenville hardly a month, old Salterne the Mayor came to supper.

Now Don Guzman, however much he might be puzzled at first at our strange English ways of asking burghers and such low-bred folk to eat and drink in the company of noble persons, was quite gentleman enough to know that Richard Grenvile was gentleman enough to do only what was correct. So, after shrugging the shoulders of his spirit, he submitted to eat and drink at the same board with a tradesman who sat at a desk, and made up ledgers, and took apprentices; and, hearing him talk with Grenvile neither unwisely nor in a vulgar fashion, actually before the evening was out condescended to exchange words with him himself. Whereon he found him a very prudent and courteous person, quite aware of the Spaniard's superior rank, and yet holding

his own opinion, and asserting his own rights as a wise elder in a fashion which the Spaniard had seen before only among the merchant princes of Genoa and Venice.

At the end of supper, Salterne asked Grenvile to do his humble roof the honor, etc., etc., of supping with him the next evening, and then, turning to the Don, said quite frankly that he knew how great a condescension it would be on the part of a nobleman of Spain to sit at the board of a simple merchant: but that if the Spaniard deigned to do him such a favor, he would find that the cheer was fit enough for any rank, whatsoever the company might be; which invitation Don Guzman, being on the whole glad enough of anything to amuse him, graciously condescended to accept, and gained thereby an excellent supper.

Now Mr. Salterne was, of course, as a wise merchant, as ready as any man for an adventure to foreign parts, as was afterwards proved by his great exertions in the settlement of Virginia; and he was, therefore, equally ready to rack the brains of any guest whom he suspected of knowing anything concerning strange lands; but to his questions concerning the Spanish Main, Peru, the Moluccas, China, the Indies, and all parts, the Spaniard returned only very cautious replies.

In the midst of their tongue-fence in came the Rose of Torridge, looking as beautiful as usual; and hearing what they were upon, added, artlessly enough, her questions to her father's: to her Don Guzman could not but answer; and without revealing any very important commercial secrets, gave his host and his host's daughter a very amusing evening. Now Don Guzman, being idle, had already looked round for mere amusement's sake after some one with whom to fall in love. There was an innocent freshness about the Rose of Torridge which was new to him and most attractive; if he could persuade her to love no one but him, perhaps he might become fool enough to love no one but her.

And at that thought he was seized with a very panic of prudence, and resolved to keep out of her way; and yet the days ran slowly, and when he was left alone in one corner of the great house at Bideford, what could he do but lounge down to the butt-gardens to show off his fine black cloak and fine black feather, see the shooting, have a game or two of rackets with the youngsters, a game or two of bowls with the elders, and get himself invited home to supper by Mr. Salterne?

And there, of course, he was entertained royally, not only on account of his rank, but because he had something to say worth hearing, as a traveled man. For those times were the day-dawn of English commerce; and not a merchant in Bideford, or in all England, but had his imagination all on fire with projects of discoveries, companies, privileges, patents, and settlements. So not a word could fall from the Spaniard about the Mediterranean but took root at once in right fertile soil. Moreover, but two months before had gone from London Captain Hare in the bark *Minion*, for Brazil, and a company of adventurers with him, with Sheffield hardware, and "Devonshire and Northern kersies," hollands and "Manchester cottons," for there was a great opening for English goods. In the meanwhile, Drake had proved not merely the possibility of plundering the American coasts, but of establishing an East Indian trade; and Frobisher and Davis, worthy forefathers of our Parrys and Franklins, had begun to bore their way upward through the Northern ice, in search of a passage to China which should avoid the dangers of the Spanish seas.

Everywhere English commerce, under the genial sunshine of Elizabeth's wise rule, was spreading and taking root; and as Don Guzman talked with his new friends, he soon saw that they belonged to a race which must be exterminated if Spain intended to become the mistress of the world; and that it was not enough

for Spain to have seized in the Pope's name the whole new world, and claimed the exclusive right to sail the seas of America, while these fierce islanders remained to assert free seas and free trade for all the nations upon earth. Don Guzman knew also, by hard experience, that these same islanders who sat in Salterne's parlor talking broad Devon through their noses, were no mere counters of money and hucksters of goods, but men who could fight after a very dogged and terrible fashion; and who sent out their merchant ships armed up to the teeth, and filled with men who had been trained from childhood to use those arms, and had orders to use them without mercy if either Spaniard, Portugal, or other created being dared to stop their money-making. And one evening he waxed quite mad, when, after having civilly enough hinted that if Englishmen came where they had no right to come, they might find themselves sent back again, he was answered by a volley of—

"Depends on who says 'No right.' "

"You found might right," said another, "when you claimed the Indian seas; we may find right might when we try them."

"Try them, then, gentlemen, by all means, if it shall so please your worships; and find the sacred flag of Spain as invincible as ever was the Roman eagle."

"We have, sir. Did you ever hear of Francis Drake?"

"Or of John Hawkins, at St. Juan d'Ulloa?"

"You are insolent burghers," said Don Guzman, and rose to go.

"Sir," said old Salterne, "as you say, we are burghers and plain men, and some of us have forgotten ourselves a little, perhaps; but insolent we never meant to be, especially to a noble gentleman and a foreigner."

But the Don would not be pacified; and walked out, calling himself an ass for having demeaned himself to such a company.

But when, next day, Salterne begged pardon again and promised that none of those who had been so rude should be henceforth asked to meet him, the Don actually was appeased, and went there the very next evening.

"Fool that I am! that girl has bewitched me, I believe."

So he went; and, cunningly enough, hinted to old Salterne that he had taken such a fancy to him, and felt so bound by his courtesy and hospitality, that he might not object to tell him things which he would not mention to every one, for that the Spaniards were not jealous of single traders, but of any general attempt to deprive them of their hard-earned wealth; that, however, in the meanwhile, there were plenty of opportunities for one man here and there to enrich himself, etc.

Old Salterne, shrewd as he was, had his weak point, and the Spaniard had touched it; and delighted at this opportunity of learning the mysteries of the Spanish monopoly, he often actually set Rose on to draw out the Don, without a fear lest she might be herself drawn in. For he held it impossible that she would think of marrying a Spaniard, and just as impossible that he would think of marrying a burgher's daughter. And so it came to pass that for weeks and months the merchant's house was the Don's favorite haunt, and he saw the Rose of Torridge daily.

And as for her, poor child, she had never seen such a man. He had more marvels to tell than Amyas; and he told them with a grace and an eloquence of which modest, simple, old Amyas possessed nothing. Besides, he was on the spot, and the Leighs were not, nor indeed were any of her old lovers; and what could she do but amuse herself with the only person who came to hand?

The Spaniard became soon welcome at every house for many a mile round, and made use of his welcome freely. He discoursed for hours, and took care to season his discourse with scraps

of mercantile information, which kept the old merchant always expectant and hankering for more, and made it worth his while to ask the Spaniard in again and again.

And his stories, certainly, were worth hearing. He seemed to have been everywhere, and to have seen everything: born in Peru, and sent home to Spain at ten years old; brought up in Italy; a soldier in the Levant; an adventurer to the East Indies; again in America, first in the islands, and then in Mexico. Then back again to Spain, and thence to Rome, and thence to Ireland. Shipwrecked; captive among savages; looking down the craters of volcanoes; hanging about all the courts of Europe; fighting Turks, Indians, lions, elephants, alligators.

And so on, and so on. What need of more words? Before a year was out, Rose Salterne was far more in love with Don Guzman than he with her; and both suspected each other's mind, though neither hinted at the truth—she from fear, and he, to tell the truth, from sheer Spanish pride of blood.

He had seen with much astonishment, and then practiced with much pleasure, that graceful old English fashion of saluting every lady on the cheek at meeting. So, one day, he offered his salute to Rose in like wise; but he did it when she was alone; for something whispered that it might be hardly politic to make the proffer in her father's presence: however, to his astonishment, he received a prompt though quiet rebuff.

"No, sir; you should know that my cheek is not for you."

"Why," said he, stifling his anger, "it seems free enough to every counter-jumper in the town!"

"True, Don Guzman; but they are my equals."

"And I?"

"You are a nobleman, sir, and should recollect that you are one. You wrong yourself, sir, and me too. No sir; not a step nearer!—I will not! A salute between equals means nothing;

but between you and me—I vow, sir, if you do not leave me this moment, I will complain to my father."

"I love you, madam!" cried he, throwing himself at her feet. "I adore you! Never mention differences of rank to me more; for I have forgotten them; forgotten all but love, all but you, madam! My light, my lodestar, my princess, my goddess!"

"Go, sir!" cried poor Rose, recovering herself suddenly; "and let me never see you more." And, as a last chance for life, she darted out of the room.

"Your slave obeys you, madam, and kisses your hands and feet for ever and a day," said the cunning Spaniard, and drawing himself up, walked serenely out of the house.

How much of that rhapsody of his was honest, how much premeditated, I cannot tell: though she, poor child, began to fancy that it was all a set speech, when she found that he had really taken her at her word, and set foot no more within her father's house.

CHAPTER XI

OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT AND THE NEWFOUNDLAND VENTURE

It is the spring of 1582–3. The gray March skies are curdling hard and high above black mountain peaks. The keen March wind is sweeping harsh and dry across a dreary sheet of bog, still red and yellow with the stains of winter frost.

Along the brink of the bog, picking their road among crumbling rocks and green spongy springs, a company of English soldiers are pushing fast, clad cap-à-pié in helmet and quilted jerkin, with arquebus on shoulder, and pikes trailing behind them; stern steadfast men. Two captains ride before them on shaggy ponies, the taller in armor, stained and rusted with many a storm and fray, the other in brilliant inlaid cuirass and helmet, gaudy sash and plume, and sword hilt glittering with gold. Beside them, secured by a cord which a pikeman has fastened to his own wrist, trots a bare-legged Irish kerne, whose only cloth-

ing is his ragged yellow mantle and the unkempt "glib" of hair through which his eyes peer out, right and left, in mingled fear and sullenness. He is the guide of the company, in their hunt after the rebel Baltinglas.

"A pleasant country, truly, Captain Raleigh," says the dingy officer to the gay one. "I wonder how, having once escaped from it to Whitehall, you have the courage to come back and spoil that gay suit with bog-water and mud."

"A very pleasant country, my friend Amyas; what you say in jest, I say in earnest."

"Hillo! Our tastes have changed places. I am sick of it already, as you foretold. Would Heaven that I could hear of some adventure Westward-ho! and find these big bones swinging in a hammock once more."

"Have you heard of my brother Humphrey's new project?" inquired Raleigh.

"How should I hear anything in this howling wilderness?"

"Kiss hands to the wilderness, then, and come with me to Newfoundland!"

"You to Newfoundland?"

"Yes. I to Newfoundland, unless my little matter here is settled at once. The Queen doesn't know it, and shan't till I'm off. She'd send me to the Tower, I think, if she caught me playing truant. I could hardly get leave to come hither; but I must out, and try my fortune. I am over ears in debt already, and sick of courts and courtiers. Humphrey must go next spring and take possession of his kingdom beyond seas, or his patent expires; and with him I go, and you too, my circumnavigating giant."

And then Raleigh expounded to Amyas the details of the great Newfoundland scheme, which whoso will may read in the pages of Hakluyt.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, held a patent for "planting" the lands of Newfoundland and "Meta Incognita" (Labrador). He had attempted a voyage thither with Raleigh in 1578, but came back again having done nothing; but now he had collected a large sum; various gentlemen, of whom more hereafter, had adventured their money, and a considerable colony was to be sent out the next year. And over and above this, as Raleigh told Amyas in strictest secrecy, Adrian Gilbert, Humphrey's brother, was turning every stone at Court for a patent of discovery in the North-West; and this Newfoundland colony, though it was to produce gold, silver, merchandise, and what not, was but a basis of operations, a half-way house from whence to work out the North-West passage to the Indies—that golden dream, so fatal to English valor—and yet hardly to be regretted when we remember the seamanship, the science, the chivalry, the heroism, unequaled in the history of the English nation, which it has called forth among our later Arctic voyagers.

Amyas, simple fellow, took all in greedily; he knew enough of the dangers of the Magellan passage to appreciate the boundless value of a road to the East Indies which would (as all supposed then) save half the distance, and be as it were a private possession of the English, safe from Spanish interference; and he listened to Sir Humphrey's quaint proofs, half true, half fantastic, of such a passage, which Raleigh detailed to him; at which Amyas shook his head, and said that seeing was believing; "but if you must needs have an adventure, you insatiable soul, why not try for the golden city of Manoa?"

"Manoa?" asked Raleigh, who had heard, as most had, dim rumors of the place. "What do you know of it?"

Whereon Amyas told him all that he had gathered from Don Guzman.

"Humph!" said he after a long silence. "To find that Golden

Emperor; offer him help and friendship from the Queen of England; defend him against the Spaniards; if we became strong enough, conquer back all Peru from the Popish tyrants, and reinstate him on the throne of the Incas, with ourselves for his body-guard. Hey, Amyas? We'll do it, lad!"

"We'll try," said Amyas; "but we must be quick, for if the Spaniards once get thither, then by the time we come, there will be neither gold nor city left."

"Nor Indians either, I'll warrant the butchers; but, lad, I am promised to Humphrey; I have a bark fitting out already, and all I have, and more, adventured in her; so Manoa must wait."

"It will wait well enough, if the Spaniards prosper no better on the Amazon than they have done; but may I come with you? To tell the truth, I am quite shore-sick, and to sea I must go. What will my mother say?"

"I'll manage thy mother," said Raleigh; and so he did; for, to cut a long story short, he went back the month after, and he not only took home letters from Amyas to his mother, but so impressed on that good lady the enormous profits and honors to be derived from Meta Incognita, and (which was most true) the advantage to any young man of sailing with such a general as Humphrey Gilbert, most pious and most learned of seamen and of cavaliers, beloved and honored above all his compeers by Queen Elizabeth, that she consented to Amyas's adventuring in the voyage some two hundred pounds which had come to him as his share of prize money after the ever memorable circumnavigation.

Mrs. Leigh was no longer at Burrough Court. By Frank's persuasion, she had let the old place, moved up to London with her eldest son, and taken for herself a lodging somewhere by Palace Stairs, which looked out upon the silver Thames (for Thames was silver then), with its busy ferries and gliding boats,

across to the pleasant fields of Lambeth, and the Archbishop's Palace, and the wooded Surrey hills; and there she spent her peaceful days, close to her Frank and to the Court. So she lived under the sheltering shadow of the tall minster, where she went morn and even to worship, and to entreat for the two in whom her heart was bound up; and Frank slipped in every day if but for five minutes, and brought with him Spenser, or Raleigh, or sometimes Sidney's self; and each guest went from that hallowed room a humbler and yet a loftier man. So slipped on the peaceful months, and few and far between came Irish letters, for Ireland was then farther from Westminster than is the Black Sea now; but those were days in which wives and mothers had learned to walk by faith and not by sight for those they love: and Mrs. Leigh was content to hear that Amyas was winning a good report as a brave and prudent officer, sober, just, and faithful, beloved and obeyed alike by English soldiers and Irish kernes.

Those two years, and the one which followed, were the happiest which she had known since her husband's death. But the cloud was fast coming up the horizon, though she saw it not.

Amyas went to Plymouth (with Yeo, of course, at his heels), and there beheld, for the first time, the majestic countenance of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He lodged with Drake, and found him not over-sanguine as to the success of the voyage.

"For learning and manners, Amyas, there's not his equal; and the queen may well love him, and Devon be proud of him: but book-learning is not business; book-learning didn't get me round the world; book-learning didn't make Captain Hawkins, nor his father neither, the best shipbuilders from Hull to Cadiz; and book-learning, I very much fear, won't plant Newfoundland."

However, the die was cast, and the little fleet of five sail assembled in Cawsand Bay—the *Golden Hind,* the *Raleigh,* the *Squirrel,* the *Delight,* and the *Vice-Admiral;* tiny boats, by our

standards, the largest being of only 200 tons burden. Amyas was to go as a gentleman adventurer on board of Raleigh's bark; Raleigh himself, however, at the eleventh hour, had been forbidden by the queen to leave England. And so on the 11th of June the fleet sailed out, having, says Mr. Hayes, "in number about 260 men, among whom he had of every faculty good choice, as shipwrights, masons, carpenters, smiths, and such-like, requisite for such an action; also mineral men and refiners. Besides, for solace of our people and allurement of the savages, we were provided of musique in good variety; not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby-horses, and May-like conceits, to delight the savage people, whom we intended to win by all fair means possible." An armament complete enough, even to that tenderness towards the Indians which is so striking a feature of the Elizabethan seamen (called out in them, perhaps, by horror at the Spanish cruelties, as well as by their more liberal creed), and to the daily service of God on board of every ship, according to the simple old instructions of Captain John Hawkins to one of his little squadrons, "Keep good company; beware of fire; serve God daily; and love one another"—an armament, in short, complete in all but men. The sailors had been picked up hastily and anywhere, and soon proved themselves a mutinous and piratical set. The mechanics were little better. The gentlemen adventurers, puffed up with vain hopes of finding a new Mexico, became soon disappointed and surly at the hard practical reality; while over all was the head of a sage and an enthusiast, a man too noble to suspect others, and too pure to make allowances for human weaknesses. He had got his scheme perfect upon paper; well for him, and for his company, if he had asked Francis Drake to translate it for him into fact! As early as the second day, the seeds of failure began to sprout above ground. The men of Raleigh's bark, the *Vice-*

Admiral, suddenly found themselves seized, or supposed themselves seized, with a contagious sickness, and at midnight forsook the fleet, and went back to Plymouth.

But Amyas told Butler the captain plainly that, if the bark went back, he would not; that he had seen enough of ships deserting their consorts; that it should never be said of him that he had followed Winter's example. Whereon Captain Butler offered to put Amyas on board of Sir Humphrey's *Delight,* if he could find a crew to row him.

Amyas looked around.

"Are there any of Sir Francis Drake's men on board?"

"Three, sir," said Yeo. "Robert Drew, and two others."

"Pelicans!" roared Amyas, "you have been round the world, and will you turn back from Westward-ho?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Drew came forward.

"Lower us a boat, captain, while I get my kit on deck; I'll after Captain Leigh, if I row him aboard all alone to my own hands."

"If I ever command a ship, I will not forget you," said Amyas.

"Nor us either, sir, we hope; for we haven't forgotten you and your honest conditions," said both the other *Pelicans;* and so away over the side went all the five, and pulled away after the admiral's lantern, firing shots at intervals as signals. Luckily for the five desperadoes, the night was all but calm. They got on board before the morning, and so away into the boundless West.

CHAPTER XII

HOW BIDEFORD BRIDGE DINED AT ANNERY HOUSE

EVERY one who knows Bideford cannot but know Bideford Bridge; for it is the very soul around which the town, as a body, has organized itself; and as Rome is Rome by virtue of its capital, and Egypt Egypt by virtue of its Pyramids, so is Bideford Bideford by virtue of its Bridge. But not all know the occult powers which have advanced and animated the said wondrous bridge for now five hundred years, and made it the chief wonder of this fair land of Devon: being first an inspired bridge; a soul-saving bridge; an alms-giving bridge; an educational bridge; and last, but not least, a dinner-giving bridge. How, when it began to be built some half mile higher up, hands invisible carried the stones down-stream each night to the present site: until Sir Richard Gurney, parson of the parish, going to bed one night in sore perplexity and fear of the evil spirit who seemed so busy in his sheepfold, beheld a vision of an angel, who bade build the bridge where he himself had so kindly transported the materials; for there alone was sure foundation amid the broad sheet of shifting sand. How the bridge is a veritable esquire, bearing arms of its own, and owning lands and tenements in many parishes, with which it has, from time to time, founded charities, built schools, waged suits at law, and finally (for this concerns us most) given yearly dinners, and kept for that purpose the best stocked cellar of wines in all Devon.

To one of these dinners, as it happened, were invited in the year 1583 all the notabilities of Bideford, and besides them Mr. St. Leger of Annery close by, brother of Lady Grenvile. Between him and one of the bridge trustees arose an argument, whether a salmon caught below the bridge was better or worse than one caught above; and as that weighty question could only be decided by practical experiment, Mr. St. Leger vowed that as the bridge had given him a good dinner, he would give the bridge one; offered a bet of five pounds that he would find them, out of the pool below Annery, as firm and flaky a salmon as the Appledore one which they had just eaten; and then, in the fullness of his heart, invited the whole company present to dine with him at Annery three days after, and bring with them each a wife or daughter; and Don Guzman being at table, he was invited too.

So there was a mighty feast in the great hall at Annery; and while every one was eating his best and drinking his worst, Rose Salterne and Don Guzman were pretending not to see each other, and watching each other all the more. But Rose, at least, had to be very careful of her glances; for not only was her father at the table, but just opposite her sat none other than Messrs. William Cary and Arthur St. Leger, lieutenants in her Majesty's Irish army, who had returned on furlough a few days before.

Rose Salterne and the Spaniard had not exchanged a word in the last six months, though they had met many times. The Spaniard by no means avoided her company, except in her father's house; he only took care to obey her carefully, by seeming always unconscious of her presence, beyond the stateliest of salutes at entering and departing. But he took care, at the same time, to lay himself out to the very best advantage whenever he was in her presence, to be more witty, more eloquent, more romantic, more full of wonderful tales than he ever yet had been; and all the time, quietly and unobtrusively showed her

that he could do without her; and she, poor fool, as she was meant to do, began forthwith to ask herself—why? What was the hidden treasure, what was the reserve force, which made him independent of her, while she could not say that she was independent of him? Had he a secret?

Tonight Don Guzman saw something of her perplexity in her uneasy and downcast looks, and thinking (conceited coxcomb) that she must be by now sufficiently punished, stole a glance at her now and then, and was not abashed when he saw that she dropped her eyes when they met his, because he saw her silence and abstraction increase, and something like a blush steal into her cheeks. So he pretended to be as much downcast and abstracted as she was, and went on with his glances, till he once found her, poor thing, looking at him to see if he was looking at her; and then he knew his prey was safe, and asked her, with his eyes, "Do you forgive me?" and saw her stop dead in her talk to her next neighbor, and falter, and drop her eyes, and raise them again after a minute in search of his, that he might repeat the pleasant question. And then what could she do but answer with all her face and every bend of her pretty neck, "And do you forgive me in turn?"

Whereon Don Guzman broke out jubilant, with story, and jest, and repartee; and became forthwith the soul of the whole company, and the most charming of all cavaliers. And poor Rose knew that she was the cause of his sudden change of mood, and blamed herself for what she had done, and shuddered and blushed at her own delight.

It was a beautiful sight, the great terrace at Annery that afternoon, with the smart dames in their gaudy dresses parading up and down in twos and threes before the stately house; or looking down upon the park, with the old oaks and the deer, and the broad land-locked river spread out like a lake beneath, all bright

in the glare of the midsummer sun; or listening to the two great ladies who did the honors, Mrs. St. Leger the hostess, and her sister-in-law, fair Lady Grenvile. All chatted, and laughed, and gossiped about each other's husbands and servants: only Rose Salterne kept apart.

"Our pretty Rose seems sad," said Lady Grenvile, coming up to her. "Cheer up, child! we want you to come and sing to us."

Rose took the lute, and sat down on a bench beneath the house, while the rest grouped themselves round her.

"What shall I sing?"

"Let us have your old song, 'Earl Haldan's Daughter.' "

Rose shrank from it. It was a loud and dashing ballad, which chimed in but little with her thoughts; and Frank had praised it too, in happier days long since gone by. But she had no reason to refuse, and so sang it through, sweetly enough.

As she ceased, a measured voice, with a foreign accent, thrilled through her.

"In the East, they say the nightingale sings to the rose: Devon, more happy, has nightingale and rose in one."

"We have no nightingales in Devon, Don Guzman," said Lady Grenvile; "but our little forest thrushes sing, as you hear, sweetly enough to content any ear. But what brings you away from the gentlemen so early?"

"These letters," said he, "which have just been put into my hand; and as they call me home to Spain, I was loth to lose a moment of that delightful company from which I must part so soon. My ransom has arrived, and with it the promise of an office. I am to be Governor of La Guayra in Caraccas. Congratulate me on my promotion."

A mist was over Rose's eyes. The Spaniard's voice was hard and flippant. Did he care for her after all? And if he did, was it nevertheless hopeless? One of the ladies asked—

"And where is La Guayra?"

"Half round the world on the Spanish Main. The loveliest place on earth, and the loveliest governor's house, in a forest of palms at the foot of a mountain eight thousand feet high: I shall only want a wife there to be in paradise."

"I don't doubt that you may persuade some fair lady of Seville to accompany you thither," said Lady Grenvile.

"Thanks, gracious Madam: but the truth is that since I have had the bliss of knowing English ladies, I have begun to think that they are the only ones on earth worth wooing."

"A thousand thanks for the compliment; but I fear none of our free English maidens would like to submit to the guardianship of a duenna. Spanish husbands are too jealous to please us!"

"Ladies," said Don Guzman, reddening, "believe me that these are but the calumnies of ignorance. If we be more jealous than other nations, it is because we love more passionately."

Now Don Guzman had been talking at Rose Salterne, and giving her the very slightest hint, every now and then, that he was talking at her; till the poor girl's face was almost crimson with pleasure, and she gave herself up to the spell. He loved her still; perhaps he knew that she loved him.

The dark, handsome, stately face; the melodious voice, with its rich Spanish accent; the quiet grace of the gestures; the chivalrous respect and admiration for woman, and for faithfulness to woman—what a man he was! If he had been pleasant heretofore, he was now enchanting. It was she whom he was thinking of, she whom he was speaking to, all along; but she was wise enough to keep her secret to herself, and sat behind the rest, full of strange and new happiness—or misery; she knew not which to call it.

In the meanwhile, as it was ordained, Cary could see and hear

through the window of the hall a good deal of what was going on.

"How that Spanish crocodile ogles the Rose!" whispered he to young St. Leger.

"What wonder? He is not the first by many a one."

"Ay—but she is making side-shots at him with those languishing eyes of hers, the little baggage!"

At last Cary got away and out, sober, but just enough flushed with wine to be ready for any quarrel; and luckily for him, had not gone twenty yards along the great terrace before he met Lady Grenvile.

"Has your Ladyship seen Don Guzman?"

"Yes—why, where is he? He was with me not ten minutes ago. You know he is going back to Spain."

"Going! Has his ransom come?"

"Yes, and with it a governorship in the Indies."

"Governorship! Much good may it do the governed."

"Why not, then? He is surely a most gallant gentleman."

"Gallant enough—yes," said Cary carelessly. "I must find him, and congratulate him on his honors."

"I will help you to find him," said Lady Grenvile, whose woman's eye and ear had already suspected something. "Escort me, sir."

But Don Guzman was not to be found in garden or in pleasaunce.

"Perhaps," at last said a burgher's wife, with a toss of her head, "your Ladyship may meet with him at Hankford's oak."

"At Hankford's oak! what should take him there?"

"Pleasant company, I reckon. I heard him and Mistress Rose talking about the oak just now."

Cary turned pale and drew in his breath.

"Very likely," said Lady Grenvile quietly. "Will you walk with me so far, Mr. Cary?"

"To the world's end, if your Ladyship condescends so far." And off they went, Lady Grenvile wishing that they were going anywhere else, but afraid to let Cary go alone; and suspecting, too, that some one or other ought to go.

So they went down past the herds of deer, by a trim-kept path into the lonely dell where stood the Hankford oak.

"There they are!" he whispered, and pointed to the oak, where, half hidden by the tall fern, stood Rose and the Spaniard.

Her head was on his bosom. She seemed sobbing, trembling; he talking earnestly and passionately; but a little cry from Lady Grenvile made them both look up. To turn and try to escape was to confess all; and the two, collecting themselves instantly, walked towards her, Rose wishing herself fathoms deep beneath the earth.

"Mind, sir," whispered Lady Grenvile as they came up; "you have seen nothing."

"Madam?"

"If you are not on my ground, you are on my brother's. Obey me!"

Cary bit his lip, and bowed courteously to the Don.

"I have to congratulate you, I hear, Señor, on your approaching departure."

"I kiss your hands, Señor, in return; but I question whether it be a matter of congratulation, considering all that I leave behind."

"So do I," answered Cary bluntly enough, and the four walked back to the house, Lady Grenvile taking everything for granted with the most charming good humor, and chatting to her three silent companions till they gained the terrace once more, and found four or five of the gentlemen, with Sir Richard at their head, proceeding to the bowling-green.

Lady Grenvile, in an agony of fear about the quarrel which

she knew must come, would have gladly whispered five words to her husband: but she dared not do it before the Spaniard, and dreaded, too, a faint or a scream from the Rose, whose father was of the party. So she walked on with her fair prisoner, commanding Cary to escort them in and the Spaniard to go to the bowling-green.

Cary obeyed: but he gave her the slip the moment she was inside the door, and then darted off to the gentlemen.

His heart was on fire: all his old passion for the Rose had flashed up again at the sight of her with a lover,—and that lover a Spaniard! He would cut his throat for him, if steel could do it! Only he recollected that Salterne was there, and shrank from exposing Rose; and shrank, too, as every gentleman should, from making a public quarrel in another man's house. Never mind. Where there was a will there was a way. He could get him into a corner, and quarrel with him privately about the cut of his beard, or the color of his ribbon. So in he went; and, luckily or unluckily, found standing together apart from the rest Sir Richard, the Don, and young St. Leger.

"Well, Don Guzman, I hope you have been well employed this afternoon?"

"Delightfully to myself, Señor," said the Don, who, enraged at being interrupted, if not discovered, was as ready to fight as Cary; "and to others, I doubt not."

"So the ladies say," quoth St. Leger. "He has been robbing us meanwhile of the pleasure we had hoped for from some of his Spanish songs."

"The devil take Spanish songs!" said Cary, in a low voice, but loud enough for the Spaniard. Don Guzman clapt his hand on his sword-hilt instantly.

"Lieutenant Cary," said Sir Richard in a stern voice; "the wine has surely made you forget yourself!"

"As sober as yourself, most worshipful knight; but if you want a Spanish song, here's one; and a very scurvy one it is, like its subject—

"Don Desperado
Walked on the Prado,
And there he met his enemy.
He pulled out a knife, a,
And let out his life, a,
And fled for his own across the sea."

And he bowed low to the Spaniard as he finished the gross insult.

"Señor Cary, we meet?"

"I thank your quick apprehension, Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto. When, where, and with what weapons?"

"For God's sake, gentlemen! Nephew Arthur, Cary is your guest; do you know the meaning of this?"

St. Leger was silent. Cary answered for him.

"An old Irish quarrel, I assure you, sir. A matter of years' standing. In unlacing the Señor's helmet, the evening that he was taken prisoner, I was unlucky enough to twitch his mustachios. You recollect the fact, of course, Señor?"

"Perfectly," said the Spaniard; and then, half-amused and half-pleased, in spite of his bitter wrath, at Cary's quickness and delicacy in shielding Rose, he bowed, and—

"And it gives me much pleasure to find that he whom I trust to have the pleasure of killing to-morrow morning is a gentleman whose nice sense of honor renders him thoroughly worthy of the sword of a De Soto."

Cary bowed in return, while Sir Richard, who saw plainly enough that the excuse was feigned, shrugged his shoulders.

"What weapons, Señor?" asked Will again.

Don Guzman replied, "Simple rapiers and daggers. Who is your second?"

"Mr. Arthur St. Leger here, Señor: who is yours?"

The Spaniard answered with a smile,—

"Your nation possesses the soul of honor. He who fights an Englishman needs no second."

"And he who fights among Englishmen will always find one," said Sir Richard. "I am the fittest second for my guest."

"You only add one more obligation, illustrious cavalier, to a two years' prodigality of favors, which I shall never be able to repay."

"But, Nephew Arthur," said Grenvile, "you cannot surely be second against your father's guest, and your own uncle."

"I cannot help it, sir; I am bound by an oath, as Will can tell you."

But Will cut short the discussion, saying—"Very well. Rapiers and shirts at three to-morrow morning—Is that the bill of fare? Ask Sir Richard where, Arthur. It is against punctilio now for me to speak to him till after I am killed."

"On the sands opposite. The tide will be out at three. And now, gallant gentlemen, let us join the bowlers."

Three o'clock upon a still pure bright midsummer morning. A broad and yellow sheet of ribbed tide-sands, through which the shallow river wanders from one hill-foot to the other, whispering round dark knolls of rock, and under low tree-fringed cliffs, and banks of golden broom. Above the wooded wall of the hills the sky is flushing with rose and amber.

A long line of gulls goes wailing up inland; the rooks from Annery come cawing and sporting, while high above them four or five herons flap solemnly along to find their breakfast on the

shallows. The air is full of perfume: sweet clover, new-mown hay, the scent of sea-weed and fresh wet sand. Glorious day, glorious place—what do those four cloaked figures there by the river brink, a dark spot on the fair face of the summer morn?

Yet one is as cheerful as if he were going to a wedding; and that is Will Cary. He has been bathing down below, to cool his brain and steady his hand; and he intends to stop Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto's wooing for ever and a day. The Spaniard is in a very different mood; fierce and haggard, he is pacing up and down the sand. He intends to kill Will Cary; but then? Will he be the nearer to Rose by so doing? Can he stay in Bideford? Will she go with him? Shall he stoop to stain his family by marrying a burgher's daughter? It is a confused, all but desperate business.

Sir Richard Grenvile too is in no very pleasant humor, as St. Leger soon discovers, when the two seconds begin whispering over their arrangements.

"We cannot have either of them killed, Arthur."

"Mr. Cary swears he will kill the Spaniard, sir."

"He shan't. The Spaniard is my guest. I am answerable for him to Leigh, and for his ransom too. And how can Leigh accept the ransom if the man is not given up safe and sound? They won't pay for a dead carcass, boy! The man's life is worth two hundred pounds."

"But, sir, what if he kills Cary?"

"Worse still. Cary must not be killed. I am very angry with him, but he is too good a lad to be lost. We must strike up their swords at the first scratch."

"Be sure, sir," said Arthur, "that whatever you command I shall perform."

Sir Richard smiles, and says—"Now, gentlemen! are you ready?"

The Spaniard pulls out a little crucifix, and kisses it devoutly, smiting on his breast; crosses himself two or three times, and says—"Most willingly, Señor."

Cary kisses no crucifix, but says a prayer nevertheless.

Cloaks and doublets are tossed off, the men placed, the rapiers measured hilt and point; Sir Richard and St. Leger place themselves right and left of the combatants, facing each other, the points of their drawn swords on the sand. Cary and the Spaniard stand for a moment quite upright, their sword-arms stretched straight before them, holding the long rapier horizontally, the left hand clutching the dagger close to their breasts. So they stand eye to eye, with clenched teeth and pale crushed lips, while men might count a score; St. Leger can hear the beating of his own heart; Sir Richard is praying inwardly that no life may be lost. Suddenly there is a quick turn of Cary's wrist and a leap forward. The Spaniard's dagger flashes, and the rapier is turned aside; Cary springs six feet back as the Spaniard rushes on him in turn. Parry, thrust, parry—the steel rattles, the sparks fly, the men breathe fierce and loud; the devil's game is begun in earnest.

Five minutes have the two had instant death a short six inches off from those wild sinful hearts of theirs, and not a scratch has been given. Yes! the Spaniard's rapier passes under Cary's left arm; he bleeds.

"A hit! a hit! Strike up, Arthur!" and the swords are struck up instantly.

Cary, nettled by the smart, tries to close with his foe, but the seconds cross their swords before him.

"It is enough, gentlemen. Don Guzman's honor is satisfied!"

"But not my revenge, Señor," says the Spaniard, with a frown. "This duel is *à l'outrance* on my part; and, I believe, on Mr. Cary's also."

"By heaven, it is!" says Will, trying to push past. "Let me go, Arthur St. Leger; one of us must down. Let me go, I say!"

"If you stir, Mr. Cary, you have to do with Richard Grenvile!" thunders the lion voice. "I am angry enough with you for having brought on this duel at all. Don't provoke me still further, young hot-head!"

Cary stops sulkily.

"You do not know all, Sir Richard, or you would not speak in this way."

"I do, sir, all: and I shall have the honor of talking it over with Don Guzman myself."

"Hey!" said the Spaniard. "You came here as my second, Sir Richard, as I understood, but not as my counselor."

"Arthur, take your man away! Cary! obey me as you would your father, sir! Can you not trust Richard Grenvile?"

"Come away, for God's sake!" says poor Arthur, dragging Cary's sword from him; "Sir Richard must know best!"

So Cary is led off sulking, and Sir Richard turns to the Spaniard.

"And now, Don Guzman, allow me, though much against my will, to speak to you as a friend to a friend. You will pardon me if I say that I cannot but have seen last night's devotion to——"

"You will be pleased, Señor, not to mention the name of any lady to whom I may have shown devotion. I am not accustomed to have my little affairs talked over by any unbidden counselors."

"Well, Señor, if you take offense, you take that which is not given. Only I warn you, with all apologies for any seeming forwardness, that the quest on which you seem to be is one on which you will not be allowed to proceed."

"And who will stop me?" asked the Spaniard, with a fierce oath. "Stand on your guard, sir!"

Grenvile answered by slapping his own rapier home into the sheath with a quiet smile.

"Señor Don Guzman must be well enough aware of who Richard Grenvile is, to know that he may claim the right of refusing duel to any man if he shall so think fit."

"Sir!" cried the Spaniard with an oath, "this is too much! Do you dare to hint that I am unworthy of your sword? Know, insolent Englishman, I am not merely a De Soto—though that, by St. James, were enough for you or any man. I am a Sotomayor, a Mendoza, a Bovadilla, a Losada, a—sir! I have blood royal in my veins, and you dare to refuse my challenge?"

"Richard Grenvile can show quarterings, probably, against even Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto, or against the bluest blood of Spain. But he can show, moreover, thank God, a reputation which raises him as much above the imputation of cowardice as it does above that of discourtesy. If you think fit, Señor, to forget what you have just, in very excusable anger, vented, and to return with me, you will find me still, as ever, your most faithful servant and host. If otherwise, you have only to name whither you wish your baggage to be sent, and I shall, with unfeigned sorrow, obey your commands concerning them."

The Spaniard bowed stiffly, answered, "To the nearest tavern, Señor," and strode away. He took a boat down to Appledore that very afternoon, and vanished, none knew whither. A very courteous note to Lady Grenvile, enclosing the jewel which he had been used to wear round his neck, was the only memorial he left behind him: except, indeed, the scar on Cary's arm, and poor Rose's broken heart.

Now county towns are gossiping places at best; and, though all parties tried to keep the duel secret, yet, of course, before noon all Bideford knew what had happened, and a great deal

more; and what was even worse, Rose, in an agony of terror, had seen Sir Richard Grenvile enter her father's private room, and sit there closeted with him for an hour and more; and when he went, upstairs came old Salterne, with his stick in his hand, and after rating her soundly for far worse than a flirt, gave her (I am sorry to have to say it, but such was the mild fashion of paternal rule in those times) such a beating that her poor sides were black and blue for many a day; and then putting her on a pillion behind him, carried her off twenty miles to her old prison at Stow Mill, commanding her aunt to tame down her saucy blood with bread of tears and water of affliction. Which commands were willingly enough fulfilled by the old dame, who had always borne a grudge against Rose for being rich while she was poor, and pretty while her daughter was plain; so that between flouts, and sneers, and watchings, and pretty open hints that she was a disgrace to her family, the poor innocent child watered her couch with her tears for a fortnight or more, stretching out her hands to the wide Atlantic, and calling wildly to Don Guzman to return and take her where he would, and she would live for him and die for him; and perhaps she did not call in vain.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW THE GOLDEN HIND CAME HOME AGAIN

ADRIAN GILBERT, brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Mrs. Hawkins, wife of the Port Admiral of Plymouth, Captain John Hawkins, were sitting in a low oak-paneled room in Plymouth town, handsomely enough furnished, adorned with carving and gilding and coats of arms, and noteworthy for many strange knick-knacks, Spanish gold and silver vessels on the sideboard; strange birds and skins, and charts and rough drawings of coast which hung about the room.

The gentleman was a tall fair man, with a broad and lofty forehead, wrinkled with study, and eyes weakened by long poring over the crucible and the furnace. The lady had once been comely enough: but she was aged and worn, as sailors' wives are apt to be, by many sorrows.

Of a sudden the door opened, and in walked, clad in his rough sea-garments, Amyas Leigh.

Adrian turned pale. "Amyas Leigh! What brings you hither? How fares my brother? Where is the ship?"

"Your brother is well, Mr. Gilbert. The *Golden Hind* is gone on to Dartmouth, with Mr. Hayes. I came ashore here, meaning to go north to Bideford, ere I went to London. I called at Drake's just now, but he was away."

"The *Golden Hind?* What brings her home so soon?"

"Yet welcome ever, sir," said Mrs. Hawkins. "This is a great

surprise, though. Captain John did not look for you till next year."

Amyas was silent.

"Something is wrong!" cried Adrian. "Speak!"

Amyas tried, but could not.

"Will you drive a man mad, sir? Has the adventure failed? You said my brother was well."

"He is well."

"Then what—Why do you look at me in that fashion, sir?" and springing up, Adrian rushed forward, and held the candle to Amyas's face.

Amyas's lip quivered, as he laid his hand on Adrian's shoulder.

"Your great and glorious brother, sir, is better bestowed than in settling Newfoundland."

"Dead?" shrieked Adrian.

"He is with the God whom he served!"

Adrian clasped his hands over his forehead, and leaned against the table.

"Go on, sir, go on. God will give me strength to hear all."

And gradually Amyas opened to Adrian that tragic story, which Mr. Hayes has long ago told far too well to allow a second edition of it from me: of the unruliness of the men, ruffians, as I said before, caught up at hap-hazard; of conspiracies to carry off the ships, plunder of fishing vessels, desertions multiplying daily; till Adrian broke out with a groan—

"From him? Conspired against him? Deserted from him? Dotards, buzzards! Where would they have found such another leader?"

"Your illustrious brother, sir," said Amyas, "if you will pardon me, was a very great philosopher, but not so much of a General."

"General, sir? Where was braver man?"

"Not on God's earth; but that does not make a General, sir. If Cortes had been brave and no more, Mexico would have been Mexico still. The truth is, sir, Cortes, like my Captain Drake, knew when to hang a man; and your great brother did not."

Amyas, as I suppose, was right. Gilbert was a man who could be angry enough at baseness or neglect, but who was too kindly to punish it; he was one who could form the wisest and best-digested plans, but who could not stoop to that hail-fellow-well-met drudgery among his subordinates which has been the talisman of great captains.

Then Amyas went on to tell the rest of his story; the setting sail from St. John's to discover the southward coast; Sir Humphrey's chivalrous determination to go in the little *Squirrel* of only ten tons, and "overcharged with nettings, fights, and small ordnance," not only because she was more fit to examine the creeks, but because he had heard of some taunt against him among the men, that he was afraid of the sea.

After that, woe on woe; how, seven days after they left Cape Raz, their largest ship, the *Delight*, after she had "most part of the night" (I quote Hayes), "like the swan that singeth before her death, continued in sounding of trumpets, drums, and fifes, also winding of the cornets and hautboys, and, in the end of their jollity, left off with the battle and doleful knells," struck the next day (the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel* sheering off just in time) upon unknown shoals; where were lost all but fourteen; and those who escaped, after all horrors of cold and famine, were cast on shore in Newfoundland. How, worn out with hunger and want of clothes, the crews of the two remaining ships persuaded Sir Humphrey to sail toward England on the 31st of August.

Then Amyas told the last scene; how, when they were off the Azores, the storms came on heavier than ever, with "terrible

seas, breaking short and pyramid-wise," till on the 9th of September, the tiny *Squirrel* nearly foundered and yet recovered; "and the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hind* so oft as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

"The same Monday, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate (the *Squirrel*) being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out; and withal our watch cried the General was cast away, which was true; for in that moment, the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea."

And so ended (I have used Hayes's own words) Amyas Leigh's story.

"Oh, my brother! my brother!" moaned poor Adrian; "the glory of his house, the glory of Devon!"

And so the talk ended. There was no doubt that the expedition had been an utter failure; Adrian was a ruined man; and Amyas had lost his venture.

Adrian rose, and begged leave to retire; he must collect himself.

"Poor gentleman!" said Mrs. Hawkins; "it is little else he has left to collect."

"Or I either," said Amyas. "I was going to ask you to lend me one of your son's shirts, and five pounds to get myself and my men home."

"Five? Fifty, Mr. Leigh! God forbid that John Hawkins' wife should refuse her last penny to a distressed mariner, and he a gentleman born. But you must eat and drink."

"It's more than I have done for many a day worth speaking of."

And Amyas sat down in his rags to a good supper, while Mrs.

Hawkins told him all the news which she could of his mother, whom Adrian Gilbert had seen a few months before in London; and then went on, naturally enough, to the Bideford news.

"And by the bye, Captain Leigh, I've sad news for you from your place; and I had it from one who was there at the time. You must know a Spanish captain, a prisoner——"

"What, the one I sent home from Smerwick?"

"You sent? Mercy on us! Then, perhaps, you've heard——"

"How can I have heard? What?"

"That he's gone off, the villain?"

"Without paying his ransom?"

"I can't say that; but there's a poor innocent young maid gone off with him, one Salterne's daughter—the serpent!"

"Rose Salterne, the mayor's daughter, the Rose of Torridge?"

"That's her. Bless your dear soul, what ails you?"

Amyas had dropped back in his seat as if he had been shot; but he recovered himself before kind Mrs. Hawkins could rush to the cupboard for cordials.

"You'll forgive me, madam; but I'm weak from the sea."

So she poured some strong brandy and water down Amyas's throat, in spite of his refusals, and sent him to bed, but not to sleep; and after a night of tossing, he started for Bideford.

Now it was by no means a safe thing in those days to travel from Plymouth to the north of Devon; because, to get to your journey's end, unless you were minded to make a circuit of many miles, you must needs pass through a district peopled by those wild, dirty, lawless evil-doers called locally the Gubbings. They dwelt in hovels that were scarcely more than holes in the ground, their tongue was the most uncouth of low Devonian. They lived by stealing other men's sheep, and in-

deed anything they could lay hands on. And yet they had a fierce clannishness and owned a King.

Amyas, in healthy fear of these folk, rode out of Plymouth on a right good horse, in his full suit of armor, carrying lance and sword as well as two great horse-pistols; and behind him Salvation Yeo and five or six north Devon men (who had served with him in Ireland, and were returning on furlough), clad in head-pieces and quilted jerkins, each man with his pike and sword, while two sumpter ponies carried the baggage of this formidable troop.

They pushed on as fast as they could to reach before nightfall Lydford, where they meant to sleep; but night fell just as they reached the frontiers of the enemy's country. A dreary place enough it was, by the wild glare of sunset. A high tableland of heath, banked on the right by the crags and hills of Dartmoor, and sloping away to the south and west toward the foot of the great cone of Brent-Tor, which towered up like an extinct volcano.

On the middle of the down stood a wayside inn, desolate and villainous-looking, with windows paper-patched, and rotting thatch; and at the back rambling barns and walls, around which pigs and barefoot children grunted in loving communion of dirt. At the door, rapt stood the innkeeper, a brawny, sodden-visaged, blear-eyed six feet of brutishness, holding up his hose with one hand, and clawing with the other his hair.

Presently he spies Amyas and his party coming slowly over the hill, pricks up his ears, and counts them; sees Amyas's armor; shakes his head and grunts; and then, being a man of few words, utters a sleepy howl—at which out comes a strapping, slatternly lass, to be bid prepare a meal. The travelers have decided to spend the night here rather than to camp on the heath. Amyas has put his horse and the ponies into a shed, to

which he can find neither lock nor key, and therefore returns grumbling, not without fear for his steed's safety. The baggage is heaped in a corner of the room, and Amyas stretches his legs before a turf fire; while Yeo, who has his notions about the place, posts himself at the door.

Presently Yeo comes in again.

"There's a gentleman just coming up, sir, all alone."

"Ask him to make one of our party, then, with my compliments." Yeo goes out, and returns in five minutes, in high excitement.

"Come out, sir; for goodness' sake come out. I've got him. Safe as a rat in a trap, I have!"

"Who?"

"A spy, sir."

"Nonsense, man!"

"I tell you truth, sir. I went round the house, for I didn't like the looks of him as he came up. So I just put my eye between the wall and the gate, and I saw him come up to the back door and knock, and call 'Mary!' and the wench flies out to him; and 'Go away,' I heard her say, 'there's a dear man;' and with that he takes out something and gives it her; and he slips quite still to the stable, and peeps in, and when he sees no one there, in he goes, and out I go, and shut to the door, and back a cart that was there up against it, and call out one of the men to watch the stable."

So Amyas ran out, pulled back the cart and opened the door on—his cousin Eustace.

Neither cousin spoke for a moment. At last Amyas—

"Well, cousin hide-and-seek, how long have you added horse-stealing to your other trades?"

"My dear Amyas," said Eustace very meekly, "I may surely go into an inn stable without intending to steal what is in it."

"Of course, old fellow," said Amyas, mollified, "I was only in jest. But what brings you here? Not prudence, certainly."

"I am bound to know no prudence save for the Lord's work. You Protestants leave these poor wretches heathens, and then insult and persecute those who, with a devotion unknown to you, labor at the danger of their lives to make them Christians. Mr. Amyas Leigh, you can give me up to be hanged at Exeter, if it shall so please you to disgrace your own family; but from this spot neither you, no, nor all the myrmidons of your queen, shall drive me, while there is a soul here left unsaved."

"Come out of the stable, at least," said Amyas. "Come out, man, and go to the devil your own way. I shan't inform against you; and Yeo here will hold his tongue if I tell him, I know."

"It goes sorely against my conscience, sir; but being that he is your cousin, of course——"

"Of course; and now come in and eat with me; supper's just ready, and bygones shall be bygones, if you will have them so."

How much forgiveness Eustace felt in his heart, I know not: but in he went; and yet he never forgot that scar upon his cheek; and Amyas could not look him in the face but Eustace must fancy that his eyes were on the scar, and peep up from under his lids to see if there was any smile of triumph on that honest visage. They talked away over the venison, guardedly enough at first; but as they went on, Amyas's straightforward kindliness warmed poor Eustace's frozen heart; and ere they were aware, they found themselves talking over their boyhood; and Eustace asked Amyas why he was going to Bideford, while Frank and his mother were in London.

"To tell you the truth, I cannot rest till I have heard the whole story about poor Rose Salterne."

"What about her?" cried Eustace.

"Do you not know?"

"How should I know anything here? For heaven's sake, what has happened?"

Amyas told him, wondering at his eagerness, for he had never had the least suspicion of Eustace's love.

Eustace shrieked aloud.

"Fool, fool, that I have been! Caught in my own trap! Villain, villain that he is! After all he promised me at Lundy!" And springing up, Eustace stamped up and down the room, gnashing his teeth and tossing his head from side to side.

Amyas sat thunderstruck. His first impulse was to ask, "Lundy? What knew you of him? What had he or you to do at Lundy?" but pity conquered curiosity.

"Oh, Eustace! And you then loved her too?"

"Don't speak to me! Loved her? Yes, sir, and had as good a right to love her as any one of your precious Brotherhood of the Rose. Don't speak to me, I say, or I shall do you mischief!"

So Eustace knew of the brotherhood too! But Amyas only answered—

"My good cousin, why be wroth with me? If you really love her, now is the time to take counsel with me how best we shall——"

Eustace did not let him finish his sentence. Conscious that he had betrayed himself upon more points than one, he stopped short in his walk, suddenly collected himself by one great effort, and eyed Amyas from underneath his brows.

"How best we shall do what, my valiant cousin?" said he in a meaning and half-scornful voice. "What does your most chivalrous Brotherhood of the Rose purpose in such a case?"

Amyas, a little nettled, stood on his guard in return, and answered bluntly—

"What the Brotherhood of the Rose will do, I can't yet say. What it ought to do, I have a pretty sure guess."

"So have I. To hunt her down as you would an outlaw, because forsooth she has dared to love a Catholic; to murder her lover in her arms, and drag her home again stained with his blood, to be forced by threats and persecution to renounce that Church in whose maternal bosom she has doubtless long since found rest and holiness!"

"If she has found holiness, it matters little to me where she has found it, Master Eustace: but that is the very point that I should be glad to know for certain."

"And you will go and discover for yourself?"

"Have you no wish to discover it also?"

"And if I had, what would that be to you?"

"Only," said Amyas, trying hard to keep his temper, "that, if we had the same purpose, we might work together."

"Our paths lie on very different roads, sir!"

"I am afraid you never spoke a truer word. But be so kind as to tell me what you meant by saying that you had met this Spaniard at Lundy?"

"I shall refuse to answer that."

"Please recollect, Eustace, that however good friends we have been for the last half-hour, you are in my power. I have a right to know the bottom of this matter."

"In your power? See that you are not in mine! Remember, sir, that you are within a—within a few miles, at least, of those who will obey me, their Catholic benefactor!" And he turned to the door and vanished.

"Pooh!" said Amyas to himself: "I can find out enough, and too much, I fear, without the help of such crooked vermin. I must see Cary; I must see Salterne; and I suppose, if I am ready to do my duty, I shall learn somehow what it is. Now to sleep. Come in hither, men," shouted he, "and sleep here. Haven't you had enough of this villainous sour cider? Where's Yeo?"

No one knew; he had gone out and had not returned.

"Never mind," said Amyas. "He'll take care of himself, I'll warrant him."

The four tars were soon snoring in concert round the fire, while Amyas laid himself on the settle, with his saddle for a pillow.

It was about midnight, when Amyas leaped to his feet, or rather fell upon his back, upsetting saddle, settle, and finally, table, under the notion that ten thousand flying dragons were bursting in the window close to his ear, with fierce howls. Another minute made it evident that a sharp fight was going on in the courtyard, and that Yeo was hallooing lustily for help.

Out turned the men, sword in hand, burst the back door open, stumbling over pails and pitchers, and into the courtyard, where Yeo, his back against the stable-door, was holding his own manfully with sword and buckler against a dozen men.

Dire and manifold was the uproar: geese screamed, chickens screamed, pigs screamed, donkeys screamed, Mary screamed from an upper window; and to complete the chorus, a flock of plovers, attracted by the noise, wheeled round and round overhead, and added their screams also.

The screaming went on, but the fight ceased; for as Amyas rushed into the yard, the whole party of ruffians took to their heels, and vanished over a low hedge at the other end of the yard.

"Are you hurt, Yeo?"

"Not a scratch, thank Heaven! But I've got two of them, the ringleaders, I have. One of them's against the wall. Your horse did for t'other."

The wounded man was lifted up—a huge ruffian, nearly as big as Amyas himself. Yeo's sword had passed through his body. He groaned and choked for breath.

"Carry him indoors. Where is the other?"

"Dead as a herring, in the straw. Have a care, men, have a care how you go in! the horses are near mad!"

However, the man was brought out after a while. With him all was over. They could feel neither pulse nor breath.

"Carry him in too, poor wretch. And now, Yeo, what is the meaning of all this?"

Yeo's story was soon told. He could not get out of his Puritan head the notion that Eustace had meant to steal the horses. He had seen the innkeeper sneak off at their approach; and expecting some night-attack, he had taken up his lodging for the night in the stable.

As he expected, an attempt was made. The door was opened (how, he could not guess, for he had fastened it inside), and two fellows came in, and began to loose the beasts. Yeo's account was that he seized the big fellow, who drew a knife on him, and broke loose; the horses, terrified at the scuffle, kicked right and left; one man fell, and the other ran out, calling for help, with Yeo at his heels; "Whereon," said Yeo, "seeing a dozen more on me with clubs and bows, I thought best to shorten the number while I could, ran the rascal through, and stood on my ward; and only just in time I was, what's more; there's two arrows in the house wall, and two or three more in my buckler, which I caught up as I went out, for I had hung it close by the door, you see, sir, to be all ready in case."

"By Heaven! the man is dead!" cried Amyas, examining him.

"That poor fellow that lies dead is none other than the leader of the Gubbings; the king of them, as they dare to call him," whispered Yeo.

"Well, what of that?"

"Mark my words, sir, if we have not a hundred stout rogues upon us before two hours are out; forgive us they never will; and if we get off with our lives, which I don't much expect, we

shall leave our horses behind; for we can hold the house, sir, well enough till morning: but the courtyard we can't, that's certain!"

"We had better march at once, then."

Leaving on their left Lydford and its castle, Amyas and his party trudged on through the mire toward Bideford. When he rode up to Sir Richard's door, he found that the Knight was still in Ireland, and Lady Grenvile at Stow. Whereupon he rode back again down the High Street to that same bow-windowed Ship Tavern where the Brotherhood of the Rose made their vow.

"Ah! Mr. Leigh—Captain Leigh now, I beg pardon," quoth mine host, "Bideford is an empty place nowadays and nothing stirring, sir. Try a pint of sherry, sir, now, to give you an appetite. Jane! Sherry and sugar, quick, while I pull off the captain's boots."

Amyas sat weary and sad, while the innkeeper chattered on.

"Ah, sir! two or three like you would set the young ladies all alive again. By-the-bye, there's been strange doings among them since you were here last. You mind Mistress Salterne!"

"For God's sake, don't let us have that story, man! I heard enough of it at Plymouth!" said Amyas, in so disturbed a tone that mine host looked up at him in surprise.

"How is the old man?" asked Amyas, after a pause.

"Bears it well enough, sir; but a changed man. Never speaks to a soul, if he can help it. Some folk say he's not right in his head. He sits up all night in the room as was hers, turning over her garments. Heaven knows what's on his mind—they do say he was over hard on her, and that drove her to it. I heard him ask Mr. Cary when you would be home, sir."

"Put on my boots again. I'll go and see him;" and Amyas strode out along the quay and knocked at Mr. Salterne's door.

Salterne himself opened it, with his usual stern courtesy.

"I saw you coming up the street, sir. I have been expecting this honor from you for some time past. I dreamt of you only last night, and many a night before that too. Welcome, sir, into a lonely house."

And he led Amyas into his parlor, and called to the apprentices to run one way, and to the cook to run another.

" You must not trouble yourself to get me supper, indeed."

"I must though, sir, and the best of wine too; and you must drink it now," and out he bustled.

Amyas sat still, puzzled at the sudden hilarity of the man as well as his hospitality, so different from what the innkeeper had led him to expect.

"My dear sir," said Amyas, "you don't mean us to drink all that wine?"

"Why not, sir?" answered Salterne, in a grim, half-sneering tone, thrusting out his square, grizzled beard and chin. "Why not, sir? why should I not make merry when I have the honor of a noble captain in my house? one who has sailed the seas, sir, and cut Spaniards' throats; and may cut them again too; eh, sir? Boy, where's the kettle and the sugar?"

"What on earth is the man at?" quoth Amyas to himself—"flattering he, or laughing at me?"

"Look here, sir; I should like to feed a crew up, as you'd feed a main of fighting-cocks, and then start them with a pair of Sheffield swords apiece—you've a good one there to your side, sir; but don't you think a man might carry two now, and fight as they say those Chinese do, a sword to each hand? You could kill more that way, Captain Leigh, I reckon?"

Amyas half laughed.

"One will do, Mr. Salterne, if one is quick enough with it."

"Humph!—Ah—No use being in a hurry. I haven't been in

a hurry. No—I waited for you; and here you are and welcome, sir! Here comes supper: a capon and a brace of partridges. I had no time to feast you as you deserve."

And so he ran on all supper-time, hardly allowing Amyas to get a word in edgeways, but heaping him with coarse flattery, and urging him to drink, till after the cloth was drawn, and the two left alone, he grew so outrageous that Amyas was forced to take him to task good-humoredly.

"Now, my dear sir, you have feasted me royally, and better far than I deserve: but why will you go about to make me drunk twice over, first with vainglory and then with wine?"

Salterne looked at him a while fixedly, and then, sticking out his chin—"I'll be plain with you, sir. You've heard how—how I've fared since you saw me last?"

Amyas nodded his head.

"I thought so. Shame travels fast. Now then, Captain Leigh, listen to me. I, being a plain man and a burgher, and one that never drew iron in my life, ask you, being a gentleman and a captain and a man of honor, with a weapon to your side, what would you do in my place?"

"Humph!" said Amyas, "that would very much depend on whether 'my place' was my own fault or not."

"And what if it were, sir? What if all that the charitable folks of Bideford have been telling you in the last hour be true, sir—true! and yet not half the truth?"

Amyas gave a start.

"Ah, you shrink from me! Of course a man is too righteous to forgive those who repent, though God is not."

"God knows, sir——"

"Yes, sir, God does know—all; and you shall know a little—as much as I can tell—or you understand. Come upstairs with me, sir, as you'll drink no more; I have a liking for you. I have

watched you from your boyhood and I can trust you, and I'll show you what I never showed to mortal man but one."

And, taking up a candle, he led the way upstairs, while Amyas followed wondering.

He stopped at a door, and unlocked it.

"There, come in. Those shutters have not been opened since she——" and the old man was silent.

Amyas looked round the room. It was a low wainscoted room, such as one sees in old houses: everything was in the most perfect neatness. The snow-white sheets on the bed were turned down as if ready for an occupant. There were books arranged on the shelves, fresh flowers on the table; the dressing-table had all its woman's mundus of pins, and rings, and brushes; even the dressing-gown lay over the chair-back. Everything was evidently just as it had been left.

"This was her room, sir," whispered the old man.

Amyas nodded silently, and half drew back.

"You need not be modest about entering it now, sir," whispered he, with a sort of sneer. "There has been no frail flesh and blood in it for many a day."

Amyas sighed.

"I sweep it out myself every morning, and keep all tidy. See here!" and he pulled open a drawer. "Here are all her gowns, and there are her hoods; and there—sir——"

And he opened a cupboard, where lay in rows all Rose's dolls, and the worn-out playthings of her childhood.

"That's the pleasantest place of all in the room to me," said he, whispering still: "for it minds me of when—and maybe she may become a little child once more, sir; it's written in the Scripture, you know——"

"Amen!" said Amyas, who felt, to his own wonder, a big tear stealing down each cheek.

"And now," he whispered, "one thing more. Look here!"—and pulling out a key, he unlocked a chest, and lifted up tray after tray of necklaces and jewels, furs, lawns, cloth of gold. "Look there! Two thousand pound won't buy that chest. Twenty years have I been getting those things together. That's the cream of many a Levant voyage, and East Indian voyage, and West Indian voyage. And whom do you think I kept all these for? These were for her wedding-day—for her wedding-day. For your wedding-day, if you'd been minded, sir! Yes, yours, sir! And now," said he, pointing to the open chest, "that was what *I* meant; and that" (pointing to the empty bed) "was what *God* meant. Never mind. Come downstairs and finish your wine. I see you don't care about it all. Why should you! you are not her father, and you may thank God you are not. Go, and be merry while you can, young sir!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked Amyas, still puzzled.

"To keep your oath," said Salterne, clutching his arm, and looking up into his face with searching eyes.

"My oath! How did you know that I had one?"

"Ah! you were well ashamed of it, I suppose, next day! A drunken frolic all about a poor merchant's daughter!"

"Ashamed of it, sir, I never was: but I have a right to ask how you came to know it?"

"What if a poor fat squinny rogue, a low-born fellow whom you had made a laughing-stock, had come to me in my loneliness and sworn before God that if you honorable gentlemen would not keep your words, he the clown would?"

"John Brimblecombe?"

"And what if I had brought him where I have brought you, and shown him what I have shown you, and, instead of standing as stiff as any Spaniard, as you do, he had thrown himself on his knees by that bedside, and wept and prayed, sir, till he opened

my heart for the first and last time, and I fell down on my sinful knees and wept and prayed by him?"

"I am not given to weeping, Mr. Salterne," said Amyas; "and as for praying, I don't know yet what I have to pray for, on her account: my business is to work. Show me what I can do; and then it will be full time to upbraid me with not doing it."

"You can cut that fellow's throat."

"It will take a long arm to reach him."

"I suppose it is as easy to sail to the Spanish Main as it was to sail round the world."

"My good sir," said Amyas, "I have at this moment no more worldly goods than my clothes and my sword; so how to sail to the Spanish Main, I don't quite see."

"And do you suppose, sir, that I should hint to you of such a voyage if I meant you to be at the charge of it? No, sir; if you want two thousand pounds, or five, to fit a ship, take it! Take it, sir! I hoarded money for my child: and now I will spend it to avenge her."

Amyas was silent for a while; the old man still held his arm, still looked up steadfastly and fiercely in his face.

"Bring me home that man's head, and take ship, prizes—all! Keep the gain, sir, and give me the revenge!"

"Gain? Do you think I need bribing, sir? What kept me silent was the thought of my mother: I dare not go without her leave. I must obey my parent."

Salterne made a gesture of impatience.

"Humph!" said he. "If others had obeyed theirs as well!—But you are right, Captain Leigh, right. Now, sir, good-night, if you will let me be the first to say so. My old eyes grow heavy early nowadays."

So Amyas departed to the inn, and there, to his great joy, found Cary waiting for him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MOST CHIVALROUS ADVENTURE OF THE GOOD SHIP ROSE

A FEW days afterwards, Sir Richard, on his way from Bideford to Stow, looked in at Clovelly Court, and mentioned, with a "by the bye," news which made Will Cary leap from his seat almost to the ceiling. The miller at Stow had reported that Rose Salterne had vanished in the night. Suspicion had fallen on old Lucy Passmore, but a search of her cottage had revealed no trace of the girl. Lucy herself declared that she knew nothing, but soon afterwards herself disappeared, no one knew whither.

"And is there no clue?" asked Mr. Cary, for his son was speechless.

"Only this: I hear that some fellow prowling about the cliffs that night saw a pinnace running for Lundy."

So Will must hastily summon his servants and, on a trawling-skiff, make off for Lundy. There he learned that, a few days since, a lady, with her maid, and two foreigners from the castle, had sailed early in the morning. And so the vague suspicions as to Rose's fate turned to certainty that she had gone off with the Spaniard.

Will Cary was for a while like a man distracted. He heaped himself with all manner of superfluous reproaches, for having (as he said) first brought the Rose into disgrace, and then driven her into the arms of the Spaniard. St. Leger tried in vain to persuade him that the fault was not his at all: that the two must have been attached to each other long before the quarrel; that old Salterne's harshness, rather than Cary's wrath, had hastened the catastrophe; and finally, that the Rose and her fortunes were, now that she had eloped with a Spaniard, not worth troubling their heads about. Then Will wrote off to Frank at Whitehall, telling him the whole truth, and entreating Frank's forgiveness; to which he received an answer, in which Frank said that Will had no reason to accuse himself; and that at any rate there was nothing to be done about it now.

There the matter dropped for a few days, till one came forward who had no mind to let it drop, and that was Jack Brimblecombe, now curate of Hartland town, and "passing rich on forty pounds a year."

"I hope no offense, Mr. William; but when are you and the rest going after—after her?" The name stuck in his throat.

Cary was taken aback.

"What's that to thee, Catiline the blood-drinker?" asked he, trying to laugh it off.

"What? Don't laugh at me, sir, for it's no laughing matter.

I drank that night nought worse, I expect, than red wine. Whatever it was, we swore our oaths, Mr. Cary; and oaths are oaths, say I."

"Of course, Jack, of course; but to go to look for her—and when we've found her, cut her lover's throat? Absurd, Jack, even if she were worth looking for, or his throat worth cutting. Tut, tut, tut——"

But Jack looked steadfastly in his face, and after some silence.

"How far is it to the Caraccas, then, sir?"

"What is that to thee, man?"

"Why, he was made governor thereof, I hear; so that would be the place to find her?"

"You don't mean to go thither to seek her?" shouted Cary, forcing a laugh.

"That depends on whether I can go, sir; but if I can scrape the money together, or get a berth on board some ship, why, God's will must be done."

Will looked at him, to see if he had been drinking, or gone mad: but the little pig's eyes were both sane and sober.

Will knew no answer. To laugh at the poor fellow was easy enough; to deny that he was right, that he was a hero and cavalier, outdoing romance itself in faithfulness, not so easy; and Cary, in the first impulse, wished him at the bottom of the bay for shaming him. Of course, his own plan of letting ill alone was the rational, prudent, irreproachable plan, and just what any gentleman in his senses would have done; but here was a vulgar, fat curate, out of his senses, determined not to let ill alone, but to do something, as Cary felt in his heart, of a far diviner stamp.

"And, Mr. William," said Jack, "you know me for an honest man, I hope. Will you lend me a five pound, and take my books in pawn for them, just to help me out?"

"Are you mad, or in a dream? You will never find her!"

"That's no reason why I shouldn't do my duty in looking for her, Mr. William."

"But, my good fellow, even if you get to the Indies, you will be clapt into the Inquisition, and burnt alive, as sure as your name is Jack."

"I know that," said he in a doleful tone; "and a sore struggle of the flesh I have had about it; for I am a great coward, Mr. William, and always was, as you know: but maybe the Lord will take care of me, and if not, Mr. Will, I'd sooner burn, and have it over, than go on this way any longer, I would!" and Jack burst out blubbering.

"I wonder what Amyas Leigh would say to all this, if he were at home?"

"Say? He'd do. He isn't one for talking. He'd go through fire and water for her, you trust him, Will Cary; and call me an ass if he won't!"

"Will you wait, then, till he comes back, and ask him? If you will wait like a rational and patient man, instead of rushing blindfold on your ruin, something may be done."

"You think so!"

"I cannot promise; but go you shall not till Amyas comes."

And so he was off; but in a few days he returned, and said with a joyful voice—

"I have settled all, Mr. Will. The parson of Welcombe will serve my church for two Sundays, and I am away for London town, to speak to Mr. Frank."

Cary tried in vain to dissuade him; and then forced on him a small loan, with which away went Jack, and Cary heard no more of him for three weeks.

At last Jack walked into Clovelly Court again just before supper-time, and sat himself down.

"I have learned a lesson, Mr. William. I've learnt that there is one on earth loves her better than I, if she had but had the wit to have taken him."

"But what says he of going to seek her?"

"He says what I say, Go! and he says what you say, Wait."

"Go? Impossible!"

"That's no concern of mine. Of course, being nearer heaven than I am, he sees clearer what he should say and do than I can see for him. Oh, Mr. Will, that's not a man, he's an angel of God; but he's dying, Mr. Will."

"Dying?"

"Yes, faith, of love for her. I can see it in his eyes, and hear it in his voice; but I am of tougher hide, and stiffer clay, and so you see I can't die even if I tried. But I'll obey my betters, and wait." And Jack returned to Hartland town.

"So, lad," said Will Cary, telling this story to Amyas; "if you are minded to take the old man's offer, so am I; and Westward-ho with you, come foul, come fair. Only mind, if we go, we must needs take Jack Brimblecombe with us, or he will surely heave himself over Harty Point, and his ghost will haunt us to our dying day."

"Jack shall go. None deserves it better."

After which there was a long consultation on practical matters, and it was concluded that Amyas should go up to London and sound Frank and his mother before any further steps were taken.

Arrived there, Amyas took boat at Whitehall-Stairs, one of the Thames landing-places, and passing under old London Bridge made his way to Deptford Creek. Here was lying the famous ship *Pelican*, in which Drake had sailed round the world; drawn up high and dry upon the sedgy bank of Thames, like an old warrior resting after his toil. Elizabeth's self consecrated

her solemnly, and having banqueted on board, there and then honored Drake with the dignity of knighthood.

There the ship has remained since as a show, and moreover as a sort of dining-hall for jovial parties from the City; one of which was being held on board this afternoon, to judge from the flags, the sounds of revelry and savory steams which issue from those windows which once were portholes, and the rushing to and fro along the river brink of white-aproned waiters from the neighboring Pelican Inn.

Look at the men all round; a nobler company you will seldom see. At the head of the table sits the Lord Mayor, a right kingly man, with my lord Earl of Cumberland on his right hand, and Walter Raleigh on his left: the three talk together in a low voice on the chance of there being vast and rich countries still undiscovered between Florida and the River of Canada. On Raleigh's left is Richard Hakluyt, of Oxford.

On the opposite side of the table is a group scarcely less interesting. Martin Frobisher and William Davis, the pioneers of the North-West passage, are talking with Alderman Sanderson, the great geographer and "setter forth of globe," and Mr. Francis Leigh. They too are talking of the North-West passage: and Sidney is lamenting that he is tied to diplomacy and courts, and expressing his envy of old Martin Frobisher in all sorts of pretty compliments.

But at this moment a waiter enters and—"Please my Lord Mayor's Worship, there is a tall gentleman outside, would speak with the Right Honorable Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Show him in, man. Sir Walter's friends are ours."

Amyas enters, and stands hesitating in the doorway.

"Captain Leigh!" cry half-a-dozen voices.

"Sir Walter—you will excuse me,"—and he gave Raleigh a look which was enough for his quick wit. He rose, and followed

Amyas into an adjoining cabin. They were five minutes together; and then Amyas came out alone.

In a few words he told the company the sad story of the fate of the Newfoundland expedition. Ere it was ended, noble tears were glistening on some of those stern faces.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Edward Osborne, "our feast is at an end. There are those here who would drink on merrily, as brave men should, in spite of the private losses of which they have just had news; but none here who can drink with the loss of so great a man still ringing in his ears."

It was true. Though many of the guests had suffered severely by the failure of the expedition, they had utterly forgotten that fact in the awful news of Sir Humphrey's death; and the feast broke up sadly and hurriedly, while each man asked his neighbor, "What will the queen say?"

Raleigh re-entered in a few minutes, but was silent, and presently went out to call a wherry, beckoning Amyas to follow him. Sidney, Cumberland, and Frank went with them in another boat, leaving the two to talk over the sad details.

They disembarked at Whitehall-Stairs; Raleigh, Sidney, and Cumberland went to the queen's palace, and the two brothers to their mother's lodgings.

Amyas had not courage to tell his brother of Rose Salterne, and longed that Frank would open the matter. Frank, too, shrank from what he knew must come, and all the more because he was ignorant that Amyas had been to Bideford, or knew aught of the Rose's disappearance.

Years and events had deepened the contrast between the two brothers; and Frank smiled with affectionate pride as he looked up in Amyas's face, and saw that he was no longer merely the rollicking handy sailor-lad, but the self-confident and stately warrior. His long locks were now cropped close to the head;

but the lips and chin were covered with rich golden beard; his face was browned by a thousand suns and storms; a long scar, the trophy of some Irish fight, crossed his right temple; his huge figure had gained breadth in proportion to its height; and his hand, as it lay upon the window-sill, was hard and massive as a smith's. Frank laid his own upon it, and sighed; and Amyas looked down, and started at the contrast between the two—so slender, bloodless, all but transparent, were the delicate fingers of the courtier. Amyas looked anxiously into his brother's face. It was changed, indeed, since they last met. There was a brilliant red spot on either cheek; the lips were pale, the features sharpened; the eyes glittered with unnatural fire.

Frank was looking at him anxiously; and then— "I must tell you now, I suppose, of what has happened at Bideford—"

"Spare us both, Frank; I know all. I came through Bideford on my way hither; and came hither not merely to see you and my mother, but to ask your advice and her permission."

"True heart! noble heart!" cried Frank. "I knew you would be staunch!"

"Westward-ho it is, then?"

"Can we escape?"

"We?"

"Amyas, does not that which binds you bind me?"

Amyas started back, and held Frank by the shoulders at arm's length; as he did so, he could feel through that his brother's arms were but skin and bone.

"You? Dearest man, a month of it would kill you!"

Frank smiled. "I doubt not that a voyage in those latitudes rather would mend me. And I must go, Amyas. It is not merely that my heart pants to make one of those noble Argonauts who are now subduing the earth for God and for the queen; it is not merely, Amyas, that love calls me—love strengthened by

absence and deepened by despair; but honor, Amyas—my oath——"

And he paused for lack of breath, and bursting into a violent fit of coughing, leaned on his brother's shoulder, while Amyas cried,

"Fools, fools that we were—that I was, I mean—to take that fantastical vow!"

The boys' mother had entered, and now interrupted with a gentle protest. She, it seemed, approved of the self-sacrifice both contemplated; bade them God-speed, and indeed expressed a wish, with her tender smile, that she might go with them.—"I could nurse the sick, if there were any; I could perhaps have speech of that poor girl, and win her back more easily than you. She might listen to words from a woman which she could not hear from men. At least I could mend and wash for you."

Amyas looked from one to the other.

"God only knows which of the two is less fit to go. Mother! you know not what you ask. Frank! Frank! I do not want you with me. This is a sterner matter than either of you fancies it to be; one that must be worked out, not with kind words, but with sharp shot and cold steel. I must pay my men, and pay my fellow-adventurers; and I must pay them with Spanish gold. And what is more, I cannot, as a loyal subject of the queen's, go to the Spanish Main with a clear conscience on my own private quarrel, unless I do all the harm that my hand finds to do, by day and night, to her enemies, and the enemies of God."

But now began a fresh perplexity in Frank's soul, which amused Amyas at first when it seemed merely jest, but nettled him a good deal when he found it earnest. For Frank looked forward to asking the queen's permission for his voyage with the most abject despondency and terror. Two or three days passed before he could make up his mind to ask for an interview with

her: but at last he obtained his audience; and after a couple of hours' absence returned quite pale and exhausted.

"Thank Heaven, it is over! She was very angry at first—what else could she be?—and upbraided me with having set my love so low. I could only answer that my fatal fault was committed before the sight of her had taught me what was supremely lovely, and only worthy of admiration. Then she was pleased to ask me how I could dare, as her sworn servant, to desert her side in such dangerous times as these; and asked me how I should reconcile it to my conscience, if on my return I found her dead by the assassin's knife? At which most pathetic demand I could only throw myself at once on my own knees and her mercy. Then, with that angelic pity which alone makes her awfulness endurable, she gave her gracious consent, and so dismissed me."

"Heigh ho!" yawned Amyas, whom his brother's awe and devotion merely bored. "I would die for the least hair of her royal head, God bless it! but I could live very well from now till Doomsday without ever setting eyes on the said head. Hillo—who is this our mother is bringing in? The handsomest fellow I ever saw in my life!"

Amyas was not far wrong; for Mrs. Leigh's companion was none other than Amyas's Smerwick Fort acquaintance, Edmund Spenser. A happy, half-jesting conversation had evidently been going on between them, and Mrs. Leigh, as they entered, gave her elder son a fond smile. The poet spoke to him cordially.

"Frank, I congratulate you."

"Then you know the result of my interview, mother?"

"I know everything, and am content," said Mrs. Leigh, "when a son of mine refuses knighthood for duty's sake."

"Knighthood?" cried Amyas. "You never told me that, Frank!"

"That may well be, Captain Leigh," said Spenser; "but be-

lieve me, her Majesty told him this day no less than that by going on this quest he deprived himself of that highest earthly honor."

"I owe you no thanks, Colin," said Frank, "for having broached my secret." But indeed he was proud that his mother should have learned it.

So mother and sons returned to Bideford and set to work. Old Salterne grumbled at any man save himself spending a penny on the voyage, and forced on the adventurers a good ship of two hundred tons burden, and five hundred pounds toward fitting her out; Mrs. Leigh worked day and night at clothes and comforts of every kind; Amyas had nothing to give but his time and his brains: but, as Salterne said, the rest would have been of little use without them; and day after day he and the old merchant were on board the ship, superintending with their own eyes the fitting of every rope and nail. Cary went about beating up recruits, while John Brimblecombe, beside himself with joy, toddled about after him from tavern to tavern, and quay to quay, exalted for the time being (as Cary told him) into a second Peter the Hermit; and so fiercely did he preach a crusade against the Spaniards, through Bideford and Appledore, Clovelly and Ilfracombe, that Amyas might have had a hundred and fifty loose fellows in the first fortnight. But he knew better: still smarting from the effects of a similar haste in the Newfoundland adventure, he had determined to take none but picked men; and by dint of labor he obtained them.

Salvation Yeo was almost wild for a few days, at the sudden prospect of going in search of his little maid, and of fighting Spaniards once more before he died. He entreated to be sent back to Plymouth to look for men.

"There's many a man of the old *Pelican,* sir, and of Captain Hawkins' *Minion,* that knows the Indies as well as I, and longs

to be back again. There's Drew, sir, that we left behind; you promised him, sir, that night he stood by you on board the *Raleigh:* and if you'll be as good as your word, he'll be as good as his, and bring a score more brave fellows with him."

So off went Yeo to Plymouth, and returned with Drew and a score of old never-strikes. One look at their visages, as Yeo proudly ushered them into the Ship Tavern, showed Amyas that they were of the mettle which he wanted, and that, with the four North-Devon men who had gone round the world with him in the *Pelican,* he had a reserve-force on which he could depend.

Frank grew more and more proud of his brother, and more and more humble about himself. For he watched with astonishment how the simple sailor, without genius, scholarship, or fancy, had gained, by plain honesty, patience, and common sense, a power over the human heart, and a power over his work, whatsoever it might be, which Frank could only admire afar off. And so presently, on the 15th of November, 1583, dropped down from Bideford Quay to Appledore Pool the tall ship *Rose,* with a hundred men on board (for sailors packed close in those days), beef, pork, biscuit, and good ale in abundance, four culverins on her main deck, her poop and forecastles well fitted with swivels of every size, and her racks full of muskets, calivers, long bows, pikes and swords.

The next day being Sunday, the whole crew received the Communion together at Northam Church, amid a mighty crowd; and then going on board again, hove anchor and sailed out over the Bar before a soft east wind, to the music of sackbut, fife, and drum, with discharge of all ordnance, great and small, with cheering of young and old from cliff and strand and quay, and with many a tearful prayer and blessing upon that gallant bark, and all brave hearts on board.

CHAPTER XV

HOW THEY CAME TO BARBADOS, AND TOOK THE PEARLS AT MARGARITA

LAND! land! land! Yes, there it was, far away to the south and west, beside the setting sun, a long blue bar between the crimson sea and golden sky. Land at last, with fresh streams, and cooling fruits, and free room for cramped and scurvy-weakened limbs. And there, too, might be gold, and gems, and all the wealth of Ind. Who knew?

So murmured Frank to himself, as with straining eyes he gazed upon the first outlier of the New World which held his all. His cheeks were thin and wasted, and the hectic spot on each glowed crimson in the crimson light of the setting sun. A few minutes more, and the rainbows of the West were gone; emerald and topaz, amethyst and ruby, had faded into silver-gray; and overhead, through the dark sapphire depths, the Moon and Venus reigned above the sea.

"That should be Barbados, your worship," said Drew, the master: "unless my reckoning is far out, which, Heaven knows, it has no right to be, after such a passage, and God be praised."

"Barbados? I never heard of it."

"Very like, sir: but Yeo and I were here with Captain Drake, and I was here after, too, with poor Captain Barlow: and there is good harborage to the south and west of it, I remember."

"And neither Spaniard, cannibal, or other evil beast," said

Yeo. "A very garden of the Lord, sir, hid away in the seas, for an inheritance to those who love Him. I heard Captain Drake talk of planting it, if ever he had a chance. What say you, my masters? How can we do better than to spend a few days here, to get our sick round, before we make the Main, and set to our work?"

The verdict was announced, and received with a hearty cheer by the crew; and before morning they had run along the southern shore of the island, and were feeling their way into the bay where Bridgetown now stands. All eyes were eagerly fixed on the low wooded hills which slept in the moonlight, spangled by fire-flies, with a million dancing stars; all nostrils drank greedily the fragrant air, which swept from the land, laden with the scent of a thousand flowers; all ears welcomed, as a grateful change from the monotonous whisper and lap of the water, the hum of insects, the snore of the tree-toads, the plaintive notes of the shore-fowl, which fill a tropic night with noisy life.

"I say, Gunner, be there goold to that island?"

"Never heard of none; and so much the better for it," said Yeo dryly.

"But, I say, Gunner," said a poor scurvy-stricken cripple, licking his lips, "be there oranges and limmons there?"

"Not of my seeing; but plenty of good fruit down to the beach, thank the Lord. There comes the dawn at last."

Up flushed the rose, up rushed the sun, and the level rays glittered on the smooth stems of the palm trees, and threw rainbows across the foam upon the coral-reefs, and gilded lonely uplands far away. Long lines of pelicans went clanging out to sea; a thousand birds burst into jubilant song; a thin blue mist crept upward toward the inner downs, and vanished, leaving them to quiver in the burning glare; the tropic day was begun.

The sick were lifted over the side, and landed boat-load after

boat-load on the beach, to stretch themselves in the shade of the palms; and now the first cry was for fruit, fruit! fruit! The poor lame wretches crawled from place to place plucking eagerly the violet grapes of the creeping shore vine, and staining their mouths and blistering their lips with the prickly pears, in spite of Yeo's entreaties and warnings against the thorns. Some of the healthy began hewing down coconut trees, to get at the nuts.

Yeo and Drew, having mustered half-a-dozen men, went off inland, and returned in an hour laden with acid junipa-apples, luscious guavas, and crowned ananas, queen of all the fruits, and then all, sitting on the sandy turf, defiant of the insect host, partook of the banquet, while old blue landcrabs sat in their house-doors and brandished their fists in defiance at the invaders, and solemn cranes stood in the water on the shoals with their heads on one side, and meditated how long it was since they had seen bipeds without feathers breaking the solitude of their isle.

And so those four days were spent; and the men, like schoolboys on a holiday, gave themselves up to merriment, not forgetting, however, to wash the clothes, take in fresh water, and store up a good supply of such fruit as seemed likely to keep; until, tired with fruitless rambles after gold, which they expected to find in every bush in spite of Yeo's warnings that none had been heard of on the island, they were fain to lounge about, picking up shells and sea-fans to take home to their sweethearts, and smoking agoutis out of the hollow trees, with shout and laughter; till once more they sailed out of the bay, and off again to the westward, unconscious pioneers of all the wealth, and commerce, and beauty, and science which has in later centuries made that lovely isle the richest gem of all the tropic seas.

They slipped past Grenada in the night, and were at last within that fairy ring of islands on which nature had concen-

Once more they sailed off to the westward.

trated all her beauty, and man all his sin. Yeo rejoiced; for to the southward a cluster of tall peaks rose from the sea; and they, unless his reckonings were wrong, were the mountains of Macanao, at the western end of Margarita, the famous Isle of Pearls, second only in richness to that pearl island in the gulf of Panama, which fifteen years before had cost John Oxenham his life.

The next day saw them running along the north side of the island. At last they opened a deep and still bight, wooded to the water's edge; and lying in the roadstead a caravel, and three boats by her. But, seeing the billows break here and there off the bay's mouth, they thought it better, for fear of rocks, to run by quietly, and then send in the pinnace and the boat. Yeo would have had them show Spanish colors, for fear of alarming the caravel; but Amyas stoutly refused, "counting it," he said, "a mean thing to tell a lie in that way."

So holding on their course till they were shut out by the next point, they started; Cary in the largest boat with twenty men, and Amyas in the smaller one with fifteen more; among whom was John Brimblecombe.

When they came to the bight's mouth, they found, as they had expected, coral rocks, and too many of them; so that they had to run along the edge of the reef a long way before they could find a passage for the boats. While they were so doing, there suddenly appeared below them a school of sharks, some nearly as long as the boat, who looked up at them out of wicked scowling eyes.

"Jack," said Amyas, who sat next to him, "look how that big fellow eyes thee: he has surely taken a fancy to that plump hide of thine, and thinks thou wouldst eat as tender as any sucking porker."

Jack turned very pale, and decided that he did not want to look at the sharks any more.

So having got through the reef, in they ran with a fair breeze, the caravel not being a musket-shot off. Cary laid her aboard before the Spaniards had time to get to their ordnance; and standing up in the sternsheets, shouted to them to yield. The captain asked boldly enough, in whose name? "In the name of common sense, ye dogs," cries Will; "do you not see that you are but fifty strong to our twenty?" Whereon up the side he scrambled, and the captain fired a pistol at him. Cary knocked him over, unwilling to shed needless blood; on which all the crew yielded, some falling on their knees, some leaping overboard; and the prize was taken.

In the meanwhile, Amyas had pulled round under her stern, and boarded the boat which was second from her, for the nearest was fast alongside, and so a sure prize. The Spaniards in her yielded without a blow, crying "Misericordia;" and the negroes, leaping overboard, swam ashore like sea-dogs. Meanwhile, the third boat, which was not an oar's length off, turned to pull away. Whereby befell a notable adventure: for John Brimblecombe, casting about in a valiant mind how he should distinguish himself that day, must needs catch up a boat-hook, and claw on to her stern, shouting "Stay, Spanish dogs!"—by which, as was to be expected, they being ten to his one, he was forthwith pulled overboard, and fell all along on his nose in the sea, leaving the hook fast in her stern.

Where, I know not how, being seized with some panic fear (his lively imagination filling all the sea with those sharks which he had just seen), he fell a-roaring like any town-bull, and in his confusion never thought to turn and get aboard again, but struck out lustily after the Spanish boat, whether in hope of catching hold of the boat-hook which trailed behind her, or from a very madness of valor, no man could divine; but on he swam, his cassock afloat behind him, looking for all the world like a great

black monk-fish, and howling and puffing, with his mouth full of salt water, "Stay, ye Spanish dogs! Help, all good fellows! See you not that I am a dead man? They are nuzzling already at my toes! He hath hold of my leg! My right thigh is bitten clean off! Oh that I were preaching in Hartland pulpit! Stay, Spanish dogs! Yield, cowards, lest I make mincemeat of you; and take me aboard! Yield, I say, or my blood be on your heads!"

The English, expecting him every minute to be snapped up by sharks, or brained by the Spaniard's oar, let fly a volley into the fugitives, on which they all leaped overboard, like their fellows; whereon Jack scrambled into the boat, and drawing sword with one hand, while he wiped the water out of his eyes with the other, began to lay about him like a very lion, cutting the empty air, and crying. "Yield, idolaters! Yield, Spanish dogs!" However, coming to himself after a while, he sits down panting in the sternsheets, and begins stripping off his hose. On which Amyas, thinking surely that the good fellow had gone mad with some stroke of the sun, bade pull alongside, and asked him in heaven's name what he was doing with his nether tackle. On which Jack, amid such laughter as may be conceived, vowed that his right thigh was bitten clean through and to the bone; yea, and that he felt his hose full of blood; and so would have swooned away for imaginary loss of blood had not his friends, after much urging on their part, and anger on his, persuaded him that he was whole and sound.

After which they set to work to overhaul their prize, which they found full of hides and salt-pork; and yet not of that alone; for in the captain's cabin, and also in the sternsheets of the boat which Brimblecombe had so valorously boarded, were certain frails of leaves packed neatly enough, which being opened were full of goodly pearls, though somewhat brown, for the Spaniards

used to damage the color in their haste and greediness, opening the shells by fire, instead of leaving them to decay gradually.

The next day was Sunday; on which, after divine service (which they could hardly persuade Jack to read, so shamefaced was he), Amyas read aloud, according to custom, the articles of their agreement; and then seeing abreast of them a sloping beach with a shoot of clear water running into the sea, agreed that they should land there, wash the clothes, and again water the ship; for they had found water somewhat scarce at Barbados.

So they went ashore, after Amyas had given strict commands against letting off firearms, for fear of alarming the Spaniards. There they washed their clothes, and stretched their legs with great joy, admiring the beauty of the place, and then began to shoot the seine which they had brought on shore with them. "In which," says the chronicler, "we caught many strange fishes, and besides them, a sea-cow full seven feet long, with limpets and barnacles on her back, as if she had been a stick of drift-timber. The Indians call her *manati.* Also one of our men brought in two great black fowls which he had shot with a cross-bow, bodied and headed like a capon, but bigger than any eagle, which the Spaniards call *curassos:* which, with that sea-cow afterwards made us good cheer, both roast and sodden, for the cow was very dainty meat, and tender and fat withal."

After that they set to work filling the casks and barricos, having laid the boat up to the outflow of the rivulet. And lucky for them it was, as it fell out, that they were all close together at that work, and not abroad skylarking as they had been half-an-hour before.

Now John Brimblecombe had gone apart as soon as they landed, with a shamefaced and doleful countenance; and sitting down under a great tree, plucked a Bible from his bosom, and read steadfastly, girded with his uncle's great sword, and his

arquebus lying by him. This too was well for him, and for the rest; for they had not yet finished their watering when there was a cry that the enemy was on them; and out of the wood, not twenty yards from the good parson, came full fifty shot, with a multitude of negroes behind them, and an officer in front on horseback, with a great plume of feathers in his hat, and his sword drawn in his hand.

"Stand, for your lives!" shouted Amyas; and only just in time; for there was ten good minutes lost in running up and down before he could get his men into some order of battle. But when Jack beheld the Spaniards, as if he had expected their coming, he plucked a leaf and put it into the page of his book for a mark, laid the book down soberly, caught up his arquebus, ran like a mad dog right at the Spanish captain, shot him through the body stark dead, and then, flinging the arquebus at the head of him who stood next, fell on with his sword, breaking in among the arquebuses, and striking right and left such ugly strokes that the Spaniards shot at him five or six at once with their arquebuses: but whether from fear of him, or of wounding each other, made so bad play with their pieces that he only got one shrewd gall in his thigh, which made him limp for many a day. But as fast as they gave back he came on; and the rest by this time ran up in good order, and altogether nearly forty men well armed. On which the Spaniards turned and went as fast as they had come; but Jack (who had not all this time spoken one word) followed them as fiercely as ever, till, reaching a great blow at one of the arquebusiers, he caught his foot in a root; on which down he went, and striking his head against the ground, knocked out of himself all the breath he had left. Amyas, seeing the Spaniards gone, did not care to pursue them: but picked up Jack, who, staring about, cried, "Glory be! glory be!—How many have I killed? How many have I killed?"

"Nineteen, at the least," quoth Cary, "and seven with one back stroke;" and then showed Brimblecombe the captain lying dead, and two arquebusiers, besides three or four more who were limping away wounded, some of them by their fellows' shot.

"There!" said Jack, pausing and blowing, "will you laugh at me any more, Mr. Cary; or say that I cannot fight, because I am a poor parson's son?"

Cary took him by the hand, and asked pardon of him for his scoffing, saying that he had that day played the best man of all of them; and so they went to the boats, and pulled off, thanking God for their great deliverance: while all the boat's crew rejoiced over Jack, who after a while grew very faint(having bled a good deal without knowing it), and made as little of his real wound as he had made the day before of his imaginary one.

Frank asked him that evening how he came to show so cool and approved a valor in so sudden a mishap.

"Well, my masters," said Jack, "I don't deny that I was very downcast on account of what you said, and the scandal which I had given to the crew; but as it happened, I was reading there under the tree, to fortify my spirits, the history of the ancient worthies, in St. Paul his eleventh chapter to the Hebrews; and just as I came to that, 'out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens,' arose the cry of the Spaniards. At which, gentlemen, thinking in myself that I fought in just so good a cause as they, and, as I hoped, with like faith, there came upon me so strange an assurance of victory that I verily believed in myself that if there had been a ten thousand of them, I should have taken no hurt. Wherefore," said Jack modestly, "there is no credit due to me, for there was no valor in me whatsoever, but only a certainty of safety; and any coward would fight if he knew that he was to have all the killing and none of the scratches."

They brought away the Spanish officer's sword and also a great chain of gold which he wore about his neck; both of which were allotted to Brimblecombe as his fair prize; but he, accepting the sword, steadfastly refused the chain, entreating Amyas to put it into the common stock; and when Amyas refused, he cut it into links and distributed it among those of the boat's crew who had succored him, winning thereby much good-will.

CHAPTER XVI

WHAT BEFELL AT LA GUAYRA

THE men would gladly have hawked awhile round Margarita and Cabagua for another pearl prize. But Amyas was loth to hang about the islands after the alarm had been given. They ran, therefore, south-west across the mouth of a great bay, leaving on their right hand Tortuga, and on their left the meadow-islands of the Piritoos. Yeo and Drew knew every foot of the way, for they, first of all English mariners, had tried to trade along this coast with Hawkins. And now, right ahead, sheer out of the sea from base to peak, arose higher and higher the mighty range of the Caraccas mountains. Brimblecombe, to Cary's infinite amusement, spent a whole day holding on by the rigging, and staring upwards with his chin higher than his nose, till he got a stiff neck. Soon the sea became rough and chopping, and all night long they struggled through the billows, with the huge wall of Cape Codera a thousand feet above their heads to the left, and beyond it again, bank upon bank of mountain, bathed in the yellow moonlight.

Morning showed them a large ship, which had passed them during the night upon the opposite course, and was now a good ten miles to the eastward. Yeo was for going back and taking her; but Amyas and Frank were both unwilling.

"Why, Yeo, you said that one day more would bring us to La Guayra."

"All the more reason, sir, for doing the Lord's work thoroughly, when He has brought us safely so far on our journey."

"My good Yeo," said Frank, "I trust we shall give good account enough of many a tall Spaniard before we return: but you know surely that La Guayra, and the salvation of one who we believe dwells there, was our first object in this adventure."

Yeo shook his head sadly. "Ah, sirs, a lady brought Captain Oxenham to ruin. No adventure will prosper unless there is a single eye to the Lord's work; that is, as I take it, to cripple the Spaniard, and exalt her Majesty the queen. And I had thought that nothing was more dear to Captain Leigh's heart."

Amyas stood somewhat irresolute. His duty to the queen bade him follow the Spanish vessel: his duty to his vow, to go on to La Guayra. However, the counsel of Frank prevailed, and on to La Guayra he went; which if he had not done, my story had had a very different ending.

About mid-day a canoe, the first which they had seen, came staggering toward them under a huge three-cornered sail. As it came near, they could see two Indians on board.

"What noble creatures they are! and how fearlessly they are coming alongside! Can they know that we are English, and the avengers of the Indians?"

"I suspect they just take us for Spaniards, and want to sell their coconuts. See, the canoe is laden with vegetables."

"Hail them, Yeo!" said Amyas. "You talk the best Spanish, and I want speech of one of them."

Yeo did so; the canoe, without more ado, ran alongside, and lowered her felucca sail, while a splendid Indian scrambled on board like a cat.

He was full six feet high, and as bold and graceful of bearing as Frank or Amyas's self. He looked round for the first moment smilingly, showing his white teeth; but the next his counte-

nance changed; and springing to the side, he shouted to his comrade in Spanish—

"Treachery! No Spaniard!" and would have leaped overboard, but a dozen strong fellows caught him ere he could do so. It required some trouble to master him, so strong was he, and so slippery his naked limbs; Amyas, meanwhile, alternately entreated the men not to hurt the Indian, and the Indian to be quiet, and no harm should happen to him; and so, after five minutes' confusion, the stranger gave in sulkily.

"Don't bind him! Let him loose, and make a ring round him. All I want of you is, first, to tell me what ships are in La Guayra, and next, to go thither with me and show me which is the governor's house, and which the custom-house."

The Indian, crossing himself, looked Amyas in the face.

"No, Señor! I am a freeman and a cavalier, a Christian Guayqueria, whose forefathers, first of all the Indians, swore fealty to the King of Spain. God forbid, therefore, that I should tell aught to his enemies, who are my enemies likewise."

A growl arose from those of the men who understood him; and more than one hinted of ways that would speedily extract the required information.

"God forbid!" said Amyas, "a brave and loyal man he is, and as such will I treat him. Tell me, my brave fellow, how do you know us to be his Catholic Majesty's enemies?"

The Indian, with a shrewd smile, pointed to half-a-dozen different objects, saying, "Not Spanish."

"Well, and what of that?"

"None but Spaniards and free Guayquerias have a right to sail these seas."

Amyas laughed. "Thou art a right valiant bit of copper. Go thy way in peace. Make room for him, men. We can learn what we want without his help."

The Indian paused, incredulous and astonished.

"Overboard with you!" quoth Amyas. "Don't you know when you are well off?"

"Most illustrious Señor," began the Indian, "I have been deceived. I heard that you heretics roasted and ate all true Catholics, and that all your padres had tails. But in repayment for your kindness, I would warn you, illustrious Señor, not to go on to La Guayra. There are ships of war there waiting for you; and moreover, the governor Don Guzman sailed eastward only yesterday to look for you."

"To look for us! On the watch for us!" said Cary. "Impossible; lies! Amyas, this is some trick of the rascal's to frighten us away."

"Don Guzman came out but yesterday to look for us? Are you sure you spoke truth?"

"As I live, Señor, he and another ship, for which I took yours."

Amyas stamped upon the deck: that then was the ship which they had passed!

"Fool that I was to have been close to my enemy, and let my opportunity slip!"

But it was too late to repine; and after all, the Indian's story was likely enough to be false.

"Off with you!" said he; and the Indian bounded over the side into his canoe.

So Westward-ho they ran, beneath the mighty northern wall, the highest cliff on earth, some seven thousand feet of rock parted from the sea by a narrow strip of bright green lowland. Here and there a patch of sugar-cane, or a knot of coconut trees, close to the water's edge, reminded them that they were in the tropics; while between them and the mountain side, white fleecy clouds hung motionless in the burning air.

"Within those mountains, three thousand feet above our

heads," said Drew, the master, "lies Saint Yago de Leon, the great city which the Spaniards founded fifteen years agone."

"Is it a rich place?" asked Amyas.

"Very, they say."

"Is it a strong place?" asked Amyas.

"No forts to it at all, they say. The Spaniards boast that Heaven has made such good walls to it already that man need make none."

"I don't know," quoth Amyas. "Lads, could you climb those hills, do you think?"

And now the last point is rounded, and they are full in sight of the spot in quest of which they have sailed four thousand miles of sea. A low black cliff, crowned by a wall; a battery at either end. Within, a few narrow streets of white houses, running parallel with the sea, upon a strip of flat, which seemed not two hundred yards in breadth; and behind, the mountain wall, covering the whole in deepest shade. How that wall was ever ascended to the inland seemed the puzzle; but Drew, who had been off the place before, pointed out to them a narrow path, which wound upwards through a glen, seemingly sheer perpendicular. That was the road to the capital, if any man dare try it. In spite of the shadow of the mountain, the whole place wore a dusty and glaring look; and no wonder, for La Guayra is one of the hottest spots on earth.

Where was the harbor? There was none. Only an open roadstead, wherein lay tossing at anchor five vessels. The two outer ones were small merchant caravels. Behind them lay two long, low, ugly-looking craft, at sight of which Yeo gave a long wheugh. "Galleys, as I'm a sinful saint! And beyond, a big one with guns!"

"Let's go in, nevertheless," quoth Will Cary, "and pound the Don's ribs, eh? Three to one is very fair odds."

"Not underneath those fort guns, I beg leave to say," Yeo rejoined. And as he spoke, a puff of white smoke rolled from the eastern fort, and a heavy ball plunged into the water between it and the ship.

"I don't altogether like this," quoth Amyas. "What do they mean by firing on us without warning? And what are these ships of war doing here? Drew, you told me the armadas never lie here."

"No more do they, sir, on account of the anchorage being so bad, as you may see. I'm mortal afeard that rascal's story was true, and that the Dons have got wind of our coming."

"Run up a white flag, anyhow. If they do expect us, they must have known some time since, or how could they have got their craft hither?"

"True, sir. They must have come from Santa Martha, at the least; perhaps from Carthagena. And that would take a month at least going and coming."

Amyas suddenly recollected Eustace's threat in the wayside inn. Could he have betrayed their purpose?

"Let us hold a council of war, at all events, Frank."

Frank was absorbed in a very different matter. A half-mile to the eastward of the town, two or three hundred feet up the steep mountain side, stood a large, low, white house embosomed in trees and gardens. And was not that the royal flag of Spain which flaunted before it? That must be the governor's house; that must be the abode of the Rose of Torridge! And Frank stood devouring it with wild eyes. Amyas could hardly tear him away to a council of war.

The three adventurers, with Brimblecombe, Yeo, and Drew, went apart upon the poop; and each looked the other in the face awhile. For what was to be done? The plans and hopes of months were brought to nought in an hour.

"It is impossible, you see," said Amyas at last, "to surprise the town by land, while these ships are here; for if we land our men, we leave our ship without defense."

"As impossible as to challenge Don Guzman while he is not here," said Cary.

"I wonder why the ships have not opened on us already," said Drew.

"Perhaps they respect our flag of truce," said Cary. "Why not send in a boat to treat with them?"

"As for respecting our flag of truce, gentlemen," said Yeo, "if you will take an old man's advice, trust them not. No, sir; I expect the only reason why they don't attack us is because their crews are not on board."

"They will be, soon enough, then," said Amyas. "I can see soldiers coming down the landing-stairs."

And, in fact, boats full of armed men began to push off to the ships.

"We may thank Heaven," said Drew, "that we were not here two hours agone. The sun will be down before they are ready for sea, and the fellows will have no stomach to go looking for us by night."

"So much the worse for us. If they will but do that, we may give them the slip, and back again to the town, and there try our luck; for I cannot find it in my heart to leave the place without having one dash at it."

Yeo shook his head. "There are plenty more towns along the coast more worth trying than this, sir."

At last it was agreed to anchor, and wait till midnight. If the ships of war came out, they were to try to run in past them, and, desperate as the attempt might be, attempt their original plan of landing to the westward of the town, taking it in flank, plundering the government storehouses, which they saw close to

the landing-place, and then fighting their way back to their boats, and out of the roadstead. Two hours would suffice if the armada and the galleys were but once out of the way.

They ran down about a mile and a half to the westward, and anchored. The night wore on, and there was no sign of stir among the shipping; for though they could not see the vessels themselves, yet their lights remained motionless; and the men fretted and fumed for weary hours at thus seeing a rich prize within arm's reach, and yet impossible.

But though a venture on the town was impossible, yet there was another venture which Frank was unwilling to let slip. A light which now shone brightly in one of the windows of the governor's house was the lodestar to which all his thoughts were turned; and as he sat in the cabin with Amyas, Cary, and Jack, he opened his heart to them.

"And are we, then," asked he mournfully, "to go without doing the very thing for which we came?"

All were silent awhile. At last John Brimblecombe spoke.

"Show me the way to do it, Mr. Frank, and I will go."

"My dearest man," said Amyas, "what would you have? Any attempt to see her, even if she be here, would be all but certain death."

"And what if it were?" cried Jack stoutly.

"Yes, what if it were?" echoed Frank. "Listen to me, brother Amyas. One thing I have to do before I die, for God has laid it on me. Let that be done to-night, and then, farewell!"

"Frank! Frank! remember our mother!"

"I do remember her. I have talked over these things with her many a time. But in the meanwhile do not mistake me; my life is God's, and I promise not to cast it away rashly."

"What would you do, then?"

"Go up to that house, Amyas, and speak with her."

"If you go, I go with you!" said all three at once.

"No."

"Some one must go with you, Frank," said Amyas; "if it were only to bring back the boat's crew in case——" and he faltered.

"In case I fall," replied Frank, with a smile. "Yes, some one, I fear, must go. Unhappy me! that I cannot risk my own worthless life without risking your more precious lives!"

"Not so, Mr. Frank! Your oath is our oath, and your duty ours!" said John. "I will tell you what we will do, gentlemen all. We three will draw cuts for the honor of going with him."

"Right, John!" said Frank.

They agreed, seeing no better counsel, and the lot fell upon Amyas Leigh.

Frank shuddered, and clasped his hands over his face.

"Well," said Cary, "I have ill-luck to-night: but Frank goes at least in good company."

Said Jack, "I suppose I was too poor a body to have such an honor fall on me! And yet it is hard indeed to have come all this way, and not to see her after all."

"Jack," said Frank, "you are kept to do better work than this, doubt not. Amyas, can we have a boat, and a crew?"

Amyas went on deck and asked for six volunteers. Whosoever would come, Amyas would double out of his own purse any prize-money which might fall to that man's share.

One of the old *Pelican's* crew, Simon Evans of Clovelly, stepped out at once.

"Why six only, captain? Give the word, and any and all of us will go up with you, sack the house, and bring off the treasure and the lady, before two hours are out."

"No, no, my brave lads! As for treasure, if there be any, it is sure to have been put all safe into the forts, or hidden in the

mountains; and as for the lady, God forbid that we should force her a step without her own will."

"Well, captain, as you like; but no man shall say that you asked for a volunteer, were it to jump down a shark's throat, but what you had me first of all the crew."

Three or four more came forward—Yeo was very anxious to go, but Amyas forbade him. So the crew was made up; but ere they pushed off, Amyas called Cary aside—

"If I perish, Will, then you are captain. Do nothing without Yeo and Drew. But if they approve, go north for San Domingo and Cuba, and try the ports; they can have no news of us there, and there is booty without end. Tell my mother that I died like a gentleman; and mind, dear lad, to keep your temper with the men, let the poor fellows grumble as they may. Mind but that, and fear God, and all will go well."

The tears were glistening in Cary's eyes as he pressed Amyas's hand, and watched the two brothers down over the side upon their desperate errand.

They reached the pebble beach. Leaving the men with the boat (Amyas had taken care that they should be well armed), they started up the beach, with their swords only. Frank assured Amyas that they would find a path leading from the beach up to the house, and he was not mistaken. The path wound in zigzags up a steep rocky slope, and ended at a wicket-gate. They tried it, and found it open.

"She may expect us," whispered Frank.

"Impossible!"

"Why not? She must have seen our ship; and if, as seems, the townsfolk know who we are, how much more must she! Yes, doubt it not, she still longs to hear news of her own land, and some secret sympathy will draw her down towards the sea to-night."

"But if not," said Amyas, "what is your plan?"

"I have none. I have imagined twenty different ones in the last hour; but all are equally uncertain, impossible."

Amyas was at his wits' end. He had taken for granted that Frank had some well-concocted scheme for gaining admittance to the Rose. But now he almost doubted of his brother's sanity, though Frank's manner was perfectly collected and his voice firm. Amyas had half a mind to compel him to return: but he feared Frank's obstinacy; and feared, too, the shame of returning on board without having done anything; so they went up through a wicket-gate into what seemed a pleasure-garden. All around were orange and lemon trees, the fruit of which, in the strange light made by the moon and by the fire-flies that surrounded them, flashed in their eyes like balls of burnished gold and emerald; while great white tassels swinging from every tree tossed in their faces a fragrant snow of blossoms, and glistening drops of perfumed dew.

"What a paradise!" said Amyas as they arrived in front of the house. Balconies ran along the upper story, and the under part was mostly open. The light was still burning in the window.

"Whither now?" said Amyas, in a tone of desperate resignation.

"Thither! Where else on earth?" and Frank pointed to the light, and pushed on.

"For Heaven's sake! Look!"

It was indeed time to stop; for on the terrace of white plaster, which ran all round the front, lay sleeping full twenty black figures.

"What will you do now? You must step over them to gain an entrance."

"Wait here, and I will go up gently towards the window. She may see me. She will see me as I step into the moonlight. At

least I know an air by which she will recognize me, if I do but hum a stave."

"Why, you do not even know that that light is hers!—Down, for your life!"

And Amyas dragged him down into the bushes on his left hand; for one of the negroes, wakening suddenly with a cry, had sat up, and began crossing himself and mumbling charms.

The light above was extinguished instantly.

"Did you see her?" whispered Frank.

"No."

"I did—the shadow of her face, and the neck! Can I be mistaken?"

"Let us go back. We cannot go up without detection, even if our going were of use. Come back, for God's sake, ere all is lost! If you have seen her, as you say, you know at least that she is alive, and safe in his house——"

"As his mistress? or as his wife? Do I know that yet, Amyas, and can I depart until I know? Look!" and Frank caught Amyas's arm.

For round the farther corner of the house a dark cloaked figure stole gently, turning a look now and then upon the sleeping negroes, and came on right toward them.

"Did I not tell you she would come?" whispered Frank.

Amyas was quite bewildered; for as the figure came nearer, there was no denying that the shape and walk were exactly those of her, to find whom they had crossed the Atlantic.

But what was that behind her? Another figure, cloaked likewise, but taller far, was following on her steps. It was a man's. They could see that he wore a broad sombrero. It could not be Don Guzman, for he was at sea. Who then?

The Rose (if indeed it was she) was within ten yards of them, when she perceived that she was followed. She gave a little

shriek. The cavalier sprang forward, lifted his hat courteously, and joined her, bowing low. The moonlight was full upon his face.

"It is Eustace, our cousin! How came he here, in the name of all the fiends?"

"Eustace! Then that is she after all!" said Frank, forgetting everything else in her.

And now flashed across Amyas all that had passed between him and Eustace in the moorland inn. Eustace had been beforehand with them, and warned Don Guzman! All was explained now: but how had he got hither?

"The devil, his master, sent him hither on a broomstick, I suppose: or what matter how? Here he is; and here we are, worse luck!" And, setting his teeth, Amyas awaited the end.

The two came on, talking earnestly, and walking at a slow pace, so that the brothers could hear every word.

"But whither are you going, then, my dear madam?" they heard Eustace say in a wheedling tone. "Can you wonder if such strange conduct should cause at least sorrow to your admirable and faithful husband?"

"Husband!" whispered Frank faintly to Amyas. "Thank God, thank God! I am content. Let us go."

But to go was impossible; for, as fate would have it, the two had stopped just opposite them.

"Do you not know," Eustace was saying, "how dangerous it is to be wandering about thus on the very night when Don Guzman's enemies are lying in wait to slay him? It smacks of treachery, madam!"

Rose protested. "My love for him and his trust in me are——"

"His trust? Have you forgotten, madam, what passed last week, and why he sailed yesterday?"

The only answer was a burst of tears. Eustace stood watching her with a terrible eye.

"Oh!" sobbed she at last. "And if I have been imprudent, was it not natural to wish to look once more upon an English ship? Are you not English as well as I? Have you no longing recollections of the dear old land at home? Besides, why should he ever know of it?"

Eustace was silent.

"Ah!" she burst out passionately, "why not, indeed, while you are here? You, sir, the tempter, you the eavesdropper, you the sunderer of loving hearts!"

"Do you dare to accuse me thus, madam, without a shadow of evidence?"

"Dare? I dare anything, for I know all! I have watched you, sir, and I have borne with you too long."

"Me, madam, whose only sin towards you, as you should know by now, is to have loved you too well? Rose! Rose! have you not blighted my life for me—broken my heart?"

"Depart, sir, and tempt me no more! You have asked me what I dare; and I dare this, to bid you leave this place now and for ever, after having insulted me by talking of your love, and tempted me to give up that faith which my husband promised me he would respect and protect. Go, sir!"

Eustace answered calmly:

"I go, madam: but how know you that I may not have orders, and that, after your last strange speech, my conscience may compel me to obey those orders, to take you with me?"

"Me? with you?"

And drawing close to her he whispered in her ear—what, the brothers heard not—but her answer was a shriek which rang through the woods, and sent the night-birds fluttering up from every bough above their heads.

"Are you mad, madam, to betray yourself by your own cries? The negroes will be here in a moment. I give you one last chance for life, then;" and Eustace shouted in Spanish at the top of his voice, "Help, help, servants! Your mistress is being carried off by bandits!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Let your woman's wit supply the rest: and forget not him who thus saves you from disgrace."

Whether the brothers heard the last words or not, I know not; but taking for granted that Eustace had discovered them, they sprang to their feet at once, determined to make one last appeal, and then to sell their lives as dearly as they could.

Eustace started at the unexpected apparition; but a second glance showed him Amyas's mighty bulk; and he spoke calmly:

"You see, madam, I did not call without need. Welcome, good cousins. My charity, as you perceive, has found means to outstrip your craft; while the fair lady, as was but natural, has been true to her assignation!"

"Liar!" cried Frank. "She never knew of our being——"

Amyas burst through the bushes at him. There was no time to be lost; and ere the giant could disentangle himself from the boughs and shrubs, Eustace had slipped off his long cloak, had thrown it over Amyas's head, and had run up the alley shouting for help.

Mad with rage, Amyas gave chase: but in two minutes more Eustace was safe among the ranks of the negroes, who came shouting and jabbering down the path.

He rushed back. Frank was just ending some wild appeal to Rose—

"Your conscience! your religion!——"

"No, never! I can face the chance of death, but not the loss of him. Go! for God's sake leave me!"

"You are lost, then,—and I have ruined you!"

"Come off, now or never," cried Amyas, clutching him by the arm, and dragging him away like a child.

"You forgive me?" cried he.

"Forgive you?" and she burst into tears again.

Frank burst into tears also.

"Let me go back, and die with her—Amyas!—my oath!—my honor!" and he struggled to turn back.

Amyas looked back too, and saw her standing calmly, with her hands folded across her breast, awaiting Eustace and the servants; and he half turned to go back also. Both saw how fearfully appearances had put her into Eustace's power. Had he not a right to suspect that they were there by her appointment; and that she had intended to escape with them? And would not Eustace use his power? The thought of the Inquisition crossed their minds. "Was that the threat which Eustace whispered?" asked he of Frank.

"It was," groaned Frank in answer.

For the first and last time in his life, Amyas Leigh stood irresolute.

"Back, and stab her to the heart first!" said Frank, struggling to escape from him.

Oh, if Amyas were but alone, and Frank safe home in England! To charge the whole mob, kill her, kill Eustace, and then cut his way back again to the ship, or die,—what matter? as he must die some day,—sword in hand! But Frank!—and then flashed before his eyes his mother's hopeless face. Let Rose, let honor, let the whole world perish, he must save Frank. See! the negroes were up with her now—past her—away for life! and once more he dragged his brother down the hill, and through the wicket, only just in time; for the whole gang of negroes were within ten yards of them in full pursuit. The path wound in

[illegible] and he feared that the negroes would come straight over the cliff, and so cut off his retreat; but the [illegible] were too much for them, and they were forced to follow by the path. The brothers [illegible] the last twenty yards to the water.

"Now, Frank! down to the boat as hard as you can run, while I keep the curs back."

"Amyas! what do you take me for? My madness brought you hither; your devotion shall not bring me back without you."

"Together, then!"

And putting Frank's arm through his, they hurried down, shouting to their men.

The boat was not fifty yards off; but fast traversing over the pebbles was impossible, and long ere half the distance was crossed, the negroes were on the beach, and the storm burst. A volley of great quartz pebbles whistled round their heads.

"Come on, Frank! for life's sake! Men, to the rescue! Ah! what was that?"

The dull crash of a stone against Frank's [illegible] head! Dropping he sank on Amyas's arm. The giant threw him over his shoulder, and plunged blindly on,—himself struck again and again.

"Fire, men! Give it the black villains!"

The arquebuses crackled from the boat in front. What were those dull thuds which answered from behind? Echoes? No. Over his head the caliver-balls went screaching. The governor's guard have turned out, followed them to the beach, fired their calivers, and are firing over the negroes' heads, as the savages rush down upon the hapless brothers.

If, as all say, there are moments which are hours, how many hours was Amyas Leigh in reaching that boat's bow? Alas, the negroes are there as soon as he, and the guard, having left their calivers, are close behind them, sword in hand. Amyas is up to

his knees in water—battered with stones—blinded with blood. The boat is swaying off and on against the steep pebbled bank: he clutches at it—misses—falls headlong—rises half-choked with water: but Frank is still in his arms. Another heavy blow—a confused roar of shouts, shots, curses—a confused mass of negroes and English, foam and pebbles—and he recollects no more.

He is lying in the sternsheets of the boat; stiff, weak, half blind with blood. He looks up; the moon is still bright overhead: but they are away from the shore now, for the wave-crests are dancing white before the land-breeze, high above the boat's side. The boat seems strangely empty. Two men are pulling instead of six! And what is this lying heavy across his chest? He pushes, and is answered by a groan. He puts his hand down to rise, and is answered by another groan.

"What's this?"

"All that are left of us," says Simon Evans of Clovelly.

"All?" The bottom of the boat seemed paved with human bodies. "Oh God! oh God!" moans Amyas, trying to rise. "And where—where is Frank? Frank!"

"Mr. Frank!" cries Evans. There is no answer.

"Dead?" shrieks Amyas. "Look for him, for God's sake, look!" and struggling from under his living load, he peers into each pale and bleeding face.

"Where is he? Why don't you speak?"

Frank was not there.

"Put the boat about! To the shore!" roars Amyas.

"Look over the gunwale, and judge for yourself, sir!"

The waves are leaping fierce and high before a furious land-breeze. Return is impossible.

"Cowards! villains! hounds! to have left him behind."

"Listen you to me, Captain Amyas Leigh," says Simon Evans, resting on his oar; "and hang me for mutiny, if you will, when we're aboard, if we ever get there. Isn't it enough to bring us out to death to please that poor young gentleman's fancy about a wench; but you must call coward an honest man that have saved your life this night, and not a one of us but has his wound to show?"

Amyas was silent; the rebuke was just.

"I tell you, sir, if we've hove a stone out of this boat since we got off, we've hove two hundredweight, and, if the Lord had not fought for us, she'd have been beat to noggin staves there on the beach."

"How did I come here, then?"

"Tom Hart dragged you in out of five feet of water, and then thrust the boat off, and had his brains beat out for reward. All were knocked down but us two. So help me God, we thought that you had hove Mr. Frank on board just as you were knocked down, and saw William Frost drag him in."

But William Frost was lying senseless in the bottom of the boat. There was no explanation. After all, none was needed.

"And I have three wounds from stones, and this man behind me as many more, besides a shot through the shoulder. Now, sir, be we cowards?"

"You have done your duty," said Amyas, and sank down in the boat and cried as if his heart would break; and then sprang up, and, wounded as he was, took the oar from Evans's hands. With weary work they made the ship, but so exhausted that another boat had to be lowered to get them alongside.

The alarm being now given, it was hardly safe to remain where they were; and after a stormy and sad argument, it was agreed to weigh anchor and stand off and on till morning; for Amyas refused to leave the spot till he was compelled, though he had no

hope (how could he have?) that Frank might still be alive. And perhaps it was well for them, as will appear in the next chapter, that morning did not find them at anchor close to the town.

CHAPTER XVII

SPANISH BLOODHOUNDS AND ENGLISH MASTIFFS

When the sun leaped up the next morning, and the tropic light flashed suddenly into the tropic day, Amyas was pacing the deck, with disheveled hair and torn clothes, his eyes red with rage and weeping, his heart full—how can I describe it? Full of impossible projects, he strode and staggered up and down, as the ship thrashed through the rolling seas. He would go back and burn the villa. He would take Guayra, and have the life of every man in it in return for his brother's. "We can do it, lads!" he shouted. "If Drake took Nombre de Dios, we can take La Guayra." And every voice shouted, "Yes."

"We will have it, Amyas, and have Frank too, yet," cried Cary; but Amyas shook his head. He knew, and knew not why he knew, that not all the ports in New Spain would ever restore to him that one beloved face.

"Yes, he shall be well avenged. And look there! There is the first crop of our vengeance." And he pointed toward the shore, where between them and the now distant peaks of the Silla, three sails appeared, not five miles to windward.

"There are the Spanish bloodhounds on our heels, the same ships which we saw yesterday off Guayra. Back, lads, and welcome them, if they were a dozen."

There was a murmur of applause from all around; and if any young heart sank for a moment at the prospect of fighting three

ships at once, it was awed into silence by the cheer which rose from all the older men, and by Salvation Yeo's stentorian voice.

"If there were a dozen, the Lord is with us, who has said, 'One of you shall chase a thousand.' Clear away, lads, and see the glory of the Lord this day."

Amyas had revived at the sight of battle. He no longer felt his wounds or his great sorrow as he bustled about the deck; and ere a quarter of an hour had passed, his voice cried firmly and cheerfully as of old—

"Now, my masters, let us serve God, and then to breakfast, and after that clear for action."

Jack Brimblecombe read the daily prayers, and the prayers before a fight at sea, and his honest voice trembled, as, in the Prayer for all Conditions of Men, he added, "and especially for our dear brother Francis Leigh, perhaps captive among the idolaters."

"Now, then," said Amyas, "to breakfast. A Frenchman fights best fasting, a Dutchman drunk, an Englishman full, and a Spaniard when the devil is in him, and that's always."

"And good beef and the good cause are a match for the devil," said Cary. "Come down, captain; you must eat too."

Amyas shook his head, took the tiller from the steersman, and bade him go below and fill himself. Will Cary went down, and returned in five minutes with a plate of bread and beef, and a great jack of ale, and coaxed them down Amyas's throat, as a nurse does with a child.

Amyas's face was grown seven years older in the last night. A terrible set calm was on him. Woe to the man who came across him that day!

"There are three of them, you see, my masters," said he, as the crew came on deck again. "A big ship forward, and two galleys astern of her. The big ship may keep; she is a race ship,

and if we can but recover the wind of her, we will see whether our height is not a match for her length. We must give her the slip, and take the galleys first."

"I thank the Lord," said Yeo, "who has given so wise a heart to so young a general; a very David and Daniel, lads."

And Yeo went about his gunnery as one who knew how to do it, and had the most terrible mind to do it thoroughly, and the most terrible faith that it was God's work.

So all fell to; there was clearing of decks, lacing of nettings, making of bulwarks, fitting of waistcloths, arming of tops, tallowing of pikes, slinging of yards, doubling of sheets and tacks. Amyas took charge of the poop, Cary of the forecastle, and Yeo, as gunner, of the main-deck, while Drew, as master, settled himself in the waist; and all was ready, and more than ready, before the great ship was within two miles of them.

She is now within two musket-shots of the *Rose,* with the golden flag of Spain floating at her poop; and her trumpets are shouting defiance up the breeze, from a dozen brazen throats, which two or three answer lustily from the *Rose,* from whose poop flies the flag of England, and from her fore the arms of Leigh and Cary side by side, and over them the ship and bridge of the good town of Bideford. And then Amyas calls—

"Now, silence trumpets, waits, play up! 'Fortune my foe!' and God and the Queen be with us!"

Whereon up rose that noble old tune, the favorite of good Queen Bess, from cornet and sackbut, fife and drum; while Parson Jack, who had taken his stand with the musicians on the poop, worked away lustily at his violin.

"Well played, Jack; thy elbow flies like a lamb's tail," said Amyas, forcing a jest.

"It shall fly to a better fiddle-bow presently, sir, an I have the luck——"

"Steady, helm!" said Amyas. "What is he after now?"

The Spaniard, who had been coming upon them right down the wind under a press of sail, took in his light canvas.

"He doesn't know what to make of our waiting for him so bold," said the helmsman.

"He does though, and means to fight us," cried another. "See, he is hauling up the foot of his mainsail: but he wants to keep the wind of us."

"Let him try, then," quoth Amyas. "Keep her closer still. Let no one fire till we are about. Man the starboard guns; to starboard, and wait, all small arm men. Pass the order down to the gunner, and bid all fire high, and take the rigging."

Bang went one of the Spaniard's bow guns, and the shot went wide. Then another and another, while the men fidgeted about, looking at the priming of their muskets, and loosened their arrows in the sheaf.

"Lie down, men. When I want you I'll call you. Closer still, if you can, helmsman, and we will try a short ship against a long one. We can sail two points nearer the wind than he."

As Amyas had calculated, the Spaniard would gladly enough have stood across the *Rose's* bows, but knowing the English readiness, dared not for fear of being raked; so her only plan was to put her head close to the wind, and wait for her on the same tack.

Amyas laughed to himself. "Hold on yet awhile. More ways of killing a cat than choking her with cream. Drew, there, are your men ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" and on they went, closing fast with the Spaniard, till within a pistol-shot.

"Ready about!" and about she went like an eel, and ran upon the opposite tack right under the Spaniard's stern. The Spaniard, astonished at the quickness of the maneuver, hesitated a

moment, and then tried to get about also, as his only chance; but it was too late, and while his lumbering length was still hanging in the wind's eye, Amyas's bowsprit had all but scraped his quarter, and the *Rose* passed slowly across his stern at ten yards' distance.

"Now, then!" roared Amyas. "Fire, and with a will! Have at her, archers: have at her, muskets all!" and in an instant a storm of bar and chain-shot swept the proud Don from stem to stern, while through the white cloud of smoke the musket-balls and arrows whistled upon their venomous errand. Down went the steersman, and every soul who manned the poop. The ship, her tiller shot away, and her helmsman killed, staggered helplessly a moment, and then fell up into the wind.

"Well done, men of Devon!" shouted Amyas, as cheers rent the welkin.

"She has struck," cried some, as the deafening hurrahs died away.

"Not a bit," said Amyas. "Hold on, helmsman, and leave her to patch her tackle while we settle the galleys."

And two venomous-looking craft they were, as they shot through the short chopping sea upon some forty oars apiece, stretching their long sword-fish snouts over the water, as if snuffing for their prey. Behind each long snout, a strong square forecastle was crammed with soldiers, and the muzzles of cannon grinned out through port-holes.

The long low waist was packed full of the slaves, some five or six to each oar, and down the center, between the two banks, the English could see the slave-drivers walking up and down a long gangway, whip in hand. A raised quarter-deck at the stern held more soldiers, the sunlight flashing merrily upon their armor and their gun-barrels; as they neared, the English could hear plainly the cracks of the whips, and the yells as of wild

beasts which answered them; the roll and rattle of the oars, and the curses of the drivers.

"Spare them all you can, in God's name: but if they try to run us down, rake them we must, and God forgive us."

The two galleys came on. They were now within musket-shot, and opened fire from their bow-guns; but, owing to the chopping sea, their aim was wild. Amyas, as usual, withheld his fire. The two galleys were within forty yards—another minute, and the shock would come. The Englishman's helm went up, and gathering way, he plunged upon the larboard galley.

"A dozen gold nobles to him who brings down the steersman!" shouted Cary, who had his cue. A flight of arrows from the forecastle rattled upon the galley's quarter-deck. Hit or not hit, the steersman lost his nerve, and shrank from the coming shock. The galley's helm went up to port, and her beak slid all but harmless along Amyas's bow; a long dull grind, and then loud crack on crack, as the *Rose* sawed slowly through the bank of oars from stem to stern, hurling the wretched slaves in heaps upon each other; and Amyas's whole broadside was poured into her.

"Spare the slaves! Fire at the soldiers!" cried Amyas; but the work was too hot for much discrimination; for the larboard galley, crippled but undaunted, swung round across his stern, and hooked herself venomously on to him. A desperate attempt of the Spaniards to board at once through the stern-ports and up the quarter was met with shot and steel, and they found themselves in three minutes again upon the galley's poop, accompanied, to their intense disgust, by Amyas Leigh and twenty English swords.

Five minutes' hard cutting, hand to hand, and the poop was clear. Amyas rushed along the central gangway, shouting in Spanish, "Freedom to the slaves! death to the masters!" In

three minutes more there was not a Spaniard on board who was not dead or dying.

"Let the slaves free!" shouted he. "Throw us a hammer down, men. Hark! there's an English voice!"

There is indeed. From amid the wreck of broken oars and writhing limbs, a voice is shrieking in broadest Devon.

"Oh, Robert Drew! Robert Drew! Come down, and take me out of hell!"

"Who be you, in the name of the Lord?"

"Don't you mind William Prust, that Captain Hawkins left behind in the Honduras, years and years agone? There's nine of us aboard. Come down!"

And in a few minutes, the nine men (luckily none of them wounded) are freed, and helped on board, to be hugged and kissed by old comrades and young kinsmen; while the remaining slaves, furnished with a couple of hammers, are told to free themselves and help the English. Amyas, once more safe on board again, dashes after the other galley, which has been hovering out of reach of his guns: but there is no need to trouble himself about her; sickened with what she has got, she is leaning over to one side and seemingly ready to sink.

"Are there any English on board of her?" asks Amyas.

"Never a one, sir, thank God."

So they set to work to repair damages; while the liberated slaves, having shifted some of the oars, pull away toward the other sinking galley, and in ten minutes they have boarded her en masse, with yells as of a thousand wolves. There will be fearful vengeance taken on those tyrants!

And in the meanwhile half the crew are clothing, feeding, questioning the rescued English. Their story is gradually told: how after Captain Hawkins, constrained by famine, had put them ashore, they wandered in misery till the Spaniards took

them; how the Dons fed and clothed them, and allotted them as servants to various gentlemen about Mexico, where they throve, turned their hands to all manner of trades, and made much money; so that all went well, until the fatal year 1574, when, "much against the minds of many of the Spaniards themselves, that cruel and bloody Inquisition was established for the first time in the Indies;" and how from that moment their lives were one long tragedy; how they were all imprisoned for a year and a half, racked again and again, and at last adjudged to receive publicly, on Good Friday, 1575, some three hundred, some one hundred stripes, and to serve in the galleys for six or ten years each; and, finally, three of them were burnt alive in the market-place of Mexico.

This story was not likely to improve the feeling of the crew towards the Spanish ship which was two miles to leeward of them, and which must still be fought with. She was more than double the size of the *Rose,* though not so lofty in proportion; and many a bold heart beat loud, and no shame to them, as she began firing away merrily, determined, as all well knew, to wipe out in English blood the disgrace of her late foil.

"Never mind, my merry master," said Amyas, "she has quantity and we quality. Let her come abreast of us, and don't burn powder. We have the wind, and can do what we like with her. Serve the men out a horn of ale all round, steward, and all take your time."

So they waited for five minutes more, and then set to work quietly, after the fashion of English mastiffs, though, like those mastiffs, they waxed right mad before three rounds were fired, and the white splinters (sight beloved) began to crackle and fly.

"Blow, jolly breeze," cried one, "and lay the Don over all thou canst.—What the murrain is gone, aloft there?"

Alas! a crack, a flap, a rattle; and blank dismay! An un-

lucky shot had cut the foremast (already wounded) in two, and all forward was a mass of dangling wreck.

"Forward, and cut away the wreck!" said Amyas, unmoved. "Small arm men, be ready. He will be aboard of us in five minutes!"

It was true. The *Rose,* unmanageable from the loss of her head-sail, lay at the mercy of the Spaniard; and the archers and musqueteers had hardly time to range themselves to leeward, when the *Madre Dolorosa's* chains were grinding against the *Rose's,* and grapples tossed on board from stem to stern.

"Don't cut them loose!" roared Amyas. "Let them stay and see the fun! Now, dogs of Devon, show your teeth, and hurrah for God and the Queen!"

And then began a fight most fierce and fell: the Spaniards, according to their fashion, attempted to board: the English, amid fierce shouts of "God and the Queen!" "God and St. George for England!" sweeping them back by showers of arrows and musquet balls, thrusting them down with pikes, hurling grenades and stink-pots from the tops; while the swivels on both sides poured their grape, and bar, and chain, and the great main-deck guns, thundering muzzle to muzzle, made both ships quiver and recoil, as they smashed the round shot through and through each other.

So it raged for an hour or more, till all arms were weary, and all tongues clove to the mouth. And sick men, rotting with scurvy, scrambled up on deck, and fought with the strength of madness: and tiny powder-boys, handing up cartridges from the hold, laughed and cheered as the shots ran past their ears; and old Salvation Yeo, a text upon his lips and a fury in his heart as of Joshua or Elijah in old time, worked on, calm and grim, but with the energy of a boy at play.

The Spaniards, ere five minutes had passed, poured *en masse*

into the *Rose's* waist: but only to their destruction. Between the poop and forecastle (as was then the fashion) the upper-deck beams were left open and unplanked, with the exception of a narrow gangway on either side; and off that fatal ledge the boarders, thrust on by those behind, fell headlong between the beams to the main-deck below, to be slaughtered helpless in that pit of destruction, by the double fire from the bulkheads fore and aft. Thrice the Spaniards clambered on board, and thrice surged back before that deadly hail. The decks on both sides were very shambles; and Jack Brimblecombe, who had fought as long as his conscience would allow him, soon found plenty to do in carrying poor wretches to the surgeon.

At last there was a lull in that wild storm. No shot was heard from the Spaniard's upper-deck. Amyas leaped into the mizzen rigging and looked through the smoke. Dead men he could descry through the blinding veil, rolled in heaps, laid flat; dead men and dying: but no man upon his feet. The last volley had swept the deck clear; one by one had dropped below to escape that fiery shower; and alone at the helm, grinding his teeth with rage, his mustachios curling up to his very eyes, stood the Spanish captain.

Now was the moment for a counter stroke. Amyas shouted for the boarders, and in two minutes more he was over the side, and clutching at the Spaniard's mizzen rigging.

What was this? The distance between him and the enemy's side was widening. Was she sheering off? Yes—and rising, too, growing bodily higher every moment, as if by magic. Amyas looked up in astonishment and saw what it was. The Spaniard was heeling fast over to leeward away from him. Her masts were all sloping forward, swifter and swifter—the end was come, then!

"Back! in God's name back, men! She is sinking by the

head! Cut away the grapples aloft, men. Don't you see how she drags us over? Cut away, or we shall sink with her."

They cut away, and the *Rose,* released from the strain, shook her feathers on the wave-crest like a freed sea-gull, while all men held their breaths.

Suddenly the glorious creature righted herself, and rose again, as if in noble shame, for one last struggle with her doom. Righted: but only for a moment, long enough to let her crew come pouring wildly up on deck, with cries and prayers, and rush aft to the poop, where, under the flag of Spain, stood the tall captain, his left hand on the standard-staff, his sword pointed in his right.

"Back, men!" they heard him cry, "and die like valiant mariners."

Some of them ran to the bulwarks, and shouted "Mercy! We surrender!" and the English broke into a cheer and called to them to run her alongside.

"Silence!" shouted Amyas. "I take no surrender from mutineers. Señor," cried he to the captain, springing into the rigging and taking off his hat, "for the love of God and these men, surrender!"

The Spaniard lifted his hat and bowed courteously, and answered, "Impossible, Señor."

"God have mercy on you, then!"

"Amen!" said the Spaniard, crossing himself.

She gave one awful lunge forward, and dived under the coming swell, hurling her crew into the eddies. Nothing but the point of her poop remained, and there stood the stern and steadfast Don, cap-à-pié in his glistening black armor, immovable as a man of iron, while over him the flag, which claimed the empire of both worlds, flaunted its gold aloft. Then—one moment more—and the gulf had swallowed all; nothing remained of

the *Madre Dolorosa* but a few floating spars and struggling wretches, while a great awe fell upon all men, and a solemn silence.

Amyas looked sadly around at his own ship. The foremast was gone, the main-yard sprung, the rigging hanging in elf-locks, the hull shot through and through in twenty places, the deck strewn with the bodies of nine good men, besides sixteen wounded down below; while the pitiless sun, right above their heads, poured down a flood of fire upon a sea of glass.

And now, though the men were spent and weary, there was much to be done, for the vessel had been hit somewhere below the water-line and the leak must be repaired; much of the rigging, too, was gone. But Amyas, though he felt sympathy for his men, must urge them to the repairing at once.

"Carpenter, an ax!" he cried, setting the rest an example. "Help me cast those spars loose. Get out of my way, there! lumbering the scuppers up like so many moulting fowls! Here, all old friends, lend a hand! *Pelican's* men, stand by your captain! Did we sail round the world for nothing?"

This last appeal struck home, and up leaped half-a-dozen of the old Pelicans, and set to work at his side manfully to rig the jury-mast.

"Come along!" cried Cary to some of the faint-hearted; "we're raw longshore fellows, but we won't be outdone by any old sea-dog of them all." And setting to work himself, he was soon followed by one and another, till order and work went on well enough.

"And where are we going, when the mast's up?" shouted one man.

"Where you daren't follow us alone by yourself, so you had better keep us company," replied Yeo.

"I'll tell you where we are going, lads," said Amyas, rising

from his work. "Like it or leave it as you will, I have no secrets from my crew. We are going inshore there to find a harbor, and careen the ship."

There was a start and a murmur of objection; but Will Cary's rejoinder silenced the malcontents. "Look you!" he shouted. "I don't know in the least where we are, and I hardly know stem from stern aboard ship; and the captain may be right or wrong—that's nothing to me; but this I know, that I am a soldier, and will obey orders; and where he goes, I go."

There was a grunt of approbation from the Pelicans; and Amyas proceeded to explain.

"We have five shot between wind and water, and one somewhere below. Can we face a gale of wind in that state, or can we not?"

Silence.

"Can we get home with a leak in our bottom?"

Silence.

"Come along now! Here's the wind again round with the sun, and up to the northwest. In shore with her!"

So the men set to work, and the vessel's head was put toward the land; but when she began to slip through the water, the leak increased so fast that they were kept hard at work at the pumps for the rest of the afternoon.

The current had by this time brought them abreast of the bay of Higuerote. As they ran inward, all eyes were strained greedily to find some opening in the mangrove belt. Every fresh heave of the lead announced shallower water, and presently a river mouth was sighted. Drew and Cary went off in a boat to investigate, and came back reporting two fathoms of water over the bar, impenetrable forests for two miles up, the river sixty yards broad, and no sign of man. The river's banks were soft and sloping mud, fit for careening.

They towed the ship up about half-a-mile to a point where she could not be seen from the seaward; and there moored her to the mangrove-stems. Amyas ordered a boat out, and went up the river himself to reconnoiter. He rowed some three miles, till the river narrowed suddenly, and was all but covered in by the interlacing boughs of mighty trees. There was no sign that man had been there since the making of the world.

The night mist began to steam and wreath upon the foul beer-colored stream. The loathsome floor of liquid mud lay bare beneath the mangrove forest. Upon the endless web of interarching roots great purple crabs were crawling up and down. They would have supped with pleasure upon Amyas's corpse; perhaps they might sup on him after all; for a heavy sickening graveyard smell made his heart sink within him, and his stomach heave; and his weary body, and more weary soul, gave themselves up helplessly to the depressing influence of that doleful place. O God, how should he find his brother?

Some strange bird out of the woods made mournful answer—"Never, never, never!"

How should he face his mother?

"Never, never, never!" wailed the bird again; and Amyas smiled bitterly, and said "Never!" likewise.

That night every man of the boat's crew, save Amyas, was down with raging fever; before ten the next morning, five men more were taken, and others sickening fast.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW THEY TOOK THE OATH UNDER THE TREE AT HIGUEROTE

Amyas would certainly have taken the yellow fever but for one reason, which he himself gave to Cary: he had no time to be sick while his men were sick. He called a council of war, or rather a sanitary commission, the next morning; for he was fairly at his wits' end. What caused the fever, or how it could be cured, nobody in that day had any idea. What the ship doctor said about it would seem nonsense today; and Jack Brimblecombe merely talked about a visitation of God. As for Amyas, he had an idea; how sound it was he himself could not suspect.

"The mischief's in the air," he cried. "I felt it run through me last night as I came down stream. If it was not in the air, why was my boat's crew taken first? We were in the mist, while you men on board were above it. I say, keep as high as you can, and you'll be safe." And he went on to propose that they should leave the ship and climb up a few hundred feet inland—"Up those mountains that Yeo talks of. Stockade a camp, and get our sick and provisions thither."

"And what next?"

"And when we are recruited, march over the mountains, and surprise St. Yago de Leon."

Cary swore a great oath. "Amyas! you are a daring fellow!"

"Not a bit. It's the plain path of prudence."

"So it is, sir," said old Yeo, "and I follow you in it."

"And so do I," squeaked Jack Brimblecombe.

"Nay, then, Jack, thou shalt not outrun me. So I say yes too," quoth Cary.

And so, in an hour's time, they were started, under a broiling sun, stumbling over mangrove roots, hewing through thorny thickets, dragging sick men and provisions up mountain steeps, amid disappointment, fatigue, murmurs, curses, snakes, mosquitoes, and false alarms of Spaniards. By sunset that evening they had gained a level spot, a full thousand feet above the sea, backed by an inaccessible cliff which formed the upper shoulder of a mighty mountain, defended below by steep wooded slopes, and needing but the felling of a few trees to make it impregnable.

Amyas settled the sick under the arched roots of an enormous cottonwood tree, and made a second journey to the ship, to bring up hammocks and blankets for them; while Yeo's wisdom and courage were of inestimable value. He, as pioneer, had found the little brook up which they forced their way; he had encouraged them to climb the cliffs over which it fell, arguing rightly that on its course they were sure to find some ground fit for encampment within the reach of water; while Cary, who brought up the rear, bullied and cheered on the stragglers who sat down and refused to move, drove back at the sword's point more than one who was beating a retreat, carried their burdens for them, sang them songs on the halt; in all things proving himself the gallant and hopeful soul which he had always been: till Amyas, beside himself with joy at finding that the two men on whom he had counted most were utterly worthy of his trust, went so far as to whisper to them both, in confidence, that very night—

"Cortes burnt his ships when he landed. Why should not we?"

Yeo started; and then whispered.

"Do you say that, captain? 'Tis from above, then, that's certain; for it's been hanging on my mind too all day."

"There's no hurry," quoth Amyas; "we must clear her out first, you know," while Cary sat silent and musing.

The men were too tired that evening to do much: but ere the sun rose next morning Amyas had them hard at work fortifying their position, sawing boughs and setting them up in a stockade to repel attacks from below. Meanwhile he consulted Yeo and Cary once more.

They could not, he said, refit the ship without dying of fever during the process; and even if they refitted her, they would be pretty certain to have to fight the Spaniards again; for it was impossible to doubt the Indian's story that they had been forewarned of the *Rose's* coming.

"Let us try St. Yago, then; sack it, come down on La Guayra in the rear, take a ship there, and so get home."

"Nay, Will. If they have strengthened themselves against us at La Guayra, where they had little to lose, surely they have done so at St. Yago, where they have much. I hear the town is large, though new; and besides, how can we get over these mountains without a guide? But did you ever hear of the golden city of Manoa?"

Yeo laughed a grim but joyful laugh. "I have, sir; and so have the old hands from the *Pelican,* I doubt not."

"So much the better;" and Amyas began to tell Cary all that he had learned from the Spaniard, while Yeo capped every word thereof with rumors and traditions of his own gathering. Cary sat half aghast; and at last—

"So that was why you wanted to burn the ship! Well, after all, nobody needs me at home!"

In that mountain-nook the party spent some ten days and more. Several of the sick men died, some from the fever superadded to their wounds; the others mended steadily by the help of certain herbs which Yeo administered, much to the disgust of

By sunset they had gained a level spot.

the doctor, who, of course, wanted to bleed the poor fellows all round, and was all but mutinous when Amyas stayed his hand. In the meanwhile, by dint of daily trips to the ship, provisions were plentiful enough besides the raccoons, monkeys, and other small animals, which Yeo and the veterans knew how to catch, and the fruit and vegetables all around them.

All day long a careful watch was kept among the branches of the mighty ceiba-tree. And what a tree that was! The hugest English oak would have seemed a stunted bush beside it. Borne up on roots, or rather walls, of twisted board, some twelve feet high, between which the whole crew, their ammunitions, and provisions, were housed roomily, rose the enormous trunk full forty feet in girth, towering like some tall light-house, smooth for a hundred feet, then crowned with boughs, each of which was a stately tree, whose topmost twigs were full two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. And yet it was easy for the sailors to ascend, so many natural ropes had kind Nature lowered for their use, in the smooth lianas which hung to the very earth, often without a knot or leaf. Once in the tree, you were within a new world, suspended between heaven and earth, and Amyas, as he lounged among the branches, felt at moments as if he would be content to stay there for ever, and feed his eyes and ears with all its wonders—and then started sighing from his dreams, as he recollected that a few days must bring the foe upon them, and force him to decide upon some scheme at which the bravest heart might falter without shame. So there he sat (for he often took the scout's place himself), looking out over the fantastic tropic forest at his feet, and the flat mangrove-swamps below; till one noon he saw slipping along the shore from the westward a large ship under easy sail, and recognized in her, or thought he did so, the ship which they had passed upon their way.

If it was she, she must have run past them to La Guayra in the night, and have now returned, perhaps, to search for them along the coast.

She crept along slowly. He was in hopes that she might pass the river's mouth: but no. She lay-to close to the shore; and, after a while, Amyas saw two boats pull in from her, and vanish behind the mangroves.

Sliding down a liana, he told what he had seen. The men, tired of inactivity, received the news with a shout of joy, and set to work to make all ready for their guests. Four brass swivels, which they had brought up, were mounted, fixed in logs, so as to command the path; the musketeers and archers clustered round them with their tackle ready, and half-a-dozen good marksmen volunteered into the cotton-tree with their arquebuses, as a post whence "a man might have very pretty shooting."

Presently a wreath of white smoke curled up from the swamp; then came the report of a caliver. Then, to their fury, the English, looking down below on the *Rose*, saw the Spanish flag run up to her mast-head. The Spanish had seized their ship! Another hour of impatient waiting, when the men spied, in the path below, the headpiece of a Spanish soldier, and then another and another.

"Fools!" whispered Amyas to Cary; "they are coming up in single file, rushing on their own death. Lie close, men!"

The path was so narrow that two could seldom come up abreast, and so steep that the enemy had much ado to struggle and stumble upwards. The men seemed half unwilling to proceed, and hung back more than once; but Amyas could hear an authoritative voice behind, and presently there emerged to the front, sword in hand, a figure at which Amyas and Cary both started. It was Don Guzman.

At last the Spaniards get up the steep slope to within forty

yards of the stockade, and pause, suspecting a trap, and puzzled by the complete silence. Amyas leaps on top of it, a white flag in his hand; but his heart beats so fiercely at the sight of that hated figure that he can hardly get out the words—

"Don Guzman, the quarrel is between you and me, not between your men and mine. I challenge you now to single combat."

"Lutheran dog, I have a halter for you, but no sword! As you served us at Smerwick, we will serve you now. Pirate, you and yours shall share Oxenham's fate, as you have copied his crimes, and learn what it is to set foot unbidden on the dominions of the King of Spain."

"The devil take you and the King of Spain together!" shouts Amyas, laughing loudly. "This ground belongs to him no more than it does to me, but to Queen Elizabeth, in whose name I have taken as lawful possession of it as you ever did of Caraccas. Fire, men!"

Both parties obeyed the order; Amyas dropped down behind the stockade in time to let a caliver bullet whistle over his head; and the Spaniards recoiled as the narrow face of the stockade burst into one blaze of musketry and swivels, raking their long array from front to rear.

The front ranks fell over each other in heaps; the rear ones turned and ran; overtaken, nevertheless, by the English bullets and arrows, which tumbled them headlong down the steep path.

"Out, men, and charge them!" And scrambling over the stockade, Amyas and about thirty followed them fast; for he had hope of learning from some prisoner his brother's fate. But the Spaniards were out of sight among the thick bushes before the English could overtake them; and Amyas, afraid lest they should rally and surround his small party, withdrew sorely against his will, and found in the pathway fourteen Spaniards,

but all dead. For one of the wounded, with more courage than wisdom, had fired on the English as he lay; and Amyas's men, whose blood was maddened both by their desperate situation and by the frightful stories of the rescued galley-slaves, had killed them all before their captain could stop them.

"Are you mad?" cries Amyas, as he strikes up one fellow's sword. "Will you kill an Indian?"

And he drags out of the bushes an Indian lad of sixteen, who, slightly wounded, is crawling away like a copper-snake along the ground.

"The black vermin has sent an arrow through my leg; and poisoned too, most like."

"God grant not: but an Indian is worth his weight in gold to us now," says Amyas. The lad was brought in, and treated kindly enough, but refused to eat. He said that he would make them kill him at once; for fat him they should not; and gradually gave them to understand that the English always (so at least the Spaniards said) fatted and ate their prisoners like the Caribs; and till he saw them go out and bury the bodies of the Spaniards, nothing would persuade him that the corpses were not to be cooked for supper.

However, kind words, kind looks, and the present of a knife brought him to reason; and he told Amyas that he belonged to a Spaniard; that he had fled from his master, and lived by hunting for some months past; and having seen the *Rose* where she lay moored, and boarded her in hope of plunder, had been surprised therein by the Spaniards, and forced by threats to go with them as a guide in their search for the English. He was an Indian of the Llanos, or great savannahs which lay to the southward beyond the mountains, and had actually been upon the Orinoco. Did he know the way back again? Who could ask such a question of an Indian? And the lad's black eyes flashed

fire, as Amyas offered him liberty and iron enough for a dozen Indians, if he would lead them.

Now was the time to speak: and, assembling his men around him, Amyas opened his whole heart, simply and manfully. This plan was their only hope of safety, the only way to avoid perishing like Oxenham's crew. Don Guzman would certainly return to seek them; and not only he, but land-forces from St. Yago. Even if the stockade was not forced, they would be soon starved out; why not move at once, ere the Spaniards could return and begin a blockade? As for taking St. Yago, it was impossible. The treasure would all be safely hidden, and the town well prepared to meet them. If they wanted gold and glory, they must seek it elsewhere. There was but this one chance; and on it Amyas, the first and last time in his life, waxed eloquent, and set forth the glory of the enterprise, the service to the queen, the salvation of heathens, and the certainty that, if successful, they should win honor and wealth and fame. The men, sulky at first, warmed every moment; and one old Pelican broke out with—

"Yes, sir! we didn't go round the world with you for nought; and watched your works and ways, which was always those of a gentleman, as you are. And we'll follow you, sir!"

Man after man capped this brave speech; and so Amyas conquered, and the plan was accepted.

"This," said Amyas, "is indeed the proudest day of my life! God do so to me and more also, if I do not deal with you according to the trust which you have put in me this day!"

So underneath that giant ceiba-tree, those valiant men, reduced by battle and sickness to some eighty, swore a great oath, and kept that oath like men: to search for the golden city for two full years to come, whatever might befall; to stand to each other for weal or woe; to obey their officers to the death; to take by violence from no man, save from their natural enemies the

Spaniards: to be civil and merciful to all savages; to bring all booty and all food into the common stock; and finally, to march at sunrise the next morning toward the south, trusting in God to be their guide.

The Cross stands upright in the southern sky. It is the middle of the night. Cary and Yeo glide silently up the hill and

into the camp, and whisper to Amyas that they have done the deed. The sleepers are awakened, and the train sets forth.

Upward and southward ever: but whither, who can tell? They hardly think of the whither; but go like sleep-walkers. They are hewing their way through a thicket of bamboos forty feet high; stumbling over boulders, waist-deep in cushions of club-moss; struggling through shrubberies of heaths and rhodo-

dendrons, and woolly incense-trees. Now they open upon some craggy brow, from whence they can see far below an ocean of soft cloud, and from beneath it rise the screams of night-birds, and wild howls of apes.

But what is that glare away to the northward? Through the cloud rises a column of black and lurid smoke; the fog clears away and shows, beneath, a mighty fire.

The men look at each other with questioning eyes. Amyas whispers to Yeo—

"You took care to flood the powder?"

"Ay, ay, sir, and to unload the ordnance too. No use in making a noise to tell the Spaniards our whereabouts."

Yes; that glare rises from the good ship *Rose*. Amyas, like Cortes of old, has burnt his ship, and retreat is now impossible. Forward into the unknown abyss of the New World, and God be with them as they go!

They are at the rancho long before daybreak, and have secured there, not only fourteen mules, but eight or nine Indians who are glad to escape from their tyrants by taking service with them. And now southward and away, with lightened shoulders and hearts; for they are all but safe from pursuit. The broken bridges prevent the news of their raid reaching St. Yago until nightfall; and in the meanwhile, Don Guzman returns to the river mouth the next day to find the ship a blackened wreck, and the camp empty; follows their trail over the hills till he is stopped by a broken bridge; surmounts that difficulty, and meets a second; his men are worn out with heat, and a little afraid of stumbling on the heretic desperadoes, and he returns by land to St. Yago; and when he arrives there, has news from home which gives him other things to think of than following those mad Englishmen.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW, ON THE BANKS OF THE META, THEY SAW THE MAIDEN AYACANORA

NEARLY three years are past and gone since that little band had taken the oath beneath the giant tree. Through untrodden hills and forests, over a space of some eight hundred miles in length by four hundred in breadth, they had been seeking for the Golden City, and they had sought in vain. They had sought it along the wooded banks of the Orinoco, and on the upper waters of the mighty Amazon. They had gone up the streams even into Peru. They had seen the virgin snows of Chimborazo towering white above the thunder-cloud, and the giant cone of Cotopaxi blackening in its sullen wrath, before the fiery streams rolled down its sides. Foiled in their search at the back of the Andes, they had turned eastward once more, and painfully they had worked their way northward again, along the eastern foot of the inland Cordillera, and now they were bivouacking upon one of the many feeders of the Meta. There they sat, only four-and-forty men now, their watch-fires glittering on the stream, beneath the shadow of enormous trees, Amyas and Cary, Brimblecombe, Yeo, and the Indian lad, who has followed them in all their wanderings, alive and well: but as far as ever from Manoa, and its fairy lake, and golden palaces, and all the wonders of the Indian's tale.

Drew, the master, lies on the banks of the Rio Negro, and

five brave fellows by him, slain in fight by the poisoned arrows of the Indians, in a vain attempt to penetrate the mountain-gorges. Two more lie amid the valleys of the Andes, frozen to death by the fierce slaty hail which sweeps down from the condor's eyrie; four more were drowned at one of the rapids of the Orinoco. Fever, snakes, jaguars, alligators, cannibal fish, electric eels have thinned their ranks month by month, and of their march through the primeval wilderness no trace remains, except those lonely graves.

And there the survivors sit, beside the silent stream, beneath the tropic moon; sun-dried and lean, but strong and bold as ever, with the quiet fire of English courage burning undimmed in every eye, and the genial smile of English mirth fresh on every lip; making a jest of danger and a sport of toil, as cheerily as when they sailed over the bar of Bideford. Their ammunition is long since spent; their muskets, spoilt by the perpetual vapor-bath of the steaming woods, are left behind, but their swords are bright and terrible as ever; and they carry bows of a strength which no Indian arm can bend, and arrows pointed with the remnants of their armor; many of them, too, are armed with the pocuna or blowgun of the Indians—more deadly, because more silent, than firearms.

A council of war is going on beside the watch-fire, between the three adventurers and the faithful Yeo. A hundred times have they held such a council, and in vain; and, for aught they know, this one will be as fruitless as those which have gone before it. Nevertheless, it is a more solemn one than usual; for the two years during which they agreed to search for Manoa are long past, and some new place must be determined on, unless they intend to spend the rest of their lives in that green wilderness.

"Well," said Will Cary, taking his cigar out of his mouth, "at least we have got something out of those last Indians. It is a

comfort to have a puff of tobacco once more, after three weeks' fasting."

"There is but one more chance," said Amyas after a silence, "and that is the mountains to the east of the Orinoco, where we

failed the first time. The Incas may have moved on to them when they escaped."

"Why not?" said Cary; "they would so put all the forests, beside the Llanos and half-a-dozen great rivers, between them and those dogs of Spaniards."

"Shall we try it once more?" said Amyas. "This river ought

to run into the Orinoco; and once there, we are again at the very foot of the mountains. What say you, Yeo?"

"Your worship, when we came up the Orinoco, the Indians told us terrible stories of those mountains, how far they stretched, and how difficult they were to cross, by reason of the cliffs and the thick forest."

"What care we? No forests can be thicker than those we have bored through already," Amyas retorted.

"Gentlemen!" said Yeo, "where you go, I go; and not only I, but every man of us, I doubt not; but we have lost now half our company, and spent our ammunition, so we are no better men, were it not for our swords, than these naked heathens round us. Now I put it to you—Are forty men without shot as good as eighty with? Our chance is over, gentlemen. I have a feeling that the Lord's hand is against us in this matter. Indeed, last night as I lay by the fire I dreamed I heard my little maid's voice calling of me, as plain as ever I heard in my life; and the very same words, sirs, which she learned from me and my good comrade William Penberthy to say, 'Westward-ho! jolly mariners all!' she stood and called it as plain as ever mortal ears heard, till I answered, 'Coming! my maid, coming!' and after that the dear chuck called no more—God grant I find her yet!—and so I woke."

Amyas answered,—

"So let it be, Yeo, if the rest agree: but what shall we do to the westward?"

"Do?" said Cary; "there's plenty to do; for there's plenty of gold, and plenty of Spaniards, too, they say, on the other side of these mountains."

Before night was half through a plan was matured, desperate enough—but what cared those brave hearts for that? They would cross the Cordillera to Santa Fé de Bogotá, of the wealth

whereof both Yeo and Amyas had often heard in the Pacific; try to seize either the town or some convoy of gold going from it; make for the nearest river, build canoes, and try to reach the Northern Sea once more; and then, if Heaven prospered them they might seize a Spanish ship, and make their way home to England, not, indeed, with the wealth of Manoa, but with a fair booty of Spanish gold. This was their new dream.

Next morning they started cheerfully enough to paddle up the stream and through the forest—a colossal fairyland. Hour after hour they paddled onward, amid brilliant birds, chattering monkeys, and occasionally a group of alligators.

At last a soft and distant murmur, increasing gradually to a heavy roar, announced that they were nearing some cataract; till turning a point, where the deep alluvial soil rose into a low cliff fringed with delicate ferns, they came full in light of a scene at which all paused: not with astonishment, but with something very like disgust.

"Rapids again!" grumbled one. "I thought we had had enough of them on the Orinoco."

"We shall have to get out and draw the canoes overland, I suppose. Three hours will be lost, and in the very hottest of the day, too."

"There's worse behind; don't you see the spray behind the palms?"

"Stop grumbling, my masters, and don't cry out before you are hurt. Paddle right up to the largest of those islands, and let us look about us."

In front of them was a snow-white bar of raging foam, some ten feet high, along which were ranged three or four islands of black rock. Each was crested with a knot of lofty palms, whose green tops stood out clear against the bright sky, while the lower half of their stems loomed hazy through a luminous veil of rain-

A figure rose from behind a neighboring rock.

bow mist. Their Indian guide, suddenly looking round him, whispered to them to beware of savages, and pointed to a canoe which lay moored in the eddies.

"Silence all!" cried Amyas, "and paddle up thither and seize the canoe. If there be an Indian on the island, we will have speech of him: but be friendly, even if he offers to fight."

Once on the island, Amyas looked round anxiously for the expected Indian: but he was nowhere to be seen. He leaped down upon the pebbles; and as he did so, a figure rose from behind a neighboring rock, and met him face to face.

It was an Indian girl; and yet, when he looked again,—was it an Indian girl? Amyas had seen hundreds of those delicate dark-skinned daughters of the forest, but never such a one as this. Her stature was taller, her limbs were fuller and more rounded; her complexion, though tanned by light, was fairer by far than his own sunburnt face; her hair, crowned with a garland of white flowers, was not lank and straight and black, like an Indian's, but of a rich, glossy brown, and curling from her very temples to her knees. Her forehead, though low, was upright and ample; her nose was straight and small; her lips, the lips of a European; a collar of gold mingled with green beads hung round her neck, and golden bracelets were on her wrists. Strange legends of white Indians rose up in his memory. She must be the daughter of some great cacique, perhaps of the lost Incas themselves—why not?

He spoke first, in some Indian tongue, gently and smilingly, and made a half-step forward; but quick as light she caught up from the ground a bow and arrow, and held them fiercely toward him. Amyas stopped, laid down his own bow and sword, and made another step in advance, smiling still, and making all Indian signs of amity; but the arrow was still pointed straight at his breast, and he knew the mettle and strength of the forest nymphs well enough to stand still and call for the Indian guide.

The boy, who had been peering from above, leaped down to them in a moment, and began, as the safest method, groveling on his nose upon the pebbles, while he tried two or three dialects, one of which at last she seemed to understand, and answered in a tone of evident suspicion and anger.

"What does she say?"

"That you are a Spaniard and a robber, because you have a beard."

"Tell her that we are no Spaniards, but that we hate them, and are come across the great waters to help the Indians to kill them."

The boy translated his speech. The nymph answered by a contemptuous shake of the head.

"Tell her that if she will send her tribe to us, we will do them no harm. We are going over the mountains to fight the Spaniards, and we want them to show us the way."

The boy had no sooner spoken than, nimble as a deer, the nymph had sprung up the rocks, and darted between the palm-stems to her canoe. Suddenly she caught sight of the English boat, and stopped with a cry of fear and rage.

"Let her pass!" shouted Amyas, who had followed her close. "Push your boat off, and let her pass. Boy, tell her to go on; they will not come near her."

But she hesitated still, and with arrow drawn to the head, faced first on the boat's crew, and then on Amyas, till the Englishmen had shoved off fully twenty yards.

Then, leaping into her tiny piragua, she darted into the wildest whirl of the eddies, shooting along with vigorous strokes until she reached the northern bank, drove her canoe among the bushes, and leaping from it, darted through some narrow opening in the bush and vanished like a dream.

"What fair virago have you unearthed?" cried Cary, as they

toiled up again to the landing-place. Jack, too, had a gay word as to Amyas's nymph. But Amyas only said, a bit sharply—

"You may leave the women to themselves, my masters; you'll have to deal with the men ere long: so get your canoes up on the rock, and keep good watch."

"Hillo!" shouted one in a few minutes, "here's fresh fish enough to feed us all round. I suppose that young cat-a-mountain left it behind her in her hurry."

"Leave that fish alone," said Amyas; "it is none of yours."

"Why, sir!" quoth the finder, rather sulky.

"If we are to make good friends with the heathens, we had better not begin by stealing their goods. There are plenty more fish in the river; go and catch them, and let the Indians have their own."

A full hour passed before they saw anything more of their Indian neighbors; and then from under the bushes shot out a canoe, on which all eyes were fixed in expectation.

Amyas, who expected to find there some remnant of a higher race, was disappointed enough at seeing on board only the usual half-dozen dirty savages, painted red; the gray-headed elder at the stern seemed, by his feathers and gold ornaments, to be their leader, or cacique.

The canoe came close up to the island; Amyas saw that they were unarmed, and, laying down his weapons, advanced alone to the bank, making all signs of amity. They were returned with interest by the old man, and Amyas's next care was to bring forward the fish which the fair nymph had left behind, and through the medium of the Indian lad, to show that he wished to render every one his own. This offer was received, as Amyas expected, with great applause, and the canoe came alongside; but the crew still seemed afraid to land. Amyas bade his men throw the fish one by one into the boat, and then proclaimed, by the boy's

mouth, that he and his were enemies of the Spaniards, and on their way to make war against them,—and that all they desired was a peaceable and safe passage through the dominions of the mighty potentate and renowned warrior whom they beheld before them; for Amyas argued rightly enough that even if the old fellow was not the cacique, he would be none the less pleased at being mistaken for him.

Whereon the ancient worthy, rising in the canoe, commenced a long sermon, which, being partly interpreted by the Indian lad, seemed to signify that the valor and justice of the white men had already reached the ears of the speaker, and that he was sent to welcome them into those regions by the Daughter of the Sun.

"The Daughter of the Sun!" quoth Amyas; "then we have found the lost Incas after all."

"We have found something," said Cary; "but we must beware of treachery!"

"We must beware of no such thing," said Amyas, pretty sharply. "Have I not told you fifty times that if they see that we trust them, they will trust us, and if they see that we suspect them, they will suspect us? And when two parties are watching to see who strikes the first blow, they are sure to come to fisticuffs from mere dirty fear of each other." He bade the men step boldly into their canoes, and follow the old Indian whither he would. The simple children of the forest then led the strangers smilingly across the stream, and through a narrow passage in the covert, to a hidden lagoon, on the banks of which stood but a tiny Indian village.

They beheld, on landing, a scattered village of palm-leaf sheds, under which, as usual, the hammocks were slung from tree to tree. Here and there, in openings in the forest, patches of cassava and indigo appeared; and there was a rare look of neatness and comfort about the little settlement.

But some great demonstration was plainly toward; for the children of the forest were arrayed in two lines, right and left of the open space, the men in front, and the women behind; and all bedizened, to the best of their power, with arnotto, indigo, and feathers. Near the landing-place were four or five stout fellows with tall drums and earthen trumpets, rending the air with a deafening cacophony of wails and thumps. Suddenly, with a hideous yell, there leaped into the center of the musicians a personage who certainly could not have complained if any one had taken him for the devil, for he had dressed himself up carefully for that very intent, in a jaguar-skin with a long tail, grinning teeth, a pair of horns, a plume of black and yellow feathers, and a huge rattle. He advanced and began a harangue, to which Amyas listened patiently.

"What's it all about, boy?"

"He wants to know what you want."

Amyas replied that they hoped that the tribe would give them cassava bread, and let them stay peaceably on that island, to rest awhile before they went on to fight the Spaniards on the other side of the mountains.

On which the Piache, after capering and turning head over heels with much howling, beckoned Amyas and his party to follow him; they did so, seeing that the Indians were all unarmed, and evidently in the highest good humor.

The Piache went toward the door of a carefully closed hut, and crawling up to it on all-fours in most abject fashion, began whining to some one within. The lad asked the old cacique for an explanation, and was told that the Piache was consulting the Daughter of the Sun.

Then from the interior of the hut rose a low sweet song, at which the English were hushed in astonishment; for the voice was not shrill or guttural, like that of an Indian, but round, clear,

and rich, like a European's; and as it swelled and rose like the voice of bird on bough, the wild wanderers were rapt in new delight, and did not wonder at the Indians as they bowed their heads, and welcomed the notes as messengers from some higher world. At last one triumphant burst, and then dead silence. The Piache jumped upright and recommenced preaching at Amyas.

"Tell the howling villain to make short work of it, lad!"

The lad, grinning, informed Amyas that the Piache signified their acceptance as friends by the Daughter of the Sun; that her friends were theirs, and her foes theirs. Whereon the Indians set up a scream of delight, and Amyas answered—

"Then let her give us some cassava," and lighted a fresh cigar.

Whereon the door of the hut opened, and the Indians prostrated themselves to the earth, as there came forth the same fair apparition which they had encountered upon the island, but decked now in feather-robes, and plumes of every imaginable hue.

Slowly and stately, as one accustomed to command, she walked up to Amyas, glancing proudly round on her prostrate adorers, and pointing with graceful arms to the trees, the gardens, and the huts, gave him to understand by signs that all was at his service; after which, taking his hand, she lifted it gently to her forehead.

At that sign of submission a shout of rapture rose from the crowd; and as the mysterious maiden retired again to her hut, they pressed round the English, pointing with surprise to their swords, to their Indian bows and blow-guns, and to the trophies of wild beasts with which they were clothed; while women hastened off to bring fruit, and flowers, and cassava; and the English sat down and feasted merrily, while the drums and trumpets made hideous music. Then the party paddled back to their

island-fortress, racking their wits as to who the mysterious maid could be. Amyas, however, had settled in his mind that she was one of the lost Inca race.

They visited the village again next day, and every day for a week or more: but the maiden Ayacanora appeared but rarely, and when she did, kept her distance as haughtily as a queen.

Amyas, of course, as soon as he could converse somewhat better with his new friends, questioned the cacique about her. The old man told them, in a sort of rhythmic chant, how, many moons ago, his tribe was a mighty nation, and dwelt in Papamene, till the Spaniards drove them forth. And how, as they wandered northward, far away upon the mountain spurs beneath Cotopaxi, they had found wandering in the forest a fair child of about seven years. Wondering at her white skin and her delicate beauty, the simple Indians worshiped her as a god, and led her home with them. And when they found that she was human like themselves, their wonder scarcely lessened. How could so tender a being have sustained life in those forests, and escaped the jaguar and the snake? She must be under some Divine protection: she must be a daughter of the Sun, one of that mighty Inca race, the news of whose fearful fall had reached even those lonely wildernesses. So the girl was tended with royal honors, that her father the Sun might be propitious to them. She had become prophetess among them, as well as an object of fetish worship; and those strange and sweet songs of hers, which had so surprised the white men, were full of mysterious wisdom about the birds, and the animals, and the flowers, and the rivers, which the Sun and the Good Spirit taught her from above.

Such was the cacique's tale; Amyas was silent, full of dreams about the remnant of the Inca race. What if they were still to be found about the southern sources of the Amazon? At least, he might learn something of the truth from the maiden herself.

It might be useful to him in some future attempt; for he had not yet given up Manoa. If he but got safe home, there was many a gallant gentleman would join him in a fresh search for the Golden City of Guiana.

Whether it was pride or shyness which had kept the maiden aloof on their first visit, she conquered it after a while; perhaps through curiosity, perhaps from mere longing for amusement. But none of the English was to be her companion but Amyas; and a harmless friendship sprang up between the two.

Before many days, Amyas announced his intention to march once more, and to his delight found the men ready enough to move. When their departure was determined, Ayacanora shut herself up in her hut, and appeared no more. Great was the weeping, howling, and leave-taking on the part of the simple Indians, and loud the entreaties to come again; but Ayacanora took no part in them; and Amyas left her, wondering at her absence, but joyful and light-hearted.

CHAPTER XX

HOW THEY TOOK THE GOLD-TRAIN

Bidding farewell once and for ever to the green eastern plains, they have crossed the Cordillera; they have taken a longing glance at the city of Santa Fé, and have seen that it was far too large a place for any attempt of theirs. But they have not altogether thrown away their time. Their Indian lad has discovered that a gold-train is going down from Santa Fé, toward the Magdalena; and they are waiting for it beside the miserable rut which serves for a road, encamped among the tree-ferns, above a spot where the path winds along a steep hill-side, with a sheer cliff below of many a hundred feet; as utterly alone, within a few miles of an important Spanish settlement, as they would be in the solitudes of the Orinoco or the Amazon. They have been forced to depend upon their swords and arrows. Be it so: Drake took Nombre de Dios and the gold-train there with no better weapons; and they may do as much.

So, having blocked up the road above by felling a large tree across it, they sit there among the flowers, and meditating among themselves the cause of a mysterious roar, which has been heard nightly in their wake ever since they left the banks of the Meta. However, they are in the land of wonders; and, moreover, the gold-train is far more important than any noise.

At last, up from beneath there was a sharp crack, and a cry.

"That was a whip's crack," said Yeo, "and a woman's wail. They are close here, lads!"

"Men!" said Amyas in a low voice, "I trust you all not to shoot till I do. Then give them one arrow, out swords, and at them! Pass the word along."

Up they came, slowly, and all hearts beat loud at their coming.

First, about twenty soldiers, only one-half of whom were on foot, the other half being borne each in a chair on the back of a single Indian, while those who marched had consigned their heaviest armor and their arquebuses into the hands of attendant slaves. Another procession followed, a sad and hideous sight, yet one too common even then in those remoter districts. A line of Indians, Negroes, and Zambos, naked, emaciated, scarred with whips and fetters, and chained together by their left wrists, toiled upwards, panting and perspiring under the burden of a basket held up by a strap which passed across their foreheads. There were not only old men and youths among them, but women: slender young girls, mothers with children running at their knee; and, at the sight, a low murmur of indignation rose from the ambushed Englishmen.

But the first forty, so Amyas counted, bore on their backs a burden which made all, perhaps, but him and Yeo, forget even the wretches who bore it. Each basket contained a square package of carefully corded hide, the look whereof Amyas knew full well.

"What's in they, captain?"

"Gold!" And at that magic word all eyes were strained greedily forward, and such a rustle followed that Amyas, in the very face of detection, had to whisper—

"Be men, be men, or you will spoil all yet!"

The last twenty or so of the Indians bore larger baskets freighted with food for the party; and after them came, with their

bearers and attendants, just twenty soldiers more, followed by the officer in charge. The ambush was complete; the only question how and when to begin?

Amyas shrank from drawing bow in cool blood on men so utterly unsuspicious and defenseless, even though in the very act of devilish cruelty. But suddenly he found very good reason to avenge the tortured slaves. The last but one of the chained line was an old gray-headed man, followed by a slender graceful girl of some eighteen years. Just as they passed, there was a bustle, and a voice shouted, "Halt, Señors! there is a tree across the path!"

"A tree across the path?" bellowed the officer, and leaped down; while the line of trembling Indians, told to halt above and driven on by blows below, surged up and down, until the poor old man fell groveling on his face. He tried in vain to rise. The officer angrily pricked him with his sword. The old man fell again and lay motionless.

The driver applied the manati-hide across his loins, once, twice, with fearful force; even that specific was useless.

"What does the intendant mean by sending me out with worn-out cattle like these? Forward there!" shouted the captain. "Clear away the tree, and I'll soon clear the chain. Hold it up, Pedrillo!"

The driver held up the chain, which was fastened to the old man's wrist. The officer stepped back, and flourished round his head a Toledo blade. The man was tall and powerful, and Amyas thought that he was going to display the strength of his arm and the temper of his blade in severing the chain at one stroke. But the blade gleamed in the air, once, twice, and fell: not on the chain, but on the wrist which it fettered. There was a shriek, a crimson flash—and the chain and its prisoner were parted indeed. Quick and fierce as a tiger-cat, the girl sprang

on the ruffian, clasped him in her arms, and leaped with him from the narrow ledge into the abyss below. There was a rush, a shout; all faces were bent over the precipice. The girl hung by her chained wrist; the officer was gone. There was a moment's awful silence; and then Amyas heard his body crashing through the tree-tops far below.

"Haul her up! Hew her in pieces! Burn the witch!" and the driver, seizing the chain, pulled at it with all his might, while all, springing from their chairs, stooped over the brink.

Now was the time for Amyas! Heaven had delivered them into his hands. Swift and sure, at ten yards off, his arrow rushed through the body of the driver, and then, with a roar as of a leaping lion, he sprang into the midst of the astonished ruffians.

His first thought was for the girl. In a moment, by sheer strength, he had jerked her safely up into the road; while the Spaniards recoiled right and left. His hurrah undeceived them in an instant, and a cry of "English dogs!" arose, but too late. The men of Devon had followed their captain's lead; a storm of arrows left five Spaniards dead, and a dozen more wounded, and down leapt Salvation Yeo, his white hair streaming behind him, with twenty good swords more, and the work of death began.

The Spaniards fought like lions; but they had no time to fix their arquebuses, no room to use their pikes. Five desperate minutes, and not a living Spaniard stood upon those steps; and certainly no living one lay in the green abyss below. Amyas and his men then hurried past the Indians to help Cary and the party forward, where shouts and musket shots announced a sharp affray.

Their arrival settled the matter. All the Spaniards fell but three or four, who scrambled down the crannies of the cliff.

"Let not one of them escape!" cried Yeo; and ere the wretches

could reach a place of shelter, an arrow was quivering in each body, as it rolled lifeless down the rocks.

"Now then! Loose the Indians!" They found armorers' tools on one of the dead bodies, and it was done.

"We are your friends," said Amyas. "All we ask is that you shall help us to carry this gold down to the Magdalena, and then you are free."

Some few of the younger groveled at his knees, and kissed his feet, hailing him as the child of the Sun: but the most part kept a stolid indifference, and when freed from their fetters, sat quietly down where they stood, staring into vacancy. They seemed past hope, enjoyment, even understanding.

But the young girl, who was last of all in the line, as soon as she was loosed, sprang to her father's body, speaking no word, lifted it in her thin arms, and murmured inarticulate sounds. Suddenly the truth flashed on her; silent as ever, she drew one long heaving breath, and rose erect, the body in her arms.

Another moment, and she had leaped into the abyss.

They watched her dark and slender limbs, twined closely round the old man's corpse, turn over and over, till a crash among the leaves told that she had reached the trees; and the green roof hid her from their view.

"The Lord forgive her!" said Yeo. "But, your worship, we must have these rascals' ordnance."

"And their clothes too, Yeo, if we wish to get down the Magdalena unchallenged. Now listen, my masters all! We have won, by God's good grace, gold enough to serve us the rest of our lives, and that without losing a single man. But remember Mr. Oxenham and his crew; and do not make God's gift our ruin, by faithlessness or greediness or any mutinous haste. Now then, it will be no shame or sin to make the Indians carry it, saving the women. But we must pass through the very heart of the

Spanish settlements; so the clothes and weapons of these Spaniards we must have, let it cost us what labor it may."

A dozen volunteered to go after the spoils, and Amyas stepped forward to lead them when suddenly—

"Why, who is that comes up the road?"

Wonder of wonders! up came Ayacanora herself, blow-gun in hand, bow on back, and bedecked in all her feather garments, which last were rather the worse for a fortnight's woodland travel.

All stood mute with astonishment, as, seeing Amyas, she uttered a cry of joy, quickened her pace into a run, and at last fell panting and exhausted at his feet.

"I have found you!" she said; "you ran away from me!" And she sat down on the bank and burst into wild sobs.

"God help us!" said Amyas, clutching his hair. "What am I to do with her, over and above all these poor heathens?"

But there was no time to be lost, and over the cliff he scrambled; while the girl sat down on a point of rock to watch him.

After half-an-hour's hard work, the weapons, clothes, and armor of the fallen Spaniards were hauled up the cliff, and distributed; and they started again upon their road toward the Magdalena.

And now Amyas had time to ask Ayacanora the meaning of this strange appearance. He wished her anywhere but where she was: but now that she was here, what heart could be so hard as not to take pity on the poor wild thing? And Amyas as he spoke to her had, perhaps, a tenderness in his tone, from very fear of hurting her, which he had never used before. Passionately she told him how she had followed on their track day and night, and had every evening made sounds, as loud as she dared, in hopes of their hearing her, and either waiting for her or coming back to see what caused the noise.

Amyas now recollected the strange roaring which had followed them.

"Noises? What did you make them with?"

Ayacanora then drew out from under her feather cloak—what but the Piache's famous "holy trumpet," an object of great veneration usually kept mysteriously hidden, and not to be seen ever by any woman on pain of death. "Look!" she said.

There it was verily, a handsome earthen tube some two feet long, glazed and painted with quaint figures of animals; a relic evidently of some civilization now extinct.

"What is the meaning of this, Ayacanora? And why have you followed us?" said Amyas.

She told a long story, from which Amyas gathered that that trumpet had been for years the torment of her life; the one thing in the tribe which she was not allowed to see, because she was a woman. The Piache would not show her the trumpet, nor tell her where it was: and as for going to seek it, even she feared the superstitious wrath of the tribe at such a profanation. But the day after the English went, the Piache chose to express his joy at their departure; so she burned the old rogue's hut over his head, from which he fled raging into the woods, vowing that he would carry off the trumpet to the neighboring tribe. Whereon, by a sudden impulse, the young lady took her weapons and her feathers, started on his trail, and ran him to earth just as he was unveiling the precious mystery. She was horribly afraid, but she rushed upon the hapless conjurer, and bore off her prize in triumph; and there it was!

"I hope you have not killed him?" said Amyas.

"I did beat him a little; but I thought you would not let me kill him. And then I dared not go back to the Indians; so I was forced to come after you."

On which she fell to the rear, and followed them steadfastly,

speaking to no one, but evidently determined to follow them to the world's end.

They soon left the high road, and on the fourth day, they reached the margin of a river, broad and still enough for navigation. They had not seen a trace of human beings, and the spot seemed lonely enough for them to encamp without fear of discovery and begin the making of their canoes. Softwood trees were felled, and the process of digging them out began; while Ayacanora, silent and moody, wandered into the woods all day with her blow-gun, and brought home at evening a load of parrots, monkeys, and curassows. What to do with her weighed heavily on the mind of Amyas. He spoke of parting with her; it must be done, he told her, for her sake, for his, perhaps for that of all the crew.

The words had hardly passed his lips, when, with a shriek of mingled scorn, rage, and fear, she dashed through the astonished group, and in another minute her gaudy plumes had vanished among the dark forest stems.

All stood thunderstruck. At last Amyas spoke—

"There's no use in standing here idle, gentlemen. Staring after her won't bring her back. After all, I'm glad she's gone."

But the tone of his voice belied his words. Now he had lost her, he wanted her back; and perhaps every one present except him guessed why.

But Ayacanora did not return; and ten more days went on in continual toil at the canoes without any news of her. The canoes being finished at last, the gold, and such provisions as they could collect, were placed on board, and one evening the party prepared for their fresh voyage. They determined to travel as much as possible by night, for fear of discovery, especially in the neighborhood of the Spanish settlements which were then scattered along the banks of the main stream.

Amyas and his companions

. . . in the forest.

"Give way, men," cried Amyas; and as he spoke the paddles dashed into the water, to a right English hurrah! which sent the birds fluttering from their roosts, and was answered by the yell of a hundred monkeys.

About twenty yards below, a wooded rock, some ten feet high, hung over the stream. The river was not there more than fifteen yards broad, deep near the rock, shallow on the farther side; and Amyas's canoe led the way, within ten feet of the stone. As he passed, a dark figure leapt from the bushes on the edge, and plunged heavily into the water close to the boat.

A head rose panting to the surface, and with a few strong strokes, the swimmer had clutched the gunwale. It was Ayacanora!

Now, or never, for the strong arm! "To larboard, men, or over we go!" cried Amyas, and with one huge heave, he lifted the slender body upon the gunwale. Her lower limbs were still in the water, when, within arm's length, rose above the stream a huge muzzle. The lower jaw lay flat, the upper reached as high as Amyas's head. He could see the long fangs gleam white in the moonshine; he could see for one moment full down the monstrous depths of that great gape, which would have crushed a buffalo. Three inches from that soft side, the snout surged up——

There was the gleam of an ax from above, a sharp ringing blow, and the jaws came together with a clash which rang from bank to bank. The brute had missed her! Swerving beneath the blow, his snout had passed beneath her body, and smashed up against the side of the canoe, as the striker, overbalanced, fell headlong overboard upon the monster's back.

It was Yeo. Man and beast went down together, and where they sank, the moonlight shone on a great swirling eddy, while all held their breaths, and Ayacanora cowered down in the

canoe. None heeded her; not even Amyas, round whose knees she clung; for where was Yeo?

Another swirl; a shout from the canoe abreast of them, and Yeo rose, having dived clean under his own boat, and risen between the two.

"Safe as yet, lads! Heave me a line, or he'll have me after all." But ere the brute reappeared, the old man was safe on board.

"The Lord has stood by me," panted he, as he shot the water from his ears. "We went down together; I knew the Indian trick, and had my thumbs in his eyes before he could turn: but he carried me down to the very mud. I let go and struck up. There the beggar is, looking for me, I declare!"

And true enough, there was the huge brute swimming slowly round and round, in search of his lost victim. It was too dark to put an arrow into his eye; so they paddled on, while Ayacanora crouched silently at Amyas's feet.

"Yeo!" asked he, in a low voice, "what shall we do with her? You saved her life at the risk of your own, and you must decide."

"My dear young captain, if the Lord puts a precious soul under your care, don't you refuse to bear the burden He lays on you." And so it was settled finally.

CHAPTER XXI

HOW THEY TOOK THE GREAT GALLEON

THE bay of Santa Martha is rippling before the land-breeze one sheet of living flame, shining in the rays of the sunset. It has lent a poetic mood to the Bishop of Carthagena as he sits in the state cabin of that great galleon, *The City of the True Cross*, and looks pensively out at the shore. Beside him was a table spread with fruits and wine, but he was not so selfish as to be enjoying them alone; Don Pedro, colonel of the soldiers on board, Don Alvarez, Intendant of Customs, and Don Paul, captain of mariners in the galleon, had come to his assistance that evening, and with two friars were doing their best to prevent the good man from taking too bitterly to heart the present unsatisfactory state of his cathedral town, which had just been sacked and burnt by Sir Francis Drake.

"We have been great sufferers, Señors," snuffled the bishop.

"They say," observed the commandant, "that a very small plate-fleet will go to Spain this year."

"What else?" says the intendant. "What have we to send, in the name of all saints, since these accursed English have swept us out clean?"

"And if we had anything to send," says the sea-captain, "what have we to send it in? That fiend incarnate, Drake——"

"Ah!" said his holiness; "spare my ears! Don Pedro, you will oblige my weakness by not mentioning that man. His Majesty goes on draining us for the Armada he is preparing

against the English. The town is as naked now as an Indian's back. Heaven grant we may have orders by the next fleet to fortify, or we shall be at the mercy of every English pirate! Señors, you will excuse age and infirmities. Fray Gerundio, go to bed!"

Fray Gerundio was one of those excellent men whom the cruelties of his countrymen had stirred up to deeds of love and pious daring worthy of any creed or age. They protested, even before kings, against the evil which lay nearest them; true liberals. Such a one was Fray Gerundio; a poor, clumsy-tongued peasant's son, who never could put three sentences together, save when he waxed eloquent, crucifix in hand, amid some group of Indians or negroes.

The Dons rose to depart, while the bishop maundered on. When his guests were gone, the old man began mumbling prayers out of his breviary, and fingering over jewels and gold, with the dull greedy eyes of covetous old age.

"Ah!—it may buy the red hat yet! Heaven, in love for the Indian, has made him poor in this world, that he may be rich in faith. Ah!—Ugh!—So!"

And the old miser clambered into his hammock. His maid-servant drew the mosquito net over him, wrapt another round her own head, coiled herself upon the floor, and master and slave were soon snoring.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was down. The sentinels, who had tramped and challenged overhead till they thought their officers were sound asleep, now slept as soundly as the bishop's self.

Two long lines glided out from behind the isolated rocks of the Morro Grande, which bounded the bay some five hundred yards astern of the galleon. They were almost invisible on the glittering surface of the water, being perfectly white; and, had

a sentinel been looking out, he could only have descried them by the phosphorescent flashes along their sides.

Now the bishop turned himself over uneasily; for his shoulders had slipped down, and his heels up. So he sat upright in his hammock and called Tita.

"Put another pillow under my head, child! What is that?"

Suddenly the cabin was full of armed men, two of whom were lashing up the bishop in his hammock; two more had seized Tita; and more were clambering up into the stern-gallery beyond, wild figures, with bright blades and armor gleaming in the starlight.

"Now, Will," whispered the giant who had seized him, "forward and clap the fore-hatches on; and shout Fire! with all your might."

But already the alarm had been given, and mad confusion reigned through every deck. Amyas had already gained the poop; the sentinels were gagged and bound; and every half-naked wretch who came trembling up on deck in his shirt was hurled into the scuppers, and there secured.

"Lower away that boat!" shouted Amyas in Spanish to his first batch of prisoners.

The men, unarmed and naked, could but obey; and as each appeared he was bundled down over the side into the boat.

"She's full. Cast loose now and off with you. If you try to board again, we'll sink you."

"Fire! fire!" shouted Cary, forward. "Up the main hatchway for your lives!"

The ruse succeeded; and before half-an-hour was over, all the ship's boats were filled with Spaniards in their shirts, getting ashore as best they could.

"Get the main and foresail up, Will!" said Amyas, "cut the cable. By-the-bye, where is the commander?"

Alas! Don Pedro, forgotten in the bustle, had been lying on the deck in his shirt, helplessly bound, exhausting that part of his vocabulary which related to the unseen world. Which most discourteous act seemed at first likely to be somewhat heavily avenged on Amyas; for as he spoke, a couple of caliver-shots, fired from under the poop, passed by his ears, and Cary clapped his hand to his side.

"Hurt, Will?"

"A pinch, old lad—Look out!"

And as he spoke, a rush forward on the poop drove two of their best men down the ladder into the waist, where Amyas stood.

"Killed?" asked he, as he picked one up, who had fallen head over heels.

"Sound as a bell, sir; but they Gentiles has got hold of the firearms, and set the captain free."

Out of the windows of the poop, which looked on the main-deck, a galling fire had been opened, and Amyas could not afford to lose men; for, as far as he knew, the Spaniards left on board might still far outnumber the English; so up he sprang on the poop, followed by a dozen men, and there began a very heavy fight between two valiant parties.

The rest of the English made a rush, of course, to get upon the poop, seeing that the Spaniards could not shoot them through the deck; but the fire from the windows was so hot that although they dodged behind masts, spars, and every possible shelter, one or two dropped; and Jack Brimblecombe and Yeo took on themselves to call a retreat, and with about a dozen men, got back, and held a council of war. They lacked ammunition where they were, and Yeo rushed round, probing every gun with his sword.

"Here's a patararo loaded! Now for a match, lads."

Luckily one of the English had kept his match alight during the scuffle.

"Now help me to unship the gun—the mast's in the way here. Steady, lads, and keep it level, or you'll shake out the priming. Ship it here; turn out that one, and heave it into that boat, if they come alongside. Steady now—so! Rummage about, and find me a bolt or two, a marlin-spike."

Missiles were found—odds and ends—and crammed into the swivel up to the muzzle: and, in another minute, its "cargo of notions" was crashing into the poop-windows, silencing the fire from thence effectually enough for the time.

"Now, then, a rush forward, and right in along the deck!" shouted Yeo; and the whole party charged through the cabin-doors, which their shot had burst open, and hewed their way from room to room.

"Yield, Señor!" shouted Amyas to the commander, who had been fighting like a lion.

"Never! You have bound me, and insulted me! Your blood or mine must wipe out the stain!"

And he rushed on Amyas. There was a few moments' heavy fence between them; and then Amyas cut right at his head. But as he raised his arm, the Spaniard's blade slipped along his ribs, and snapped against the point of his shoulder-blade. An inch more to the left, and it would have been through his heart. The blow fell, but as it fell, a bright blade flashed close past Amyas's ear; the sea-captain's grasp loosened, and he dropped, a corpse; while over him, like an angry lioness above her prey, stood Ayacanora, her long hair floating in the wind, her dagger raised aloft.

"Are you hurt?" panted she.

"A scratch, child.—What do you do here? Go back, go back."

The battle was over. The Spaniards, seeing their commanders fall, laid down their arms, and cried for quarter; the commandant yielded himself perforce; and the galleon was taken.

Amyas hurried forward to get the sails set. As he went down the poop-ladder, there was Ayacanora sitting on the lowest step. She rose, and let him pass. He saw that her face was bright with tears; but he hurried on, nevertheless.

"Perhaps I did speak a little hastily to her, considering she saved my life; but what a brimstone it is!"

It was impossible, till morning dawned, either to get matters into any order, or to overhaul the prize they had taken; and many of the men were so much exhausted that they fell fast asleep on the deck ere the surgeon had time to dress their wounds. Amyas found of the forty-four but six seriously wounded, and none killed. However, their working numbers were now reduced to thirty-eight, a scanty crew.

"Now, my men," said Amyas, "for three years you and I have wandered on the face of the earth, seeking our fortune, and we have found it at last, thanks be to God! Now, what was our promise and vow? Was it not that the dead should share with the living; and that every man's portion, if he fell, should go to his widow or his orphans, or if he had none, to his parents? The Lord has put into our hands a rich prize; and what with the gold which we have already, we are well paid for all our labors. I hereby give freely into the common stock my brother's share, for the use of the whole ship's crew, who have stood by me through weal and woe. So, now to prayers, lads, and then to eat our breakfast."

When breakfast was ready, Amyas invited both the commandant and the bishop to eat with him and his men. The former refused haughtily, but His Holiness found the savory

odors irresistible, and sat down with some geniality, and in a few moments was talking with his captors. They learned that he had known Drake—"Only too well!"—but when they would tap him of his information as to Don Guzman's whereabouts, he professed ignorance and sent for the commandant, who seemed by this time rather more tractable.

"Can you tell me where the Señor Governor of La Guayra may be now?" asked Amyas.

"The Señor Don Guzman de Soto," said the commandant, in a somewhat constrained tone, "is said to be at present in Spain, having thrown up his office in consequence of domestic matters, of which I have not the honor of knowing anything."

Amyas longed to ask more: but he knew that the well-bred Spaniard would tell him nothing which concerned another man's wife, and in reply to an earlier question of the Bishop's, went on to tell his own story, from the landing at Guayra to the passage down the Magdalena. The commandant lifted up his hands in reluctant admiration.

"The night before last," Amyas, bowing, continued, "we passed the mouth of the bay in our two canoes, which we had lashed together after the fashion I had seen in the Moluccas, to keep them afloat in the surf. We had scraped the canoes bright the day before, and rubbed them with white clay, that they might be invisible at night; and so we got safely to the Morro Grande, passing within half a mile of your ship. We landed at the back of the Morro, and there took our sails of Indian cloth, whitened them likewise with clay which we had brought with us from the river and laid them over us on the canoes, paddling from underneath them. So that, had your sentinels been awake, they would have hardly made us out, till we were close on board. And the rest of the tale I need not tell you."

The commandant rose in his courtly Spanish way—

"Your story, Señor, proves to me that you have succeeded, valiant Captain, because you have deserved to succeed; and it is no shame to me to succumb to enemies who have united the cunning of the serpent with the valor of the lion."

"You are, like your nation, only too generous, Señor. But what noise is that outside?"

The door was opened, and Evans presented himself with a terrified face.

"As we searched the ship, we found an Englishwoman, as I'm a sinful man!—and a shocking sight she is to see!"

"Bring her in!" said Amyas, turning very pale; and as he spoke, Yeo and another led into the cabin a figure scarcely human—an elderly woman, dressed in the yellow "penitent's robe" of the Inquisition, with ragged gray locks hanging about a countenance distorted by suffering, and shrunk by famine. Painfully, as one unaccustomed to the light, she peered and blinked round her. Her fallen lip gave her a half-idiotic expression; and yet there was an uneasy twinkle in the eye, as of boundless terror and suspicion. She lifted up her fettered wrist to shade her face; and as she did so, disclosed a line of fearful scars upon her skinny arm.

"Look there, sirs!" said Yeo sternly. "I know well enough how those marks came;" and he pointed to the similar scars on his own wrist.

The commandant, as well as the Englishmen, recoiled with horror.

"What wretch is this on board my ship? Bishop, is this the prisoner whom you sent on board?"

The bishop, who had been slowly recovering his senses, looked at her a moment; and then thrusting his chair back, crossed himself, and almost screamed, "Malefica! Malefica! Who brought her here?" and he began muttering prayers.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

"Yes! she that sold her own soul, and persuaded that dear saint to sell hers; she that did the devil's work, and has taken the devil's wages—after this fashion!" and she held up her scarred wrists wildly.

"Where is Rose Salterne?" shouted Will and Jack.

"Where is my brother Frank?" shouted Amyas.

"Dead, dead, dead!"

"How did she die?"

"The Inquisition—he!" pointing to the monk. "Ask him—he betrayed her to her death. And ask him!" pointing to the bishop; "he sat by her and saw her die."

"Woman, you rave!" said the bishop, getting up with a terrified air, and moving as far as possible from Amyas.

"How did my brother die, Lucy?" asked Amyas, still calmly.

"Who be you, sir?"

"I am Amyas Leigh of Burrough. Do you know aught of my brother Frank, who was lost at La Guayra?"

"Mr. Amyas! Heaven forgive me that I did not know the bigness of you. Your brother, sir, died like a gentleman as he was."

"But how?" gasped Amyas.

"Burned with her, sir!"

"Is this true, sir?" said Amyas, turning to the bishop, with a very quiet voice.

"I, sir?" stammered he, in panting haste. "I had nothing to do—I was compelled in my office of bishop to be an unwilling spectator—ask that gentleman—sir! Saints and angels, sir! what are you going to do?" shrieked he, as Amyas laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and began to lead him towards the door.

"Hang you!" said Amyas. "If I had been a Spaniard and a priest like yourself, I would have burnt you alive."

"Hang me?" shrieked the wretched old Balaam.

"Take the dark monk, Yeo, and hang him too. Lucy Passmore, do you know this fellow also?" pointing to the other monk.

"No, sir," said Lucy.

"Lucky for you, Fray Gerundio," said Will Cary; while the good friar hid his face in his hands, and burst into tears. Lucky it was for him, indeed; for he had been a pitying spectator of the tragedy. But the bishop shrieked on.

"Oh! not yet. An hour, only an hour! I am not fit to die."

"That is no concern of mine," said Amyas. "I only know that you are not fit to live. Clear away that rigging," he directed the men.

And so the Bishop and the Dominican monk were strung up, after duly making their confessions to Fray Gerundio.

Amyas stood long in solemn silence, watching the two corpses dangling above his head. At last he drew a long breath, as if a load was taken off his heart.

Suddenly he looked round to his men, who were watching eagerly to know what he would do next.

"Hearken to me, my masters all, and may God hearken too, and do so to me, and more also, if, as long as I have eyes to see a Spaniard, and hands to hew him down, I do any other thing than hunt down that accursed nation day and night, and avenge all the innocent blood which has been shed by them since the day in which King Ferdinand drove out the Moors!"

"Amen!" said Salvation Yeo. "I need not to swear that oath, for I have sworn it long ago, and kept it. Will your honor have us kill the rest of the idolaters?"

"No; we will spare them. God has shown us a great mercy this day, and we must be merciful in it. We will land them at Cabo Velo. But henceforth till I die no quarter to a Spaniard."

"Amen!" said Yeo.

Amyas's whole countenance had changed in the last half-hour.

He seemed to have grown years older. His brow was wrinkled, his lip compressed, his eyes full of a terrible stony calm, as of one who had formed a great and dreadful purpose; and yet when he returned to the cabin he bowed courteously to the commandant, begged pardon of him for having played the host so ill, and entreated him to finish his breakfast.

"But, Señor—is it possible? Is his holiness dead?"

"He is hanged and dead, Señor. I would have hanged, could I have caught them, every living thing which was present at my brother's death, even to very flies upon the wall. No more words, Señor; your conscience tells you that I am just."

Amyas left him and went to look for Lucy Passmore, whom the sailors were nursing and feeding, while Ayacanora watched them with a puzzled face.

"I will talk to you when you are better, Lucy," said he, taking her hand. "Now you must eat and drink, and forget all among us lads of Devon."

Ayacanora, at last convinced that this was some one whom Amyas thought worthy of gentleness, thrust the sailors aside, and took possession of Lucy Passmore.

"Where shall I put her?" asked she of Amyas.

"In the best cabin; and let her be served like a queen."

"No one shall touch her but me;" and taking up the withered frame in her arms, Ayacanora walked off with her in triumph, telling the men to go and mind the ship.

And so that wild night and day subsided. The prisoners were kindly used enough; and when, two days afterwards, they were sent ashore in the canoes off Cabo Velo, captives and captors shook hands all round; and Amyas, after returning the commandant his sword, bowed him courteously over the side.

The commandant was gone; the ship was put again before the wind, and as the shores of the Main faded lower and dimmer

behind her, a mighty cheer broke from all on board; and for once the cry from every mouth was Eastward-ho!

Scrap by scrap, as weakness and confusion of intellect permitted her, Lucy Passmore told her story. Rose had not yielded to Don Guzman without a struggle. He had visited her two or three times at Lucy's house before she agreed to go with him.

They had gone to Lundy, where the lovers were married, and sailed thence in a Portuguese boat, away for the West Indies. All went happily till Eustace came. Somehow, in what way exactly Lucy did not know, he gained power over Don Guzman, and made trouble from the first. Then came preparations to meet the English, and high words about it between Don Guzman and Rose; till a few days before Amyas's arrival, the Don had dashed out of the house in a fury, saying openly that she preferred these Lutheran dogs to him, and that he would have their hearts' blood first, and hers after.

The rest was soon told. The very morning after Amyas had gone up to the villa, Lucy and her mistress were taken down to the quay, in the name of the Holy Office, and shipped off to Carthagena.

There the officers, prompted and encouraged by the wretched Eustace, examined the two women, charging them with witchcraft. This, Lucy herself could hardly deny. After several days of ingenious tortures, she finally recanted and became a Romanist. But this was not all that the fanatical Eustace was after: though his old love for Rose moved his pity somewhat during these dreadful days, it was evident that still stronger was his desire to see her accept the true Faith. Frank Leigh, too, was an object of Eustace's fervor. The first that the women knew of Frank's being in the same prison was when they were all three brought out to an auto-da-fe, to walk in the ghastly procession. Lucy was adjudged to receive publicly two hun-

dred stripes, and to be sent to "The Holy House" at Seville to perpetual prison. Frank and Rose were sentenced to death as impenitent, and both were burnt at one stake. She thought they did not feel it more than twenty minutes. They were very bold and steadfast, and held each other's hands to the very last.

Old Lucy could tell them nothing further about Eustace Leigh. She could not know that ere another sun had set he had gone to the principal of the Jesuits, told him his whole heart (or as much of it as the poor wretch dared admit), and entreated to be allowed to finish his novitiate and enter the order. Being accepted, he vanishes from our story. Let us forgive him, if we can.

CHAPTER XXII

HOW SALVATION YEO FOUND HIS LITTLE MAID AGAIN

AYACANORA was rapidly becoming a problem. She was losing the fine dignity that had invested her in her savage state, and yet seemed to be learning, now that she was among civilized folk, only how to be naughty. The care of Lucy kept her occupied much of the time, but she still found leisure to defy Amyas and upset discipline; while every rebuke drove her to threats of suicide. How was poor Amyas to tame her? He tried to get her to let Parson Jack teach her the rudiments of Christianity, but she roundly refused to learn anything of any one but Amyas himself. Besides, she disliked Jack, and openly mimicked him for the edification of the men. And she lorded it over all the sailors like a princess.

At last the matter, as most things luckily do, came to a climax; and it happened in this way.

The ship had been slipping along now for many a day, slowly but steadily before a favorable breeze. She had passed the ring of the West India islands, and was now crawling, safe from all pursuit, through the vast weed-beds of the Sargasso Sea. There, for the first time, it was thought safe to relax the discipline which had been hitherto kept up, and to "rummage" their noble prize. What they found, of gold and silver, jewels, and merchandise, was enough, with the other treasure, to make Amyas rich for life, after all claims of Cary and the crew, not forgetting Mr. Salterne's third as owner of the ship, had been

paid off. But in the captain's cabin were found two chests, one full of gorgeous Mexican feather dresses, and the other of Spanish and East Indian finery, which were, at Cary's proposal, given to Ayacanora, as her due and fit share of the pillage.

So the poor child took greedy possession of the trumpery, and soon appeared on the quarter-deck, sunning herself like a peacock before the eyes of Amyas in Seville mantillas, Madrid hats, and other gewgaws, most inexpertly put on.

The crew tittered: Amyas felt much more inclined to cry. This went on for several days, until at last, unluckily, she turned about suddenly, saw a dozen faces in a broad grin, comprehended all in a moment, darted down the companion-ladder, and vanished.

Amyas, fully expecting her to jump overboard, followed as fast as he could. But she had locked herself in with Lucy, and he could hear her violent sobs, and Lucy's faint voice entreating to know what was the matter.

In vain he knocked. She refused to come out all day, and at even they were forced to break the door open, to prevent Lucy from being starved.

There sat Ayacanora, her finery half torn off, and scattered about the floor in spite, crying still as if her heart would break; while poor Lucy cried too, half from fright and hunger, and half for company.

Amyas tried to comfort the poor child, assured her that the men should never laugh at her again. "But then," added he, "you must not be so—so—"

"I want to be English girl!" she cried.

"Fine clothes will never make you English, my child," said Amyas.

"No! not English clothes—English heart! Good heart, like yours! Yes, I will be good, and John shall teach me!"

"There's my good maid," said Amyas. "John shall begin to teach you to-morrow."

"No! Now! now! Ayacanora cannot wait. She will drown herself if she is bad another day! Come, now!"

And she made him fetch Brimblecombe, heard the honest fellow patiently for an hour or more, and told Lucy that very night all that he had said. And from that day, whenever Jack went in to read and pray with poor Lucy, Ayacanora, instead of escaping on deck as before, stood patiently trying to make it all out, and knelt when he knelt, and tried to pray too.

One morning, just after they had passed the Sargasso-beds, the ship was taking care of herself; the men were all on deck under the awning, tinkering and cobbling, and chatting; Amyas and Cary, cigar in mouth, were talking about all manner of things. Ayacanora, tired of doing nothing, went forward to the poop-rail to listen to John Squire the armorer, who sat tinkering a head piece, and humming a merry chantey. But he had scarcely started, when Yeo broke in, protesting that it were better, after all the mercies vouchsafed to them, that he should sing a goodly psalm—"instead of howling about—

"A randy, dandy, dandy O,
A whet of ale and brandy O,
With a rumbelow and a Westward-ho!
And heave, my mariners all, O!

"Is that fit talk for immortal souls? How does that child's-trade sound beside the psalms, John Squire?"

Now it befell that Salvation Yeo had put that melody into the true nasal twang, and rung it out as merrily as he had done perhaps twelve years before, when he got up John Oxenham's anchor in Plymouth Sound. And it befell also that Ayacanora, as she stood by Amyas's side, heard it, and started; and then, half

to herself, took up the strain, and sang it over again, word for word, in the very same tune and tone.

It was Yeo's turn to start. "Who sang that?" he asked, and turned, to see Ayacanora singing. "Well, as I'm a sinner, if I hadn't seen where the voice came from, I could have sworn it was the little maid; just as we taught her to sing it by the river there, I and William Penberthy of Marazion, my good comrade. The Lord have mercy on me!"

All were silent whenever Yeo made any allusion to that lost child. Ayacanora went humming on to herself—

"And heave, my mariners all, O!"

Yeo started up from the gun where he sat. "I can't abear it! As I live, I can't! You, Indian maiden, where did you learn to sing that there?"

Ayacanora looked up at him, half frightened by his vehemence, then at Amyas, to see if she had been doing anything wrong; and then turned saucily away, looked over the side, and hummed on.

"Ask her, for mercy's sake—ask her, Captain Leigh!"

"My child," said Amyas, speaking in Indian, "how is it you sing that so much better than any other English? Did you ever hear it before?"

Ayacanora looked up at him puzzled, and shook her head.

"Well then," said Amyas, "do you recollect Ayacanora—what shall I say?—anything that happened when you were a little girl?"

She paused awhile; and then moving her hands overhead—

"Trees—great trees like the Magdalena—always nothing but trees—wild and bad everything. Ayacanora won't talk about that."

"Do you mind anything that grew on those trees?" asked Yeo eagerly.

She laughed. "Silly! Flowers and fruit, and nuts—grow on

all trees, and monkey-cups, too. Ayacanora climbed up after them."

"But who taught you to call them monkey-cups?" asked Yeo, trembling with eagerness. The girl would make no further

answer, and turned her back on him peevishly, as if already tired by her effort to remember.

Then Amyas appealed to her. "Do try to recall some more, child," he begged. "What do you remember besides the Indians?" And for him she tried once more.

"Ayacanora mind great monkeys—black, oh, so high," and she held up her hand above her head, and made a violent gesture of disgust.

"Monkeys? what, with tails?" She shook her head violently.

"She must mean Negurs," said Yeo; "I wonder where she saw them, now. What if it were they were Cimaroons?"

"But why should any one who had seen whites forget them, and yet remember negroes?" asked Cary.

"Let us try again. Do you mind no great monkeys but those black ones?" asked Amyas.

"Yes—devil. Devil with monkey's face—and great gray beard—and like this round his neck—" and she suggested, by a gesture, a high collar.

"I know," broke in Cary. "She must mean a ruff, as I live! Stop—was his neck like the Señor Commandant's, the Spaniard?"

Ayacanora clapped her hands and nodded, delighted at finding herself understood. "Ay," she said, in good enough Spanish, "Mono de Panama; viejo diablo de Panama." (Old devil of Panama.)

Yeo threw up his hands with a shriek.

"Oh Lord of all mercies! Those were the last words of Mr. John Oxenham! Ay—and the Devil is surely none other than the devil Don Francisco Xararte! Oh dear! oh dear! my pretty little maid! and don't you know me? Don't you know Salvation Yeo, that carried you over the mountains, and used to climb for the monkey-cups for you, my dear young lady?"

And the honest fellow, falling on his knees, covered Ayacanora's hands with kisses; while all the crew, fancying him gone suddenly mad, crowded aft.

"Steady, men, and don't vex him!" said Amyas. "He thinks that he has found his little maid at last."

"And so do I, Amyas, as I live," said Cary.

Yeo stamped impatiently. "It's her, I tell ye, and that's enough! What a beauty she's grown! Oh dear! where were my eyes all this time, to behold her, and not to see her! 'Tis her very mortal self, it is! And don't you mind me, my dear, now? Don't you mind Salvation Yeo, that taught you to sing 'Heave my mariners all, O!' a-sitting on a log by the boat upon the sand!" And the poor old man ran on in a supplicating, suggestive tone, as if he could persuade the girl into becoming the person whom he sought.

Ayacanora had watched him, first angry, then amused, then attentive, and at last with the most intense earnestness. Suddenly she grew crimson, and snatching her hands from the old man's, hid her face in them, and stood.

"Do you remember anything of all this, my child?" asked Amyas gently.

She lifted up her eyes suddenly to his, with a look of imploring agony, as if beseeching him to spare her. The death of a whole old life, the birth of a whole new life, was struggling in that beautiful face, choking in that magnificent throat. She shuddered, reeled, then fell weeping on the bosom, not of Salvation Yeo, but of Amyas Leigh.

He stood still a minute or two, bearing that fair burden, ere he could recollect himself. Then,—

"Ayacanora, you are not yet mistress of yourself, my child. You were better to go down, and see after poor Lucy, and we will talk about it all to-morrow."

She gathered herself up instantly, and disappeared below.

"Ah!" said Yeo, with a tone of exquisite sadness; "the young to the young! Over land and sea, in the forests and in the galleys, in battle and prison, I have sought her! And now!——"

"My good friend," said Amyas, "neither are you master of yourself yet. When she comes round again, whom will she love and thank but you?"

"You, sir! She owes all to you; and so do I. Let me go below, sir. My old wits are shaky. Bless you, sir, and thank you for ever and ever!"

And Yeo grasped Amyas's hand, and went down to his cabin, from which he did not reappear for many hours.

From that day Ayacanora was a new creature. The thought that she, the wild Indian, was really one of the great white people whom she had learned to worship carried in it some regenerating change: she regained all her former stateliness, and with it a self-restraint, a temperance, a softness which she had never shown before. Her dislike of Cary and Jack vanished. Modest and distant as ever, she now took delight in learning from them about England and English people. The crew, though they were a little vexed at losing their pet, consoled themselves with the thought that she was a "real born lady," and there was not a man on board who did not prick up his ears if she approached him, or who would not have jumped overboard to do her a pleasure.

Only Yeo kept sorrowfully apart. He never looked at her, spoke to her, met her even, if he could. His dream had vanished. He had found her! and after all, she did not care for him! Why should she?

As for Amyas, he seemed bent on keeping the girl at a distance, and every day he sought to emphasize her new dignity and to widen the space he had set between himself and her. His main

reason, fantastic as it may seem, was simply that he had discovered her to be a Spaniard. Her mother was a Spaniard—Pah! one of the accursed race, kinswoman, perhaps, to his brother's murderers! His jaundiced eyes could see nothing but the Spanish element in her.

So homeward they ran, before a favoring south-west breeze: but long ere they were within sight of land, Lucy Passmore was gone to her rest beneath the Atlantic waves.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOW AMYAS CAME HOME THE THIRD TIME

It is the evening of the 15th of February, 1587, and Mrs. Leigh (for we must return now to old scenes and old faces) is pacing slowly up and down the terrace-walk at Burrough, looking out over the winding river and the wide western sea, as she has done every evening, be it fair weather or foul, for three weary years. Three years and more are past and gone, and yet no news of Frank and Amyas, and the gallant ship and all the gallant souls therein. Three weary years, and yet no word. Once there was a flush of hope, and good Sir Richard had sent a horseman posting across to Plymouth, when the news arrived that Drake, Frobisher, and Carlisle had returned with their squadron from the Spanish Main. Alas! he brought back great news, glorious news: news of the sacking of Carthagena, San Domingo, Saint Augustine; of the relief of Raleigh's Virginian colony: but no news of the *Rose*, and of those who had sailed in her. And Mrs. Leigh bowed her head, and worshiped, and said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

What was that afar out in the fast darkening twilight? A flash, and then the thunder of a gun at sea.

Mrs. Leigh stopped. The flash was right outside the bar.

A ship in distress it could not be. The wind was light and westerly. The folk of Northam all hurried into the churchyard which looks down on the broad flats and the river.

There was a gallant ship outside the bar. She was running in, too, with all sails set. A large ship; nearly a thousand tons she might be; but not of English rig. What was the meaning of it? Easily, on the flowing tide and fair western wind, she has slipped up the channel between the two lines of sandhill. She is almost off Appledore now. She is no enemy.

The strange sail passed out of sight behind the hill of Appledore; and then there rose into the quiet evening air a cheer, as from a hundred throats. Mrs. Leigh stood still, and listened. Round the Hubbastone the ship came at last. There was music on board, drums and fifes and trumpets, which wakened ringing echoes from every knoll of wood and slab of slate. And as she opened full on Burrough House, another cheer burst from her crew, and rolled up to the hills from off the silver waters far below, full a mile away.

And Mrs. Leigh, with her maid behind her, started with rapid steps towards Bideford. "Master Amyas is come home, Grace!"

Was it true? Was it a dream? Had the divine instinct of the mother enabled her to recognize her child's voice among all the rest, and at that enormous distance?

As they came down Bridgeland Street they could see the strange ship already at anchor in the river. They had just reached the lower end of the street, when round the corner swept a great mob, sailors, women, 'prentices, hurrahing, questioning, weeping, laughing. Mrs. Leigh stopped; and behold, they stopped also.

"Here she is!" shouted some one; "here's his mother!"

"*His* mother? Not *their* mother!" said Mrs. Leigh to herself, and turned pale.

The next moment the giant head and shoulders of Amyas, far above the crowd, swept round the corner.

"Make a way! Make room for Madam Leigh!"—And Amyas fell on his knees at her feet.

She threw her arms round his neck, and bent her fair head over his, but she asked no question. She saw that Amyas was alone.

At last he whispered, "I would have died to save him, mother, if I could."

"How did he die?"

"He is a martyr. He died in the——"

Amyas could say no more.

"The Inquisition?"

"Yes."

A strong shudder passed through Mrs. Leigh's frame, and then she lifted up her head.

"Come home, Amyas. I little expected such an honor—God, have mercy on me, and let me not go mad before these folk, when I ought to be thanking Thee for Thy great mercies! Amyas, who is that?"

And she pointed to Ayacanora, who stood close behind Amyas, watching with keen eyes the whole.

"She is a poor wild Indian girl—my daughter, I call her. I will tell you her story hereafter."

"Your daughter? My granddaughter, then. Come hither, maiden, and be my granddaughter."

Ayacanora came obedient, and knelt down, because she had seen Amyas kneel.

"God forbid, child! kneel not to me. Come home, and let me know whether I am sane or mazed, alive or dead."

And drawing her hood over her face, she turned to go back, holding Amyas tight by one hand, and Ayacanora by the other.

The crowd let them depart some twenty yards in respectful silence, and then burst into a cheer which made the old town ring.

Mrs. Leigh stopped suddenly. "Where are your men?"

"We went out a hundred, mother, and we came home forty-four—if we are at home. Is it a dream, mother? I have been dreading this meeting for months. It has been a nightmare hanging over me like a horrible black thunder-cloud—the thought that you might ask me whether I was not my brother's keeper—that you might require his blood at my hands—and now, now! when it comes! to find you all love, and trust and patience—mother, mother, it's more than I can bear!" and he wept violently.

Mrs. Leigh knew enough of Amyas to know that any burst of this kind, from his quiet nature, betokened some very fearful struggle; and the loving creature forgot everything instantly, in the one desire to soothe him.

And soothe him she did; and home the two went, arm in arm together, while Ayacanora held fast, like a child, by the skirt of Mrs. Leigh's cloak. The assurance and daring of the forest nymph had given place to the trembling modesty of the young girl, suddenly cast on shore in a new world, among strange faces, strange hopes, and strange fears also.

"Will your mother love me?" whispered she to Amyas, as they arrived at the house.

"Yes; but you must do what she tells you."

A loud knock at the door was followed by its opening hastily; and into the hall burst, regardless of etiquette, the tall and stately figure of Sir Richard Grenvile.

Amyas dropped on his knees instinctively. The stern warrior was quite unmanned as he bent over his godson.

"My lad! my glorious lad! and where have you been? Get

up, and tell me all. I knew you would do something grand. Now, let me have the whole story. Why, I am out of breath! To tell truth, I ran most of the way hither!"

And down the two sat, and Amyas talked long into the night; while Sir Richard, his usual stateliness recovered, smiled stern approval at each deed of daring; and when all was ended, answered with something like a sigh—

"Would God that I had been with you every step!"

Amyas went the next day to Salterne, and told his tale. The old man had heard the outlines of it already: but he calmly bade him sit down, and listened to all, his chin upon his hand, his elbows on his knees. His cheek never blanched, his lips never quivered throughout. Only when Amyas came to Rose's marriage, he heaved a long breath, as if a weight was taken off his heart. At the end of the tale—

"And her husband?" asked he, after a pause.

"I am ashamed to have to tell you, sir, that the man still lives," admitted Amyas, with downcast eyes.

"Still lives, sir?"

"Too true, as far as I know. That it was not my fault, my story bears me witness."

"Sir, I never doubted your will to kill him. Still lives, you say? Well, so do rats and adders. Now, sir, no more of this. When you need a ship, mine is at your service; till then, sir, farewell, and God be with you."

And the old man rose, and with an unmoved countenance, bowed Amyas to the door. That evening a messenger from Bideford came running breathless up to Burrough Court. The authorities wanted Amyas's immediate attendance, for he was one of the last, it seemed, who had seen Mr. Salterne alive. Salterne was kneeling by his daughter's bed; his head was upon the coverlet; his prayer-book was open before him at the Burial

Service; his hands were clasped in supplication; but he was dead and cold.

His will lay by him. He had left all his property among his poor relations, saving and excepting all money, etc., due to him as owner and part-adventurer of the ship *Rose,* and his new bark of three hundred tons burden, now lying East-the-water; all which was bequeathed to Captain Amyas Leigh, on condition that he should re-christen that bark the *Vengeance,* fit her out with part of the treasure, and with her sail once more against the Spaniard, before three years were past.

For Amyas the next twelve months pass quietly, a welcome change for the young adventurer. Yeo has installed himself as major domo, with no very definite functions, save those of walking about everywhere at Amyas's heels like a lank, gray wolfhound, and spending his evenings at the fireside, as a true old sailor does, with his Bible on his knee, and his hands busy in manufacturing numberless knick-knacks, useful and useless, for every member of the family, and above all for Ayacanora, whom he insults every week by humbly offering some toy only fit for a child; at which she pouts, and is reproved by Mrs. Leigh, and then takes the gift, and puts it away never to look at it again. For her whole soul is set upon being an English maid; and she runs about all day long after Mrs. Leigh, insisting upon learning the mysteries of the kitchen, and, above all, the art of dressmaking. For first she will be a good housewife, like Mrs. Leigh; and next a new idea has dawned on her, that of helping others. Amyas watched her half amused, half in simple pride of her beauty; and looked around at all gazers, as much as to say, "See what a fine bird I have brought home!"

And so on, month after month of foolish storm and foolish sunshine; but she was under the shadow of one in whom was

neither storm nor sunshine, but a perpetual genial calm of soft gray weather, which tempered down to its own peacefulness all who entered its charmed influence; and the outbursts grew more and more rare, and Ayacanora more and more rational, though no more happy, day by day.

But though Amyas lay idle, England did not. That spring saw another and a larger colony sent out by Raleigh to Virginia, under the charge of one John White. Raleigh had written more than once, entreating Amyas to take the command. But his mother had bound him by a solemn promise to wait at home with her for twelve months at least.

But soon came a sharper trial of Amyas's patience, and one which made him, for the first time in his life, moody, peevish, and restless, at the thought that others were fighting Spaniards, while he was sitting idle at home. For his whole soul was filling fast with sullen malice against Don Guzman. He had entered into the darkness in which every man walks who hates his brother; and it lay upon him like a black shadow day and night. No company, too, could be more fit to darken that shadow than Salvation Yeo's. The old man grew more stern in his fanaticism day by day, and found a too willing listener in his master. It must be said, however, that if such was the temper of Englishmen at that day, the Spaniards had done a good deal to provoke it, and were just then attempting to do still more.

For now we are approaching the year 1588. That year was, indeed, a most important year for the world, since it decided thenceforth all the fortunes of the European nations, and of the whole continent of America, when the long desultory duel between Spain and England would end in some great death-grapple. The war, as yet, had been confined to the Netherlands, to the West Indies, and the coasts and isles of Africa; to the quarters, in fact, where Spain was held either to have no rights, or to have

forfeited them by tyranny. But Spain itself had been respected by England, as England had by Spain; and trade to Spanish ports went on as usual, till, in the year 1585, the Spaniard, without warning, laid an embargo on all English ships coming to his European shores. They were to be seized, it seemed, to form part of an enormous armament, which was to attack and crush, once and for all—whom? The rebellious Netherlanders, said the Spaniards: but the queen, the ministry, and the people of England thought otherwise.

Elizabeth began negotiating, and more, as the following letter testifies, written about midsummer, 1587:

"F. Drake to Captain Amyas Leigh. This with haste.

"Dear Lad,

"As I said to her most glorious Majesty, I say to you now. There are two ways of facing an enemy. The one to stand off, and cry, 'Try that again and I'll strike thee'; the other to strike him first, and then, 'Try that at all, and I'll strike thee again.' Of which latter counsel her Majesty so far approves, that I go forthwith down the coast, to singe the king of Spain's beard (so I termed it to her Majesty, she laughing), in which if I leave so much as a fishing-boat afloat from the Groyne unto Cadiz, it will not be with my good will, who intend that if he come this year, he shall come by swimming and not by sailing. So if you are still the man I have known you, bring a good ship round to Plymouth within the month, and away with me for hard blows and hard money, the feel of both of which you know pretty well by now.

"Thine lóvingly,
"F. Drake."

Amyas clutched his locks over this letter, but he kept true to his promise; and this was his reply:

"Amyas Leigh to the Worshipful Sir F. Drake, Admiral of her Majesty's Fleet in Plymouth.

"Most Honored Sir,

"A magician keeps me here, in chains for which you have no picklock; namely, a mother who forbids. The loss is mine: but Antichrist I can fight any year (for he will not die this bout, nor the next), while my mother—but I will not trouble your patience more than to ask from you to get me news, if you can, from any prisoners of one Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Soto-mayor de Soto; whether he is in Spain or in the Indies; and what the villain does, and where he is to be found. This only I entreat of you, and so remain behind with a heavy heart.

"Yours to command in all else, and I would to Heaven, in this also,

"Amyas Leigh."

But his temper amended somewhat when, a few months after, Drake returned triumphant, having destroyed a hundred sail in Cadiz alone, taken three great galleons with immense wealth on board and burnt the small craft all along the shore. After which it is unnecessary to say that the Armada was put off for yet another year.

But Amyas was not entirely pleased; he grumbled that Drake had gone and spoiled everybody else's sport; what cheered him was news from Drake that Don Guzman had been heard of from the captain of one of the galleons; that he was high in favor in Spain, and commandant of soldiers on board one of the largest of the Marquis's ships. And when Amyas heard that, a terrible joy took possession of him. When the Armada came, as come it would, he should meet his enemy at last! He could wait now patiently.

January had well-nigh run through, before Sir Richard Grenvile made his appearance on the streets of Bideford. He had been appointed in November one of the council of war for providing for the safety of the nation, and the West Country had seen nothing of him since. But one morning, just before Christmas, his stately figure darkened the old bay-window at Burrough, and Amyas rushed out to meet him, and bring him in, and ask what news from Court.

"All good news, dear lad, and dearer madam. Her Majesty shows the spirit of a warrior-queen. Amyas, has Raleigh written to you of late?"

"Not a word, and I wonder why."

"Well; no wonder at that, if you knew how he has been laboring. He has plans in his head for us, and I have given a sort of promise to him."

"Not for me too, I hope?"

"No: he will extract that himself when he comes; you must come and sup to-morrow, and talk it over."

"Where is Raleigh going to send us?"

"To Virginia. The settlers must have help: and we shall be back again long before this Spanish armament can bestir itself."

So Raleigh came, saw, and conquered. Mrs. Leigh consented to Amyas's going (for his twelvemonth would be over ere the fleet could start) upon so peaceful and useful an errand; and the next five months were spent in continual labor on the part of Amyas and Grenvile, till seven ships were all but ready in Bideford river, the admiral whereof was Amyas Leigh. But that fleet was not destined ever to see the shores of the New World: it had nobler work to do.

It was a June evening in the year 1588; Mrs. Leigh sat in the open window, busy at her needle-work; Ayacanora sat opposite

to her, on the seat of the bay, trying diligently to read "The History of the Nine Worthies," and stealing a glance every now and then towards the garden, where Amyas stalked up and down. Presently he stopped, and looked in on them.

"Well, how goes on the reading?" said he; and—"See what I bought of a chapman in town to-day, for you, my maid!"

And out he pulled a smart kerchief which had taken his sailor's fancy.

"Look at it now, blue, and crimson, and green, like any parrot!" and he held it out.

She looked round sharply, snatched it out of his hand, and tore it to shreds.

"I hate it, and I hate you!" and she sprang up and darted out of the room.

"Oh, boy, boy!" said Mrs. Leigh, "will you kill that poor child? Amyas, Amyas, are you so blind as not to see that Ayacanora——"

"Don't talk about her, poor child."

"No, Amyas, you must see it. She loves you, Amyas, as a woman only can love."

"Loves me? Well, of course. I found her, and brought her home; and I don't deny she may think that she owes me somewhat."

"Think that she owes you somewhat? Silly boy, this is not gratitude, but a deeper affection, more heavenly than gratitude."

"But, mother, you would not have me marry her?" asked blunt, practical Amyas.

"God knows what I would have—I know not; I see neither your path nor my own!"

"But Ayacanora is half a Spaniard, mother; and I cannot! Her blood may be as blue as King Philip's own, but it is Spanish still! Why, as it is, I can hardly speak civilly to her (God for-

give me!) when I recollect that she belongs to the crew who murdered him,"—he pointed to Frank's picture, and Mrs. Leigh shuddered as he did so.

There was a loud hurried knocking, and in another minute a serving-man hurried in with a letter. On it was written—

"This is to Captain Amyas Leigh with haste, haste!"

It was Sir Richard's hand. Amyas tore it open in excitement.

"The Armada is coming! My wish has come true, mother!" The letter was a hurried scrawl.

"Dear Godson,

"Walsingham sends word that the Ada sailed from Lisbon to the Groyne the 18th of May. We know no more, but have commandment to stay the ships. Come down, dear lad, and give us counsel; and may the Lord help His Church in this great strait.

"Your loving godfather, R. G."

"My son, my son! And shall I lose thee, also?"

"If I be killed, you will have two martyrs of your blood, mother!——"

Mrs. Leigh bowed her head, and was silent. Amyas caught up his hat and sword, and darted forth toward Bideford.

Amyas literally danced into Sir Richard's hall, where he stood talking earnestly with various merchants and captains.

"Gloria, gloria! gentles all! The devil is broke loose at last; and now we know where to have him on the hip!"

"Why so merry, Captain Leigh, when all else are sad?" said Lady Grenvile's gentle voice by his side.

"Because I have been sad a long time, while all else were merry, dear lady!"

"Admiral Leigh," said Sir Richard, "we need you now, if ever.

Here are the queen's orders to furnish as many ships as we can; though from these gentlemen's spirit, I should say the orders were well-nigh needless."

"Not a doubt, sir; for my part, I will fit my ship at my own charges, and fight her too, as long as I have a leg or an arm left. As for our venture in aid of the Settlers, I will let my Virginian goods rot on the quay, if the worst comes to the worst. I begin unloading the *Vengeance* to-morrow; and to sea as soon as I can fill up my crew to a good fighting number."

And so the talk ran on; and ere two days were past, most of the neighboring gentlemen, summoned by Sir Richard, had come in, and great was the bidding against each other as to who should do most. Cary and Brimblecombe, with thirty tall Clovelly men, came across the bay, and without even asking leave of Amyas, took up their berths as a matter of course on board the *Vengeance*. And in a week's time, seven ships were ready once more for sea, and dropped down into Appledore pool, and waited for the first favorable wind to start for the rendezvous in the Sound.

At last, upon the twenty-first of June, the clank of the capstans rang merrily across the flats, and amid prayers and blessings, forth sailed that gallant squadron over the bar, to play their part in Britain's Salamis; while Mrs. Leigh stood watching as she stood once before, beside the churchyard wall: but not alone this time, for Ayacanora stood by her side, and gazed and gazed, till her eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets. At last she turned away with a sob,—

"And he never bade me good-bye, mother!"

CHAPTER XXIV

THE SPANISH ARMADA

THE port of Plymouth is packed with the ships that to-morrow will begin the greatest sea-fight of history; and yet, to our modern eyes, a paltry enough squadron, of small tonnage and short range. And on the little bowling-green behind the Pelican Inn, on the afternoon of July 19, are gathered some of England's most notable men.

See those three over there, talking earnestly. The soft long eyes and pointed chin you recognize already as Walter Raleigh's. Opposite him stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenvile, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England. But who is that short, sturdy, plainly dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen gray eyes, into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. His whole figure and attitude indicate boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him;—for his name is Francis Drake.

Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on a bench, smoking tobacco from long silver pipes; that short prim man in

the huge yellow ruff is Richard Hawkins. And there is Amyas himself, talking to one who answers him with fierce, curt sentences, Captain Barker.

Suddenly, in the midst of their talk, and their game of bowls, a rough-bearded old sea-dog burst in upon them, and panted straight up to the High Admiral,—

"My Lord, my Lord! They'm coming! I saw them off the Lizard last night!"

"Who? my good sir, who seem to have left your manners behind you."

"The Armada, your worship—the Spaniard; but as for my manners, 'tis no fault of mine, for I never had none to leave behind me. But if I didn't see the Spanish fleet last sun-down, coming along half-moon-wise, and full seven mile from wing to wing, within a four mile of me, I'm a sinner."

"Ah, there's the news we've been awaiting." Lord Charles turned to Drake. "I must command the help of your counsel, Vice-Admiral."

"And it's this, my Lord," said Drake, looking up, as he aimed his bowl. "They'll come soon enough for us to show them sport, and yet slow enough for us to be ready; so let no man hurry himself. And as example is better than precept, here goes."

Lord Howard shrugged his shoulders, and departed, knowing two things: first, that to move Drake was to move mountains; and next, that when the self-taught hero did bestir himself, he would do more work in an hour than any one else in a day. So he departed, followed hastily by most of the captains; and Drake said in a low voice to Hawkins—

"Does he think we are going to knock about on a lee-shore all the afternoon and run our noses at night—and dead up-wind, too—into the Dons' mouths? No, Jack, my friend. The following game is the game, and not the meeting one!"

And so the two old sea-dogs chatted on, while their companions dropped off one by one, and only Amyas remained.

"Eh, Captain Leigh. Why aren't you gone too, sir?"

"I follow my leader," said Amyas, filling his pipe.

"Well said, my big man," quoth Drake. "If I could lead you round the world, I can lead you up Channel, can't I? Drink, lad! You're over-sad to-day."

"Not a whit," said Amyas. "Only I can't help wondering whether I shall find him after all."

"Who? That Don? We'll find him for you, if he's in the fleet. We'll squeeze it out of our prisoners somehow. Eh, Hawkins? I thought all the captains had promised to send you news if they heard any of him."

"Ah, but it's ill looking for a needle in a haystack. But I shall find him. I am a coward to doubt it," said Amyas, setting his teeth.

The next day began that great sea-fight which is a twelve days' epic worthy not of dull prose, but of the thunder-roll of Homer's verse. I shall tell it, where I can, in the words of contemporary authors.

"The Lord High Admiral of England, sending a pinnace before, called the *Defiance,* denounced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently, with much thundering out of his own ship, called *Triumph,* first set upon the admiral's. Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discover the superior "nimbleness of the English ships;" and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give, in spite of his endeavors, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon;

and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. One of the four great galliasses is already riddled with shot. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which maneuver, the "principal galleon of Seville" runs foul of her neighbor, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate.

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed for ever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours knocking holes in a huge galleon, which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name of *Santa Catharina.*

The next morning finds them off Torbay; and Amyas hailed by a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which told him that Don Guzman was aboard the *Santa Catharina*—"a lofty ship of 3 tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you!"

"*Santa Catharina!* why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday!" said Amyas, stamping on the deck.

"Of course it was. Well, we shall find her again, doubt not."

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. During the day a large Spaniard drifted by, deserted and partly burnt. She proved to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice-Admiral, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day. The next morning finds them off the island. Will the Spanish try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth? The wind has shifted to the north, and blows clear and cool off the white-walled downs. The

Spaniards turn and face the English, who go to the westward again; but it is only to return on the opposite tack; and now begin a series of maneuvers, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde, being in danger." "Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvelous agility; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and leveled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships."

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the warriors of England. Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast; not a noble house of Aragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy sea again. But at least the Spanish galleys shall attack; and in their van three of the great galliasses (the fourth lies half-crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see but Lord Howard's *Triumph,* his brother's *Lion,* Southwell's *Elizabeth Jonas,* Lord Sheffield's *Bear,* Barker's *Victory,* and George Fenner's *Leicester,* towed stoutly out, to

meet them with such salvos of chain-shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the *Biscayan*. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn.

By evening the Armada, "gathering itself into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of their way to Calais, where perhaps a French force may be ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and every countryman who can bear arms, marching eastward towards the Dover shore. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their shouts and prayers to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the French will not stir against England. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come.

But where is Amyas Leigh all this while? Day after day he has been seeking the *Santa Catharina* in the thickest of the press, and cannot even hear of her: one moment he dreads that she has sunk by night, and balked him of his prey; the next, that she has repaired her damages, and will escape him after all. He is moody, discontented, restless, even (for the first time in his life)

peevish with his men. He can talk of nothing but Don Guzman. And on this solemn and fateful Sunday, he sat in his cabin, sharpening his sword, and listening with a scowl to the loud chants and tinkling bells which came across the water from the Spanish fleet. At last Drake was summoned by the Lord Admiral, and returned with a secret commission, which ought to bear fruit that night; and Amyas helped him till nightfall, and then returned to his own ship as Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, to the joy and glory of every soul on board except his moody self.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath-day, before the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sandhills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot. Suddenly, toward evening, there breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches make night hideous. A report has gone aboard among the Spaniards that there is to be an attempt to fire their ships; and at that, cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbor.

The largest of the four galliasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. Medina, the admiral, fires a signal for return, but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe; and swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel toward Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows: but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun arises on the quaint old castle and muddy dikes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must not be allowed to re-form.

Soon, on the southwest horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the *Triumph* and the *Bear;* and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight. True, we have still but some three-and-twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards: but we have dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended.

Amyas slips in as best he can round Winter's bows, and pours his broadside into those of the *San Matthew,* and then glides on to re-load; but not to return. For not a pistol-shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—can he believe his eyes for joy?—the maiden and the wheel, Don Guzman's arms!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Re-load, and be ready; I must speak with him first." And silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the *Vengeance* glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas from the mizzen rigging.

Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop-railing, twenty feet above Amyas's head, and shouts through his vizor,—

"At your service, sir, whosoever you may be!"

A dozen muskets and arrows are levelled at him, but Amyas frowns them down. "I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the

Spaniard in a clear, quiet tone, "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat!"

"Coward!" shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

"Why that name, Señor, of all others?" asks he in a cool, stern voice.

"Because we call men cowards in England who leave their wives to be burnt alive by priests."

The moment the words had passed Amyas's lips he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, and clutched his sword-hilt.

"For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yard-arm!"

"See that your halter be a silken one then," laughed Amyas, "for I am just dubbed knight." And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not so punctilious as he.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash through the stern-works of the Spaniard: and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half-an-hour has passed of wild noise and fury; three times has the *Vengeance* sailed clean round and round the *Santa Catharina,* pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck-beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defenses of the *Vengeance,* that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever.

But in the meanwhile, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunder-storm, and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below. But still, through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her top-sails;

Amyas calls to the men to fire high and cripple her rigging: but in vain, for three or four belated galleys, having forced their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galley's beaks.

"Most heroical captain," says Cary, pulling a long face, "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, the *Vengeance* sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-northwest breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have during the night regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas's great disgust, the *Santa Catharina* has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we—What is the Admiral about?"

Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet; and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over. The Spaniard had refused battle, and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again.

The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved. But alas for the Spanish, for now comes up an Atlantic gale, and few of that hapless remnant ever reach the shores of Spain.

And now, from England and the Netherlands, from all of Europe—I had almost said from the whole of mankind—goes up a shout that was the prophetic birth-pæan of North America, Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific Islands, of free commerce and free colonization over the whole earth.

CHAPTER XXV

HOW AMYAS THREW HIS SWORD INTO THE SEA

But where, all this while, are Amyas and the *Vengeance?*

Well, it chanced that the last two days of the great battle had carried both fleets eastward from the Channel up into the German Ocean; and when the Spanish remnant had turned tail and fled, it was northward, so as to get back on their homeward road by going around Scotland and down west of Ireland, and so escaping the English vessels. The latter, being out of powder and ball, let them go.

But Amyas, still intent on meeting the Don, asked leave of the Lord High Admiral to follow them; and when the Spanish ships were well in the other side of Scotland, Amyas was hasting in their wake. His men, Devon men all, when reminded of the Rose of Torridge and her fate, swore they would follow him wherever the chase led.

It was now the sixteenth day, and the *Vengeance* had the *Santa Catharina* penned safe in the mouth of the Bristol Channel. It was a sunless, drizzly day, between two storms. There was no wind, but as the clouds lifted fitfully, they could see their enemy four or five miles to the eastward.

"There she is, and here we are," said Cary. "How is the tide, master?"

"Running up Channel by this time, sir."

"What matters the tide?" said Amyas, devouring the ship with terrible and cold blue eyes. "Can't we get at her?"

"Not unless some one jumps out and shoves behind," said Cary.

"Don't jest, Will! I can't stand it," said Amyas, in a voice which quivered so much that Cary looked at him. His whole frame was trembling like an aspen. Cary took his arm and drew him aside.

"Dear old lad," said he, as they leaned over the bulwarks, "what is this? You are not yourself, and have not been these four days."

"No. I am not Amyas Leigh. I am my brother's avenger. Do not reason with me, Will: when it is over I shall be merry old Amyas again."

The weary day wore on. About two Yeo came up to him.

"He is ours safely now, sir. The tide has been running to the eastward for this two hours."

"Safe as a fox in a trap. Satan himself cannot take him from us!"

"But God may," said Brimblecombe simply.

And as he spoke an angry growl from the westward heavens rolled nearer and nearer, till right over their heads it crashed, and all was still.

"The storm is coming," said Amyas, "and the wind in it. It will be Eastward-ho now, for once, my merry men all!"

And with accelerating pace the thunder, which had been growling slow and seldom far away, now rang peal on peal along the cloudy floor above their heads.

"Here comes the breeze. Round with the yards, or we shall be taken aback."

The yards creaked round; the sea grew crisp around them; the hot air swept their cheeks, tightened every rope, filled every sail, bent her over. A cheer burst from the men as the helm went up, and they staggered away before the wind, right down

upon the Spaniard, who lay still becalmed. The *Vengeance* gained on him fast. Soon the four miles had diminished to one, while the lightning flashed nearer and nearer.

On they rushed, the wind following fast, curtained by one flat gray sheet of pouring rain, before which the water was boiling in a long white line. Another minute and the squall burst full upon them, in rain which cut like hail—hail which lashed the sea into froth, and wind which whirled off the heads of the surges, and swept the waters into one white, seething waste.

"Get the arms and ammunition under cover, and then below with you all," shouted Amyas from the helm, with Yeo at his side.

"Hurrah! there he is, right on our larboard bow!"

There she was indeed, two musket-shots off, staggering away with canvas split and flying. On they swept, gaining fast on her.

"Land right ahead! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

She swung round. The masts bent like whips; crack went the fore-sail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard.

"Lundy!" shouted Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers! Hard a-port yet, and get her close-hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

On their left hand, as they broached-to, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock, some two hundred feet in height. Then a hundred yards of roaring breaker upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt

smoke, the Shutter, like a huge black fang, rose waiting for its prey; and between the Shutter and the land, the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm.

He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to, but his clumsy mast refused to obey the helm; he struggled a moment, half hid in foam; fell away again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir; sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but *he* will not!"

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself. And then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long, ear-piercing wail rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to her keel till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast and sail and rock, and Salvation Yeo as he stood just in front of Amyas, the tiller in his hand. All red-hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the black, black night.

A whisper, a rustling close beside him, and Brimblecombe's voice said softly,—

"Give him more wine, Will; his eyes are opening."

"Hey-day?" said Amyas faintly, "not past the Shutter yet?"

"We are past the Shutter, indeed," said Cary very gently, "and lying in the cove at Lundy."

"Will you tell me that that is not the Shutter, and that the Devil's-limekiln, and that the cliff—that villain Spaniard only gone—and that Yeo is not standing here by me, and Cary there forward, and—"

"Oh, Sir Amyas Leigh, dear Sir Amyas Leigh," blubbered poor Jack, "put out your hand, and feel where you are, and pray the Lord to forgive you for your wilfulness!"

A great trembling fell upon Amyas Leigh; half fearfully he put out his hand; he felt that he was in his hammock, with the deck beams close above his head. The vision which had been left upon his eye-balls vanished like a dream.

"What is this? I must be asleep! What has happened? Where am I?"

"In your cabin, Amyas," said Cary.

"What? And where is Yeo?"

"The same flash which struck you down, struck him dead."

"Dead? Lightning? Any more hurt? I must go and see. Why, what is this?" and Amyas passed his hand across his eyes. "It is all dark—dark, as I live!" And he passed his hand over his eyes again.

There was another dead silence. Amyas broke it.

"Oh, God!" shrieked the great proud sea-captain, "Oh, God, I am blind! blind! blind!" And writhing in his horror, he called to Cary to kill him and put him out of his misery; while Brimblecombe and Cary, and the sailors who crowded round the cabin-door, wept as if they had been boys once more.

Soon his fit of frenzy passed off, and he sank back exhausted. They lifted him into their remaining boat, rowed him ashore,

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword into the sea.

carried him painfully up the hill to the old castle, and made a bed for him on the floor, in the very room in which Don Guzman and Rose Salterne had plighted their troth to each other, five wild years before.

Three miserable days were passed within that lonely tower. Amyas, utterly unnerved by the horror of his misfortune and by the over-excitement of the last few weeks, was incessantly delirious. In the meanwhile, Cary had sent off one of the island skiffs to Clovelly, with letters to his father and to Mrs. Leigh entreating the latter to come off to the island; but the heavy westerly winds made that as impossible as it was to move Amyas on board, and the men had to do their best, and did it well enough.

On the fourth day his raving ceased; but he was still too weak to be moved. Toward noon, however, he called for food, ate a little, and seemed revived.

"Will," he said, after awhile, "this room is as stifling as it is dark. I feel as if I should be a sound man once more if I could but get one snuff of the sea-breeze. Lead me out over the down to the south end. To the point at the south end I must go; there is no other place will suit."

And he rose firmly to his feet, and held out his hands for theirs.

"Let him have his humor," whispered Cary. "It may be the working off of his madness."

They set forth, Amyas walking slowly, but firmly, between his two friends.

"Whither?" asked Cary.

"To the south end. The crag above the Devil's-limekiln."

So on they went to the point where the granite cliff which forms the western side of Lundy ends sheer in a precipice of some three hundred feet, topped by a pile of snow-white rock, bespangled with golden lichens.

It was a glorious sight upon a glorious day. To the northward the glens rushed down toward the cliff, crowned with gray crags, and carpeted with purple heather and green fern; and from their feet stretched away to the westward the sapphire rollers of the vast Atlantic, crowned with a thousand crests of flying foam. On their left hand, some ten miles to the south, stood out against the sky the purple wall of Hartland cliffs.

The sky was flecked with clouds, which rushed toward them fast upon the roaring southwest wind; while Amyas, a proud smile upon his lips, stood breasting that genial stream of airy wine with swelling nostrils and fast-heaving chest, and seemed to drink in life from every gust. All three were silent for awhile; Jack and Cary, gazing downward with delight upon the glory and the grandeur of the sight, forgot for awhile that their companion saw it not. Yet when they started sadly, and looked into his face, did he not see it? His eyes were wide and eager.

A deep sigh undeceived them. "I know it is all here—the dear old sea, where I would live and die. And my eyes feel for it; feel for it—and cannot find it; never, never will find it again for ever! God's will be done!"

"Do you say that?" asked Brimblecombe eagerly.

"Why should I not? Why have I been raving in hell-fire for I know not how many days, but to find out that, John Brimblecombe, thou better man than I?"

"Not that last: but Amen! Amen! and the Lord has indeed had mercy upon thee!" said Jack, through his honest tears.

"Amen!" said Amyas. "Now set me where I can rest among the rocks without fear of falling—for life is sweet still, even without eyes, friends—and leave me to myself awhile."

It was no easy matter to find a safe place; for from the foot of the crag the heathery turf slopes down all but upright, on one side to a cliff which overhangs a shoreless cove of deep dark sea,

and on the other to an abyss even more hideous, a smooth-walled pit, some sixty feet square and some hundred and fifty in depth, aptly known then, as now, as the Devil's-limekiln. It was a spot to make weak heads reel: but all the fitter on that account for Amyas and his fancy.

"You can sit here as in an arm-chair," said Cary, helping him down to one of those square natural seats so common in the granite tors.

"Good; now turn my face to the Shutter. Be sure and exact. So. Do I face it full?"

"Full," said Cary.

"Then I need no eyes wherewith to see what is before me," said he, with a sad smile. "I know every stone and every headland. Now go, and leave me alone with God and with the dead!"

And so they walked away, but keeping him in sight, as he sat with elbows on knees, head upon hands. Presently he slept. But when they returned and woke him he showed a new cheerfulness.

"Take up this great useless carcass of mine, and lead me home. I shall buy me a dog when I get to Burrough, I think, and make him tow me in a string, eh? So! Give me your hand. Now march!"

"Thank God, sir, that your heart is so light already," said good Jack; "it makes me feel quite upraised myself, like."

"I have reason to be cheerful, Sir John; I have left a heavy load behind me. I have been wilful, and proud, and a blasphemer, and swollen with cruelty and pride; and God has brought me low for it, and cut me off from my evil delight. No more Spaniard-hunting for me now, my masters."

"You do not repent of fighting the Spaniards!"

"Not I: but of hating even the worst of them. Listen to me,

Will and Jack. If that man wronged me, I wronged him likewise. I have been a fiend when I thought myself the grandest of men, yea, a very avenging angel out of heaven. But God has shown me my sin."

And as they walked, Amyas told them of the vision that had come to him on the cliff: of how he saw La Guayra again, and the house where Don Guzman and Rose had lived. "And I saw that those two loved each other then, and that they love each other still, though he be fathoms deep under the Shutter. And from where he lies, he seemed to speak to me, saying: 'We have had a fair quarrel, Señor; it is time to be friends once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me; so your honor takes no stain.' And I answered, 'We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, and not we.' Then he said, 'I sinned, and I am punished.' And I said, 'And, Señor, so am I.' Then he held out his hand to me, Cary; and I stooped to take it, and awoke."

When the three reached the castle once more, Amyas called for food, ate heartily, and seemed, saving his eyesight, as whole and sound as ever. The surgeon bade them get him home to Northam as soon as possible, and he was willing enough to go. So the next day the *Vengeance* sailed, leaving behind a dozen men to seize and keep in the queen's name any goods which should be washed up from the wreck.

But it was a sad home-coming indeed; for (so it had been arranged) the men of the *Vengeance* were to take poor Yeo's body to the church, and the burial service was to be read at once, so that Amyas had no time to see his mother first. Many hundreds of folk from Bideford and the towns around had come to do Salvation Yeo a last honor; but Madam Leigh and Ayacanora had no heart to join them, preferring to stay at home and read the service as they listened to the tolling bell.

At the grave the crowd lingered, looking sympathetically at the blind giant who stood over it. Presently Amyas lifted his head and spoke to them, with choking voice—

"Good people all, and seamen, among whom I was bred, and to whom I come home blind this day, to dwell with you till death —Here lieth the flower and pattern of all bold mariners; the truest of friends, and the most terrible of foes; unchangeable of purpose, crafty of counsel, and swift of execution; in triumph most sober, in failure (as God knows I have found full many a day) enduring beyond mortal man. Who having been purged from his youthful sins by strange afflictions and torments unspeakable, suffered at the hands of the enemy, learned therefrom, my masters, to fear God, and to fear nought else; and having acquitted himself worthily in his place and calling as a righteous scourge of the Spaniard, and a faithful soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, is now exalted to his reward, as Elijah was of old, in a chariot of fire unto heaven: letting fall, I trust and pray, upon you who are left behind, the mantle of his valor and his godliness, that so these shores may never be without brave and pious mariners, who will count their lives as worthless in the cause of their Country, their Bible, and their Queen. Amen."

And feeling for his companions' hands he walked slowly from the churchyard, and across the village street, and up the lane to Burrough gates; while the crowd made way for him in solemn silence.

He seemed to know perfectly when they had reached the gates, opened the lock with his own hands, and went boldly forward along the gravel path, while Cary and Brimblecombe followed him. Up to the door he went, as if he had seen it; felt for the entrance, stood therein, and called quietly "Mother!"

In a moment his mother was on his bosom.

Neither spoke for awhile. She sobbing, with tearless eyes,

he standing firm and cheerful, with his great arms clasped around her.

"Mother!" he said at last, "I am come home, you see. Will you take me in, and look after this useless carcass? I shall not be so very troublesome, mother,—shall I?" and he looked down, and smiled upon her, and kissed her brow.

She answered not a word, but passed her arm gently round his waist, and led him in.

"Take care of your head, dear child; the doors are low." And they went in together.

"Will! Jack!" called Amyas, turning round: but the two good fellows had walked briskly off.

"I'm glad we are away," said Cary; "I should have made a baby of myself in another minute! And, now Jack, home with me. We have pulled in the same boat too long to part; and you must not go spending your prize-money in riotous living. I must see after you, old Jack, ashore, or we shall have you treating half the town in taverns for a week to come."

"Oh, Mr. Cary!" said Jack, scandalized.

"Come home with me, and we'll poison the parson, and my father shall give you the rectory."

"Oh, Mr. Cary!" said Jack.

So the two went off to Clovelly together that very day.

And Amyas was sitting all alone. His mother had gone out for a few minutes to speak to the seamen who had brought up Amyas's luggage, and set them down to eat and drink; and Amyas sat in the old bay-window, where he had sat when he was a little tiny boy, and read his favorite hero-stories. He put out his hand and felt for the books; there they lay side by side, just as they had lain twenty years before. The window was open; and a cool air brought in as of old scents of the four-season roses, and rosemary, and autumn gilliflowers. And there was a dish

of apples on the table; he knew it by their smell, the very same old apples which he used to gather when he was a boy. He put out his hand, and took them, and felt them over, and played with them, just as if the twenty years had never been: and as he fingered them, one of them slipped, and fell on the floor. He stooped and felt for it, but he could not find it. Vexatious! He turned hastily to search in another direction, and struck his head sharply against the table.

Was it the pain, or the little disappointment? or was it the sense of his blindness brought home to him in that ludicrous commonplace way, and for that very reason all the more humiliating? but he stamped on the floor with pettishness, and then checking himself, burst into a violent flood of tears.

A quick rustle passed him; the apple was replaced in his hand, and Ayacanora's voice sobbed out,—

"There! there it is! Do not weep! I cannot bear it! I will get you all you want! Only let me fetch and carry for you, tend you!" and falling on her knees at his feet, she seized both his hands, and covered them with kisses.

A great spasm shook the body and soul of Amyas Leigh; he sat quite silent for a minute, and then said solemnly—

"And is this still possible? Then God have mercy upon me a sinner!"

Ayacanora looked up in his face inquiringly; but before she could speak again, he had bent down, and lifting her as the lion lifts the lamb, pressed her to his bosom, and covered her face with kisses.

The door opened. There was the rustle of a gown; Ayacanora sprang from him with a little cry, and stood, half-trembling, half-defiant, as if to say—"He is mine now; no one dare part him from me!"

"Who is it?" asked Amyas.

"Your mother."

He heard her approach. Then a kiss and a sob passed between the women; and he felt Ayacanora sink once more upon his bosom.

"It is true, after all," said Amyas to himself. "What God has joined together, man cannot put asunder."

THE END

Woodward&Lothrop
WASHINGTON

THE BLUE AND GREEN LIBRARY

Each $1.75

"I will build a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea."
—Romance, Robert Louis Stevenson.

A new library of famous stories for high school and junior high school readers. Unusually beautiful book making, and titles that young people should have in their home libraries.

TITLES NOW READY

THE GOLD BUG
And other Tales and Poems by Edgar Allan Poe. Selected by Elva Smith. Illustrated by Carlos Sanchez.

CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST
By Captain Marryat. Edited by May McNeer. Illustrated by Lynd Ward.

WESTWARD HO!
By Charles Kingsley. Edited by E. C. Moore. Illustrated by Henry Pitz.

THE CROSSING
By Winston Churchill. Part One, the boy's story, of this thrilling tale. Introduced by Alice Jordan. Illustrated by John Rae.

TITLES PREPARING

THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS
By Washington Irving.

HAPPY BOY
By Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

THE TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES
By Charlotte Y[illegible] Illustrated by Stafford Good.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Publishers *New York*